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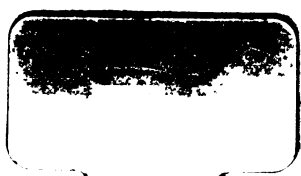
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CONTENTS

TO

No. XLV.

	Page.
ART. I. Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his Original Correspondence; collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources: illustrated with Portraits, Maps, and Military Plans. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts.	1
II. Michael Howe, the last and worst of the Bush Rangers of Van Diemen's Land. Narrative of the Chief Atrocities committed by this Great Murderer and his Associates, during a Period of Six Years, in Van Diemen's Land. From authentic sources of information.	73
III. Voyage dans le Levant en 1817 et 1818. Tome I. Par le Comte de Forbin.	83
IV. 1. Report from the Select Committee on the Highways of the Kingdom, together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them.	
2. A Practical Essay on the scientific Repair and Preservation of Public Roads,—presented to the Board of Agriculture by John Loudon M'Adam, Esq.	
3. Remarks on the present System of Road Making, with Observations deduced from Practice and Experience, &c. By John Loudon M'Adam, Esq. General Surveyor of the Roads in the Bristol District.	
4. An Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages. By Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. F.R.S. M.R.I.A.	
5. A Practical Treatise on the making and upholding of Public Roads, with a few Remarks on forming Approaches to Gentlemen's Houses; and a Dissertation on the Utility of Broad Wheels and other Improvements. By James Paterson, Road Surveyor, Montrose.	96
V. 1. Proceedings in Parga, and the Ionian Islands, with a Series of Correspondence and other justificatory Documents. By Lieut. Colonel C. P. de Bosset.	
2. Exposé	

CONTENTS.

2.	Exposé des Faits qui ont précédé et suivi la Cession de Parga ; Ouvrage écrit originairement en Grec par un Parganiote, et traduit en Français par un de ses Compatriotes; publié par Amaury Duval, Membre de l'Institut Royal de France.	- - - - -	111
VI.	Ἑλληνικὴ Βιβλιοθήκη. With Observations relating to the Modern Greek Language. By M. Coray.	- - - - -	136
VII.	Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet, pendant un Séjour de Six Mois à Cirey, par l'Auteur des Lettres Péruviennes—Suivie de cinquante Lettres inédites on vers et en prose de Voltaire.	- - - - -	154
VIII.	Poems, descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery. By John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant.	- - - - -	166
IX.	1. De l'Angleterre. Par Monsieur Rubichon. Vol. I. 2. De l'Angleterre. Par Monsieur Rubichon. Vol. II.	- - - - -	174
X.	The Fall of Jerusalem, a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading; and late Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford.	- - - - -	198
XI.	Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Afrique aux Sources du Sénégal et de la Gambie, fait en 1818, par ordre du Gouvernement Français. Par G. Mollien.	- - - - -	225
XII.	1. Curiosities of Literature. By J. D'Israeli, Esq. Vol. III. 2. Almanach des Gourmands. Tom. I.—V.	- - - - -	245
Note.	Treachery of the Arabs. Extract of a Letter, dated Smyrna, August 16th, 1819.	- - - - -	279
	New Publications.	- - - - -	281

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1820.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his Original Correspondence; collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources; illustrated with Portraits, Maps, and Military Plans.* By William Coxe, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A. Archdeacon of Wilts. Second Edition. Six Volumes. 8vo.

IT is related of Sir Robert Walpole, that when his son Horace one day took up an historical work to read aloud to him, he exclaimed, 'Oh, do not read history, for that *I know* must be false.' 'He,' says his biographer Mr. Coxe, 'who had fathomed the secrets of all the cabinets of Europe, must have considered history as a tissue of fables, and have smiled at the folly of those writers who affect to penetrate into state-affairs, and trace all the motives of action.' This is somewhat too serious a comment upon a peevish speech. Walpole himself would have acknowledged after dinner, or in a sunshiny morning, that the remark was more splenetic than just. He was too good a statesman not to perceive that it is only by the study of history statesmen can be formed, and that though the secrets of cabinets can be known to few, and are not always worth knowing,—the causes of the rise and progress and decline of nations—the virtues by which they have flourished—the vices by which they have fallen—the spirit by which revolutions are brought about, and the march of human events in which what has been is perpetually recurring, are within the reach of the historian, and form the lessons by which alone the science of politics can be attained. Least of all men should Mr. Coxe have given his sanction to the remark, who, in his *Memoirs of the two Walpoles*, of the House of Austria, of the Spanish Bourbons, and more especially in the present work, has brought before the public so large a mass of authentic and original information.

The present work is chiefly derived from the most unquestionable documents—the papers at Blenheim. They consist of Marlborough's own letters, private, official, and diplomatic—a correspondence almost unparalleled for value, interest, and extent—of Godolphin's letters, which are equal in point of number and of interest—of numerous letters from the different sovereigns of Europe, and their chief ministers—of the papers which that extraordinary woman, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, left behind

her,—and of the Sunderland collection. From these, from various other manuscript collections which have been opened to Mr. Coxe, in the liberal spirit of the present age, (properly called liberal in this point,) and from the printed works, the author has produced the first full and satisfactory account of Marlborough, a name which must ever hold one of the first places in military history. And now that the character of this illustrious man is brought into open daylight, it is delightful to see, after all the calumnies which have been heaped upon him, how nearly it is without a spot.

The Churchill family, obviously as that name might seem to explain its English origin, is traced to the Courcils of Poitou, who came over with the Conqueror. John Churchill, the subject of this history, was born at Ash, in Devonshire, on the 24th of June 1650. The father and grandfather had been conspicuous for their loyalty in the civil wars, and of course suffered in their estates: that loyalty, however, led to the subsequent elevation of the family. The father, Sir Winston Churchill, was rewarded with certain offices under government; his daughter, Arabella, was appointed maid of honour to the Duchess of York; and John was made page of honour to the Duke. He had previously been placed at St. Paul's school, and it has been affirmed, that he acquired his first inclination for a military life from perusing a copy of Vegetius in the school library. At a review of the foot-guards, the Duke asked him what profession he preferred, and received the answer which he probably expected when he put the question at such a time; the boy fell on his knees, and asked for a pair of colours in one of those fine regiments. His first essay in arms was at Tangiers. His second campaign was in 1672, during the disgraceful alliance between England and France: he then served with the English auxiliaries under Monmouth in that army which Louis XIV. commanded nominally in person, but which was really directed by Turenne and Condé. In that campaign he attracted the notice of Turenne, and received the thanks of the King of France, at the head of the army. And continuing till 1677 to serve with the French in their war against the Emperor, he acquired under Turenne, and the other distinguished French generals of the age, that knowledge of the art of war which was afterwards so well and so worthily employed in protecting Germany, and preserving Europe from the yoke of France.

His person was so remarkably fine, that Turenne distinguished him by the name of the handsome Englishman, and it is said that he did not escape from the vices which at that time disgraced the English court. In the twenty-eighth year of his age, however, he married Sarah Jennings, who was ten years younger than himself:

self: she was of a good family, had been placed in her twelfth year in the Duchess of York's household, and had there become the favourite companion and chosen friend of the Princess Anne. Her figure and countenance were commanding and animated, indicating at once the character of her mind; and licentious as were the manners of the sphere in which she moved, her own conduct was such as to obtain respect, while her person and talents were objects of admiration. The attachment which Colonel Churchill formed for this lady, redeemed him at once from all licentious courses; it was equally permanent and strong; and into whatever faults this celebrated woman may have been hurried by the vehemence of an ardent mind, certain it is that she possessed his full esteem and confidence, as well as his undivided love, and that she deserved to be the wife of Marlborough.

During the latter years of Charles II., Colonel Churchill was confidentially employed by the Duke of York, and he was one of the few persons who escaped with that prince from the miserable wreck of the Gloucester yacht in Yarmouth Roads. In 1683, he was created Baron Churchill of Aymouth in Scotland; and upon the marriage of the Princess Anne, his wife was, at the Princess's earnest desire, made lady of Her Royal Highness's bedchamber. Upon the accession of James he was raised to the English peerage by the title of Baron Churchill of Sandridge, in the county of Hertford; and during Monmouth's insurrection, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. Churchill had saved Monmouth's life at the siege of Maestricht; and was now summoned to acknowledge him as king of England. By his dispositions, this unhappy and misguided man was compelled to risk an action; and by his vigilance the royal army was saved from a surprise. But his favour with James ceased after this time. Upon the great question by which the country was disturbed, his opinions were those of a wise and good man. He had considered the conduct of the whigs in Charles's reign toward the Duke of York as disrespectful, unjust and unconstitutional. 'Though I have an aversion to popery,' he observed, 'yet am I no less averse to persecution for conscience sake. I deem it the highest act of injustice to set any one aside from his inheritance, upon bare suppositions of intentional evils, and when nothing that is actual appears to preclude him from the exercise of his just rights.' After the accession of James, however, he declared to Lord Galway, that if the king should attempt to change the religion and constitution of the country, he would quit his service. That intention was unequivocally manifested; and Lord Churchill was among the first who made overtures to the Prince of Orange: but he discharged his duty as a faithful friend and subject by telling the

King what the feelings of the people were respecting his conduct, and warning him of the consequences which were likely to ensue.

At the Revolution, Lord Churchill was one of those peers who voted for a Regency. In such times the wisest statesman can rely little upon his own foresight, and must sometimes alter his course, as the physician is compelled, by the symptoms which he discovers to-day, to depart from the plan of treatment which he had yesterday prescribed. When there appeared no alternative but to recall James, or confer the crown on William, he absented himself from the discussion, and submitted, as was his duty, to the decision. On this occasion Lady Churchill used her influence with the Princess Anne, in persuading her to let her own succession be postponed in favour of her sister. Soon afterwards Lord Churchill was made Earl of Marlborough, a title which seems to have been chosen because of a family connection with the last earls of that name. He served during a short campaign in the Low Countries, under the Prince of Waldeck, who declared that in a single battle he manifested greater talents than generals of longer experience had shewn in many years. It is believed that he refused to serve in Ireland, when his former sovereign and benefactor was in that country; but as soon as James had retired to France, he offered his services to reduce Cork and Kinsale, and effected the object with such skill and celerity, that William said of him, he knew no man equally fit for command, who had served so few campaigns.

There is now proof before the public, that Marlborough was in correspondence at that time with the exiled King; had expressed contrition for the part which he had taken in the Revolution, engaged to make amends by his future conduct, and obtained a promise of pardon for himself, his lady, his friend Godolphin, and some others. Actions which cannot be justified may often be extenuated, if we give but a just consideration to the circumstances and the spirit of the times. In all great revolutions, the foundations not of government alone, but of morality also are shaken. There is so much villainy and falsehood at the commencement, (for they who aim at revolutionizing a country scruple at no arts, however base, and at no crimes, however atrocious,) and so much wickedness of every kind in the progress, that from seeing right and wrong habitually confounded, men insensibly adapt their principles to the season, and self-preservation and self-advancement become the only rule of conduct. This was exemplified in the state of England during the interval between the Restoration and Revolution; the standard of general morality was never at any other time so low. The persons who figured in public life had grown up in an age of anarchy, and there were few
among

among them who made any pretensions either to public or private virtue. Marlborough was far superior in both to his contemporaries, but he was yet young in state-affairs; and when a well-rooted attachment to the laws and religion of his country led him to concur in inviting over the Prince of Orange, the strong measure of deposing the sovereign was not contemplated by him, as the necessary, or even as the possible consequence.—‘I do solemnly protest,’ says his wife, in the account of her own conduct, speaking of William’s accession, ‘that if there be truth in any mortal, I was so very simple a creature, that I never once dreamt of his being King. I imagined that the Prince of Orange’s sole design was to provide for the safety of his own country, by obliging King James to keep the laws of ours; and that he would go back as soon as he had made us all happy: that there was no sort of difficulty in the execution of this design; and that to do so much good would be a greater pleasure to him than to be king of any country upon earth.’ In saying this, the Duchess had no intention of offering any apology for herself, still less for her husband. Want of sincerity was not among her faults—for she was of a frank and honourable nature—and as it is certain that Marlborough reposed in her the most entire confidence, and even, on great political occasions, sometimes submitted his own better judgment to hers, it may fairly be presumed from this passage, that his views in inviting William went no farther than are there stated. The motives which may have induced him to correspond with the exiled King are briefly indicated by Mr. Coxe. He was personally attached to James—a prince who, with all his grievous faults, was not without some redeeming virtues. He was displeased by the measures of William in favour of the dissenters—measures which he believed injurious to the welfare of that church, the preservation of which had been the immediate cause and object of the Revolution. Something too is ascribed to the cold and repulsive manners of the new King, and to his imprudent predilection for foreigners. But undoubtedly what chiefly influenced him was a distrust of the stability of the new government, which made him provide means for his security in case of a restoration. So James himself understood it; ‘they were to be pardoned and in security,’ he says, ‘in case the King returned, and yet suffer nothing in the interim, nor to give any other proofs of their sincerity than bare words and empty promises.’ This conduct cannot be justified; but it should be remembered, that on both sides Marlborough saw much to discontent him; and that though in certain states of public feeling, a desire of martyrdom is the strongest of all ambitions, and per-

haps that which is most easily excited, men will never sacrifice themselves for a cause which they only half approve.

The Mogul Sultan Acbar bore this inscription upon one of his seals, 'I never knew a man lost upon a straight road.' It had been well for Marlborough's reputation, and for his happiness, if that saying had been taught him in his youth; for by the crooked policy which he pursued, he brought upon himself greater dangers than those which he was endeavouring to avert. He was committed to the Tower upon an accusation brought by one Young, a villain who, having forged letters with such skill that Marlborough said he himself should have been deceived by the imitation, hid them in a flower-pot at the Bishop of Rochester's. The place was searched upon his information, and the evidence which was then discovered, appeared at first to be conclusive against the persons whose lives this wretch intended to sacrifice. The forgery was detected, but Marlborough was dismissed from his employments. His name was erased from the list of privy-counsellors, and he was detained some time after the falsehood of the accusation against him had been proved. Undoubtedly William was apprized of his correspondence with the exiled King. Marlborough had the consciousness of innocence to support him, as to the specific fact of which he was accused; but he must have felt very differently, when Sir John Fenwick, in the hope of saving his own life, charged him with having accepted a pardon from James, and undertaken to secure the army for his service. Fenwick had good reason to believe the charge, but he had no means of proving it, his information resting only upon the indirect communications of certain French agents, who told him all they knew, and probably passed upon him their hopes and conjectures for facts. On this occasion Mordaunt, then Lord Monmouth, afterwards the famous Earl of Peterborough, acted with peculiar infamy; he supplied Fenwick with written directions how to conduct his defence so as to implicate the persons whom he had accused; and yet when Fenwick did not think proper to follow these directions, this most inconsistent man voted for the attainder against him. The charge could not be substantiated, and Fenwick died with the shame of having betrayed the cause for which he suffered.

Magnanimity was William's characteristic virtue—and in that how many virtues are included! he knew how far Marlborough had gone, and could make allowance for the motives which induced him to play a double part. And though he had prejudices against him arising from court-quarrels and the jealousies between the Queen and her sister, he was nevertheless sagacious enough to perceive, and just enough to acknowledge, his extraordinary

dinary capacity. He frequently expressed his concern that he could not employ a nobleman who was equally distinguished for political and military talents. 'Other generals,' he said, 'found every thing impracticable which was proposed to them; but Marlborough appeared never to discover a difficulty.' At length he appointed him governor to the Duke of Gloucester; and with a gracefulness of compliment which has seldom been exceeded, when he delivered the Prince into his care, said, 'Teach him to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments.'

When the ungenerous usage which William had experienced from Parliament led him, in the bitterness of his heart, to determine upon renouncing a throne where his best intentions were thwarted by a party-spirit which has from that day been the worst evil and the peculiar disgrace of England, Marlborough was one of the few persons to whom he imparted his design. And when, after the accession of Philip V. to the throne of Spain, William prepared for war, he appointed Marlborough to command the forces in the Netherlands, and to negotiate the treaties for the renewal of the Grand Alliance. This was an arduous task; he had to reconcile jarring interests, to allay or at least suspend inveterate enmities, to moderate extravagant pretensions, and to conciliate impracticable young sovereigns, in whom will and passion were paramount, and obstinate ministers who had grown old in imbecility and error. In addition to these difficulties, both William and the Dutch government urged him, in his treaty with the Emperor, to fix the number of troops which England should supply, without waiting for the sanction of Parliament. On this point Marlborough stood firm; in his correspondence with the English ministers he says, 'I am fully persuaded that if the King should be prevailed upon to settle this by his own authority, we shall never see a quiet day more in England, and consequently not only ruin ourselves, but also undo the liberties of Europe; for if the King and parliament begin with a dispute, France will give what laws she pleases.' And to Godolphin he says that, if the cabinet should be induced to take this step, and send out orders to him, 'I am so persuaded that the doing of this by His Majesty's authority would prove fatal to himself and the kingdom, that I should desire to be recalled: for, before God, I will die sooner than do so fatal a thing.' These representations had the effect of dissuading the King from an intention which seems to have originated in an imperfect understanding of the constitution, certainly not in any desire of increasing his power by unconstitutional means. The last advice of William to his successor was, that she should look upon Marlborough as the most proper

per person in her dominions to lead her armies, and direct her councils.

Well was it for England and for Europe that Marlborough, owing to accidental circumstances, possessed that influence over the mind of the new Sovereign to which he was justly entitled by his surpassing talents: for the exigencies of the time required the full exertion of such talents. William himself, great general as he was, had scarcely been able, with the aid of all his allies, to make head against the overwhelming power of France: but Spain was now detached from the alliance, and ranged on the side of France; and by virtue of that connection Louis XIV. had obtained complete possession of the Spanish Netherlands, (which had been the bulwark of Holland,) for all purposes of offensive war. Bavaria also was become the ally of the French, whose arms, by this connection, were at once introduced into the heart of the empire. The power of France exceeded all precedent in modern history. The French are eminently a military people; their education, their habits of mind and of body, their universal cleverness, their vivacity, their buoyant spirit, the hardness and the lightness of their character, their virtues and their vices, fit them above all others for a military life: and half a century had brought their armies to the highest state of discipline, under officers alike characterized by the love and knowledge of their profession. The kingdom had also the advantage of a firm government, under a sovereign of no common talents, who, more than any other of the European kings, possessed the unbounded affection of his subjects, because his character was completely suited to that of the people whom he governed. There was no vacillation in his councils; whoever might be minister, the same system was steadily pursued; a system of aggrandizement, which disregarded all treaties, all obligations moral and religious, and against which there could be no security; that system during the whole of his long reign, the longest in the annals of Europe, he had pursued without intermission and without remorse.

It would have been easy for Louis to effect the subjugation of Europe, had not this country opposed. But the situation of England must have appeared to him as unfavourable as that of his own kingdom was advantageous, in all those points which he had been accustomed to contemplate as constituting the essential strength of states. A woman was at the head of a feeble government, a factious legislature and a divided nation. Her talents were of the common standard; there was little in her personal character which deserved respect, but few persons have ever been more largely entitled to compassion. The rank in which she was born placed her in an unhappy situation, wherein the path of duty

duty was not plain. The strongest intellect and the purest mind might have hesitated how to act, between a sense of what was due on the one hand to the king her father, and on the other to the religion of her country, in which she had been so carefully brought up, that neither her father's example, nor the perversion of her mother had, in the slightest degree, shaken her attachment to the principles of the English Church. Her part was taken, not with deliberation, but in a time of confusion, alarm and fear: in that crisis she preferred her public to her private duty, and her own heart ever afterwards punished her for the sacrifice of a natural and sure feeling to a doubtful obligation. When the king heard that she also had deserted him, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, God help me! even my own children have forsaken me! Anne must have called to mind this exclamation with a bitterness at least equal to that in which it was uttered, when, after having borne eight immature births, and nine living children, she saw the last of them expire, when he was the acknowledged heir to the crown, and when the promise of his virtues and talents might have satisfied the wisest desires and the most ambitious hopes. 'She attended on him,' says Burnet, 'during his sickness, with great tenderness, but with a grave composedness that amazed all who saw it; she bore his death with a resignation and piety that were indeed very singular.' It might have occurred to the bishop that this composedness was the demeanour of one who submitted to the stroke as a judicial visitation, and in her inward soul acknowledged how fitting it was that she, who had sinned against a parent, should be punished in her children. Under that impression she corresponded with her father, and requested he would sanction her acceptance of the crown in the event of William's death, declaring her readiness to restore it whenever it should be practicable. James would hear of no such compromise.—If he had survived William, Anne would have had a second conflict with herself, more painful than the first. His decease placed her in a different situation. She could have no personal affection for her brother, and it appears that she had been so far imposed upon by the impudent story of the warming-pan as to doubt his birth,—though not to disbelieve it.

Louis, who knew of her correspondence with her father, could not have supposed that she should, in any degree, be the dupe of so gross a falsehood. He reckoned the Queen's conscience among his allies; and he was statesman enough to understand that public measures depend more upon the personal disposition of the governors, than upon any principle of policy, or any other causes whatsoever. He had not yet learnt to fear the English armies, and probably thought that in losing William they had lost their greatest strength.

strength. The English councils he had a right to despise,—*fluctuation perpétuelle dans la conduite d'Angleterre*, was the indignant exclamation of De Witt. Unanimity in a nation was regarded by him as of such importance, that, for the sake of obtaining it, he had stained his history by a most inhuman and wholesale persecution: it is likely, therefore, that he calculated the religious animosities which prevailed among the English, at more than they were worth in his favour. With the strength of the jacobites he was perfectly acquainted, and he knew the price of a patriot. Every thing in the comparison seemed to ensure the success of France in the approaching contest, for he was altogether ignorant of the spirit and the resources of England.

The hopes which he entertained from the disposition of the queen were frustrated by the ascendancy of the Countess of Marlborough. The intimacy between them, which had commenced in early youth, had ripened into a romantic friendship, in which rank on the one side, and talents on the other, established something like equality. The happiness of the countess was not increased by the power of which she found herself possessed upon the queen's accession; her influence, however, at this time was one of the most fortunate accidents in English history. The garter was given to her husband, he was appointed captain-general of the forces at home and abroad, and at his instance Godolphin was made lord high treasurer—a statesman worthy to be his colleague. The only son of Godolphin had married Marlborough's eldest daughter, Lady Henrietta. Lady Anne, the second, was married to Lord Spencer, son of the Earl of Sunderland. Marlborough and Godolphin were both Tories, but more than any men of their generation free from the narrowness and asperity of party-spirit; for they were both men of sound judgement, as well as mature years and political experience, upright principles, and true English feeling. The ministry was formed by the queen, without their interference; she consulted her private inclinations and antipathies, and composed it of the most decided Tories, men who were so intolerant that, not contented with filling all the higher offices of the state and the law, they would not have suffered a single Whig to officiate as justice of the peace, if Marlborough and Godolphin had not interposed and restrained them. This interposition became a cause of disunion in the ministry, even from its commencement. The queen's uncle, Lord Rochester, was at the head of the tories; his father, in all important respects the most valuable of our English historians, is also the model of an English statesman, for the general justness of his views, and the uniform integrity of his life. Rochester had neither inherited his moderation nor his wisdom, nor his

his manly and decided character. When the question of peace or war was now at issue, and it was time for England to come forward in fulfilment of the alliances which William had concluded, he and the more violent Tories would have drawn back and temporized; and they proposed the miserable expedient of engaging in the contest only as auxiliaries, not as a principal. This paltry policy was combated and exposed by Marlborough, and the better genius of England for that time prevailed; but a schism was thus occasioned in the party, and a coldness followed between Rochester and Marlborough, who, till that time, had been friends, and Rochester became his secret opponent first, and ultimately his open enemy.

But Marlborough had a nearer disquietude. His wife had long been inclined to favour the Whigs, and from the marriage of her daughter with Lord Spencer, that inclination had increased, till it became a strong and decided preference. If fortune had placed her in the situation of her royal mistress she would have made a queen like Elizabeth, or the Russian Catharine, without the personal weakness of the one, or the vices of the other; her character was of the same stamp, commanding and imperious. The political sphere in which she was placed made her, of necessity, interested in political affairs; the wife of Marlborough and the favourite of Queen Anne could see, or hear, or think of little else; her talents qualified her to take a part, but unhappily she was unable to act with moderation, for her temper was warm, as well as frank and generous. During William's life all difference between herself and the queen, upon political opinions, was suspended by their common dislike to the king: but upon Anne's accession, a dispathy immediately began, which, though only perceptible at first in the point of difference, insensibly extended, till it leavened the whole feelings of both, and converted old friendship into inveterate ill will. Such a woman could not withhold from interfering when her interference might well have been spared: her husband's interest and welfare and glory were now inseparably connected with the prosperity of the state, and it was impossible for her to refrain from suggesting measures which, in her judgment, seemed essential to his success. Obedience was the only virtue in which she was deficient:—perhaps the fault was in Marlborough himself, who loved her too fondly to exact submission, when he failed to persuade her that she was acting from mistaken views. The family connection with Godolphin gave her greater means of interfering than she would otherwise have possessed: in this respect, therefore, it was unfortunate. One of her first letters to that statesman after the formation of the new ministry, shews both her judgment and her disposition in a favourable light.

light. 'If I had power to dispose of places,' said she, 'the first rule should be, to have those that were proper for the business: the next, those that had deserved upon any occasion; and, whenever there was room without hurting the public, I think one would, with pleasure, give employments to those who were in so unhappy a condition as to want them.'

In May 1702, Marlborough, who had been appointed Ambassador-extraordinary to the United States, embarked from Margate to take the command. He parted from the countess at the water-side, and in a hasty note which he wrote to her from the ship, he says it was impossible to express with what a heavy heart. He would have given his life to come back, he said, though he durst not, knowing his own weakness, and that he could not have concealed it; and he told her, that for a long time he stood upon the deck looking toward the cliffs through a glass, in hopes of having one sight more of her. All his influence had been used to obtain the chief command for the Prince of Denmark, for, when the good of the general cause was concerned, never was any man more perfectly indifferent to his individual interests. The Dutch could not be induced to consent; they had little confidence in the talents of the Prince, and, what perhaps weighed more with them, they thought he would not submit to the controul of the field-deputies whom they sent to the army for the purpose of inspecting and regulating the conduct of their generals. This post was also desired by the Archduke Charles, for whom Spain, to which he laid claim, was a fitter scene of action; by the Duke of Zell, by the King of Prussia, and by the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. There were objections to all these; and the Prince of Nassau Saarbruck and the Earl of Athlone withdrew their pretensions in favour of Marlborough, who was accordingly appointed Generalissimo, with a salary of £10,000 a year.

The principal army of the allies under Athlone was at this time in the vicinity of Cleves, to cover that part of the frontier between the Rhine and the Meuse, and to favour the Prince of Saarbruck who, with 25,000 men, was besieging Kayserwerth. Cohorn had 10,000 men near the mouth of the Scheldt to secure that quarter, and threaten the district of Bruges. On the part of the enemy, the Count de la Motte and the Marquis of Bedmar covered that side against Cohorn. Marshal Tallard was detached from the Upper Rhine with 15,000 men to interrupt the siege of Kayserwerth; and the powerful army of the French commanded by the Duke of Burgundy, with Marshal Boufflers to assist him, was assembled on the Meuse, and occupied the fortresses in the bishopric of Liege, which were of essential advantage to them. It

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was rightly supposed that the Duke of Burgundy would not have been sent to the army, unless there had been an expectation of some signal success; and before Marlborough could arrive to take the command, there was a danger that his operations would be confined to the defence of the Dutch frontiers. Athlone threw 12,000 men into Maestricht, and thus provided for the security of that important town; but Nimegueu was without a garrison, and even without a single cannon mounted on the ramparts: the duke was joined by Tallard, and made a sudden move against it. It was saved by the vigorous resistance of the burghers, and by Athlone, who entered at the very moment when the enemy had advanced within gunshot of the works. But the Dutch were frightened at the danger they had escaped, and would now have made self-defence the principle of their timid operations. When Marlborough arrived at the army, it was posted along the Waal between Nimegueu and Fort Schenk. Three plans were proposed, one to attack the French, who were on the right bank of the Meuse between Goch and Genep; this was at once rejected on account of the strength of their position: the second was to advance up the Rhine, cut off the enemy's communication, and reduce Rheinberg, as the commencement of an offensive system: the council of war referred this to the decision of the States; and upon the third, which was Marlborough's suggestion, that they should move upon Brabant, and thus draw the whole attention of the enemy to the Spanish Netherlands, it was determined, after two consultations, to apply to the Dutch government for instructions. The proverb, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, is not applicable to military affairs, where every thing depends upon decision and promptitude. No general was ever more crippled in his operations than Marlborough at this time.—The field-deputies, men entirely ignorant of war, always impeded him by their slow deliberations, and their fear of responsibility, and could at any time paralyze his movements. Too many of the generals regarded him with an invidious feeling; Athlone in particular, a man cold and wary by nature, rendered by age more cautious and more phlegmatic than by his constitution and Dutch blood, and now soured by ill-will. Irretrievable time was lost, when every day was of value; and to add to the embarrassments and vexation of the commander, points of punctilio arose concerning the Hanoverian and Prussian allies. At length, after the loss of fourteen precious days, the States determined—that they would determine nothing; but that the general officers, making the safety of Nimegueu and of the Rhine their first object, should determine for themselves. They resolved to pass the Meuse and march to the siege of Rheinberg.

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The reason for crossing the river was to alarm the French, and spare that part of the country from which they were to draw their subsistence during the siege. The plan was not what Marlborough would have chosen. He knew that if the enemy had good intelligence, they might so act as to compel the allies to change it. 'If the fear of Nimeguen and the Rhine,' said he, 'had not hindered us from marching into Brabant, they must then have had the disadvantage of governing themselves by our motions, whereas we are now obliged to mind them.'

The plan thus hesitatingly adopted was not pursued, and Marlborough was allowed to act upon his own judgment. Pointing to the enemy's camp, he said exultingly to the Dutch deputies, 'I shall soon deliver you from these troublesome neighbours!' The event justified his confidence, for no sooner had they heard that he had crossed the Meuse than they also passed the river, and hastened, by forced marches, in the direction of Peer and Bray. Marlborough was now assured that he should draw them entirely from the Meuse, be able to besiege Venloo, and to subsist in their territory during the remainder of the campaign. In these hopes he was not disappointed, though the timidity of the deputies prevented him from attacking the enemy in a position where, according to the undeniable testimony of Berwick, then in the French army, their defeat must have been inevitable. A second time he was prevented from attacking them and obtaining an easy victory, by the tardiness of the allied troops in executing his orders. The factious party in England complained that he had suffered the enemy to escape; in this they proceeded upon the half-information which they possessed, without any regard to justice, or any feeling of generosity; but the spirit of party went farther than this, and with its usual malignity accused him of endeavouring to prolong the war for the sake of his own interest. Meantime the soldiers did justice to their commander, and loudly exclaimed against those by whom his purposes and their eager hopes had been frustrated; and Marlborough, while he submitted patiently to the cruel calumnies with which he was assailed at home, had some difficulty to silence the discontent which the officers as well as the men expressed in his favour. His movements, however, had been so far successful that the Duke of Burgundy withdrew from the French army, lest he should have the mortification of witnessing conquests which there was little hope of preventing. Venloo, Stevenswaert and Ruremond were taken, notwithstanding the tardiness of the Dutch; the campaign was concluded by the capture of Liege. Boufflers attempted to storm this city by taking post under the walls, but Marlborough anticipated him by occupying the ground, and

and the French were a third time indebted for their safety to the Dutch deputies, always timid, and therefore always in the wrong. They now retired within their lines, and Marlborough distributed his troops into winter-quarters.

When the campaign was closed, an accident occurred which might have counterbalanced all its advantages, and given a fatal turn to the events of the war. Leaving Maestricht for the Hague, Marlborough embarked on the Meuse with the Dutch deputies and a guard of five and twenty men. The next day he was joined at Ruremond by Cohorn, with three score men in a larger boat, and fifty troopers escorted them along the banks of the river; but in the night the troopers lost their way, the larger boat went on without attending to its companion, and a French partisan from Guelder who, with thirty-five men, was lurking among the reeds and sedges, seized the tow-rope of Marlborough's boat, fired into it, boarded it and overpowered the guard. The deputies had provided themselves with French passes; it would have been beneath Marlborough's dignity to take the same precaution; and he was saved by his own coolness and the presence of mind of an attendant, named Gell, who having in his pocket a pass granted to General Churchill, slipped it into his hand unperceived. Marlborough presented it; the darkness, the confusion, perhaps the ignorance, perhaps the civility of the Frenchman, prevented a scrutiny of the passport; and after pillaging the boat, extorting the usual presents, which on this occasion were gladly given, and detaining the guard as prisoners, the partisan suffered Marlborough and the deputies to proceed. He rewarded Gell for this essential service with an annuity of £50. The alarm presently spread over the country. The Governor of Venloo prepared to attack Guelder, whither he supposed the prisoner had been conveyed; and the States, who were then assembled at the Hague, passed a vote by acclamation that all their troops should instantly march for the purpose of rescuing a commander, whose importance to the common cause was now instantaneously and instinctively acknowledged. The conduct of the Dutch on this occasion was highly honourable. The common people crowded to meet him when he landed at the Hague, all crying out welcome, and some pressing to take him by the hand, and many men as well as women weeping for joy at his escape. The pomp of a Roman triumph would have been less gratifying to a heart like Marlborough's than this reception, for he was as quick in feeling kindness as he was ready to bestow it.

The success of the campaign, inferior as it was to what it might have been had not the masterly spirit of the commander been controuled, far exceeded the expectations and hopes of the States.

States. They deputed the Pensionary Heinsius to congratulate him, and the orator, in alluding to his escape, said that no hope would have been left if France had retained in bondage the man whom they revered as the instrument of Providence for securing independence to the greater part of the Christian world. Athlone himself made the most honourable amends for his past conduct; he called him an incomparable general, and declared that the whole success was owing to him alone, 'since I confess,' said he, 'that I, serving as second in command, opposed, in all circumstances, his opinion and proposals.' The queen immediately acquainted his wife with her intention of raising him to a dukedom. This intelligence, though communicated in terms of the most affectionate friendship, gave no pleasure to the countess. That extraordinary woman was not ambitious of any higher rank; 'there is no advantage in it,' she said, 'but in going in at a door, and when a rule is settled, I like as well to follow five hundred as one.' 'The title of duke,' she added, 'was a great burden in a family where there were many sons; and though she had then but one, she might have more, and there might be a great many in the next generation.' As far, therefore, as her inclination might weigh with the queen she declined the dignity, and she earnestly pressed her husband to do the same; their estate, she thought, was not sufficient to support the title, and she observed that his elevation to that rank might draw upon the queen solicitations which would greatly embarrass her. The queen, however, persisted in her purpose; Godolphin urged him to acquiesce, and his friend the Pensionary Heinsius represented to him in strong terms the good effect which it would have with the foreign princes. At any after-time, he said, such an elevation might look like the effect of favour, for it was not reasonable to expect that so much success would ever be obtained in any other campaign;—now it would appear, as it was meant to be, and as it was, an act of public justice, honourable to himself and his family, honourable to the queen, and for the good of the common cause. He acquiesced in these reasonable representations, and was created Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. The queen conferred upon him at the same time £5000 out of the post-office for her own life, and requested Parliament to devise a proper mode for settling this grant on him and his successors in the title, but the proposal excited so much opposition that, at the duke's desire, it was withdrawn.

In less than three months after Marlborough had been rewarded with the highest title that an English subject can attain in his own country, he lost his only surviving son, a youth of seventeen, and of the highest promise, moral and intellectual. He died at
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Cambridge, of the small pox. It was well for the father that duty soon recalled him to a scene where he had little leisure for dwelling on the past;—yet Lord Blandford was soon to have followed the army, and served under him in that campaign; many circumstances, therefore, with which the recollection of his loss would not otherwise have been associated, brought it to Marlborough's mind, and in one of his letters to Godolphin, touching upon this with the unreserve of perfect friendship, he says, 'since it has pleased God to take him, I do wish from my soul I could think less of him.'

The military operations had not been entirely suspended during the winter. Rheinberg had been reduced, and Guelder blockaded,—the capture of this latter place would clear Spanish Guelderland from the enemy; but the French, in whose councils there was unity of will and of purpose, had concerted their plans with a decision which Marlborough vainly endeavoured to infuse into the allies. Never wanting in alacrity, nor in vigour when the glory of their country is concerned, (however mistaken they may be as to its true interests, or indifferent to the justice of its cause,) they had made great efforts for strengthening their armies, and concerted a plan of wide and well-arranged operations. Villeroy was to act on the offensive in the Low Countries, reduce the places on the Meuse, and threaten the Dutch; the united troops of France and Savoy were to penetrate from Italy into Germany through the Tyrol, and another army was to make its way from the Upper Rhine through the Black Forest, meet the Italian force, form a junction with the Bavarians, and march upon Vienna, where it was supposed they might dictate their own terms to the emperor; for, on the one hand, the insurgents in Hungary were acting in their favour, and on the other, it was believed that the maritime powers would be occupied by Villeroy, and wholly incapable of making any movements for his relief. The liberties of Europe were never in greater danger, and Marlborough was the only person who could have preserved them. It is awful to reflect how much may sometimes depend upon a single life.

But Marlborough's operations were again shackled by the States. They insisted upon besieging Bonn, in the vain opinion that the Elector would capitulate rather than expose that fine town to destruction. It was against his judgment; but when preparations had been made, and the intention had become so public that to desist from it would have been adding loss of reputation to loss of time, Cohorn, who should have taught engineering instead of practising it, would have delayed the siege till the end of the year, if Marlborough had not insisted upon proceeding. He knew that it was better resolutely to pursue a plan

which had not been wisely chosen, than to betray infirmity of mind by change of purpose. So the siege was pushed with vigour; and when it had succeeded, he directed his thoughts to what he called the great design, which was to carry the war into the heart of Brabant and West Flanders. The French lines extended from Antwerp to the Mehaigne, a small river which falls into the Meuse a little above Huy, and they had another series of fortifications stretching from Antwerp towards Ostend; for the protection of these lines there were two flying camps, one near Antwerp under the Marquis of Bedmar; the other under Count de la Motte, near Bruges. Marlborough's intention was to bring the French to battle if he could; this, he said, with the blessing of God, would be of far greater advantage to the common cause than the taking of twenty towns. He knew his own military skill, and the temper of his men, and, like a right Englishman, he never doubted of victory. But it was not the interest of the enemy to risk a battle, and therefore he did not expect it. He hoped, however, to make them retire behind their lines, to force them by a combined operation, and get possession of Antwerp and Ostend. This plan was defeated by the misconduct of the Dutch generals Cohorn, Spaar and Opdam. They broke through on their side, having obtained the leave of the States, for the purpose of raising a contribution in the country of Waes. If any part of the world might deserve, by the common consent of nations, to be held sacred in war, because of the excellent industry of the inhabitants, it is this; so perfect is the cultivation, and so delightful the beauty and the comfort which have been produced. The contribution was the motive, which Marlborough observed these people liked but too well, and it operated strongly upon Cohorn, who, as Governor of West Flanders, would have the ninth of all that should be raised. Contrary to the commander's express orders, they made the attack, when he was at too great a distance to support them, and the consequence was, that Opdam's corps was surprized, and he himself, narrowly escaping from being taken on a reconnoitring party, fled to Breda with intelligence that his whole force was cut off. The panic was premature, for Slangenberg assumed the command, and, by availing himself of the dikes, repulsed the enemy, and effected his retreat. It had, however, ill consequences. The Dutch generals quarrelled with one another, each seeking to excuse himself; and Slangenberg, who, for his impracticable temper, had been laid aside during the latter years of William's reign, though he would otherwise have been a good general, basely accused Marlborough of having designedly exposed the Dutch troops to defeat, because he was jealous of them. The endless bickerings of these men,

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and the irresolution of the States, so harassed Marlborough as to draw from him a complaint in his correspondence, that they made his life a burden. Even the Pensionary Heinsius, and the other official men, whose wishes and opinions coincided entirely with his, sheltered themselves on all occasions under his responsibility, and shrunk from it themselves; and from the violence of factions in Holland, and the weakness of a popular government, or, as Marlborough called it, the want of a government, he began to fear that things would go wrong at last. So far wrong they went, that after the enemy declined an action and retired within their lines, a council of war prevented Marlborough from attacking them there. Thus his hopes for the campaign were effectually defeated, and he was obliged to content himself for the remainder of the season with reducing Huy, Limburg and Guelder.

Even-minded and master of himself as Marlborough was, continual vexation affected his health. He complained that the unreasonable opposition which he had met with had, by heating his blood, almost made him wild with head ache. This was an affliction to which he was peculiarly subject, and which must have been grievously aggravated by continual fatigue, both of mind and body. The state of parties in England was a constant source of anxiety to him. He saw the evil of that party-spirit which was then, and has continued to be, the bane and the disgrace of England. Godolphin also saw it. Both parties were equally violent, and equally indifferent as to any means whereby they could advance their own views: of this too Marlborough was convinced. The whigs, who were for a vigorous prosecution of the war, were yet for thwarting and embarrassing government on every occasion—because they were not in power; and many of the tory ministry, because the war was contrary to their system, and to their secret wishes, were desirous of crippling the general in his operations. No people have ever experienced so much evil from the contention of parties as the English, and no people have ever profited so little by experience. A cry was raised, as in our own days, that we were wasting the resources of the kingdom; that it was necessary to contract our exertions, and confine ourselves to a defensive system. And when Godolphin, wearied by their clamour, intimated a disposition to yield to it, Marlborough resolved to retire from a situation, which, if it could not be supported with honour and advantage, was too painful to be borne. The Duchess communicated this intention to the Queen. The Queen's answer, written in the assumed name used in the friendly correspondence between them, was in the most affectionate terms. She did not wonder, she said, that persons in such posts should be weary of the world; but they ought a little to consider their

country, which must be ruined if such thoughts were put in execution;—‘As for your poor unfortunate faithful Morley,’ the letter continued, ‘she could not bear it; for if ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdication; for what is a crown when the support of it is gone?’ Unfortunate, was an epithet which she always applied to herself, in her private letters, after the death of her son. She concluded by saying, that she never would forsake the Marlboroughs and Godolphin, but always be their constant and faithful friend:—‘We four,’ said she, ‘must never part, till death mows us down with his impartial hand.’ After such a letter, it was not possible for Marlborough to persist in his resignation. Some changes in the ministry also made his situation for a time less irksome, though they proved eventually in the highest degree injurious, both to himself and the interests of Europe. By his influence Harley and St. John were made Secretaries of State; Marlborough had the most implicit confidence in both these men; but they did not deceive the Duchess; she perceived their true character, and warned her husband against them: unhappily this was the only instance in which he did not suffer himself to be guided by her opinion in such cases.

Meantime the Emperor was in a situation of great danger. The well-concerted operations of the French and Bavarians in the preceding year, had failed through the resolute defence of the Tyrolese, who displayed the same loyal attachment to the House of Austria, and the same determined spirit of resistance to the Bavarians, by which they have distinguished themselves so heroically in our own days. The allies had also obtained a most important accession to their strength, in the Duke of Savoy. But on the side of Germany the French had obtained some important successes. M. Tallard had taken Brisac, which was the strongest bulwark of the empire on that side, and was regarded as one of the best fortresses in Europe, and he had recovered Landau. By these conquests they had a way open into the heart of the Empire; and the Elector of Bavaria, commanding the course of the Danube from its sources to the frontiers of Austria, communicated on the one side with the victorious French armies on the Rhine, and with the Hungarian insurgents on the other. The head-quarters were near Ulm. He had an army of 45,000 men, against which scarcely 20,000 could be brought by the exhausted means of the Emperor. Leopold even prepared his capital for a siege. The army of the Empire, under the Margrave of Baden, was employed to defend the lines of Stolhoffen, and was far from being competent to that important service. The defiles of the Black Forest were left to a handful of troops, who were to be supported by the militia

lity and the peasantry. On all sides the means of defence were miserably inadequate; and the French cabinet had good reason to believe, that while they amused the allies in the Netherlands, the next campaign would enable them to dictate their own terms at Vienna.

Marlborough comprehended the full extent of the danger, and perceived that there was only one means of averting it, which was by moving his army to the Danube, and saving the heart of the empire from a meditated blow, which would otherwise be fatal, not only to Austria and the empire, but to the protestant succession in England, and to the liberties of Europe. If this were not done, all would be lost; an attempt therefore for preventing it, though so hazardous that at other times it might be deemed temerity, became prudent now. The Emperor had one general in his service worthy, for his military talents, to co-operate with Marlborough in any plan of operations, however arduous, and generous enough to serve with him, or under him, with the perfect confidence of friendship, and perfect devotedness of duty. This was Prince Eugene, who had been removed from the command in Italy, to be made President of the Council of War at Vienna. With him Marlborough corresponded and concerted the scheme of a campaign, so bold in itself, and so unlike any thing to which the English had been accustomed, that he did not venture to communicate the whole design even to Godolphin, much less to the cabinet. In that quarter he contented himself with obtaining an augmentation of 10,000 men to the 40,000 already under his immediate command. At the Hague he proposed a campaign on the Moselle, with the British and part of the foreign auxiliaries, leaving the remainder, and the Dutch troops under General Overkirk, to protect the Netherlands. Even this plan, far as it fell short of that which he intended to pursue, appeared too bold for the States; but he was seconded by his friend the Pensionary, and their assent was finally given. He looked to the interests of the various allies, and used every means to conciliate, as well as to serve them. To the King of Prussia he made a confidential communication of the proposed campaign on the Moselle: and the Emperor, through Prince Eugene's agency, was induced to write a letter to the Queen, entreating an assistance proportioned to the emergency. Still the difficulties were so great, that he relied more upon the chance of circumstances, or, in wiser and more religious language, which better represents his own feelings, upon Providence, than upon the means which he could expect to command. Writing from the Hague in February, whither he had gone to concert measures, in the depth of winter, he says to the Duchess, 'For this campaign I see so very ill a prospect,

prospect, that I am extremely out of heart ; but God's will be done ! In all the other campaigns, I had an opinion of being able to do something for the common cause ; but in this I have no other hopes than that some lucky accident may enable me to do good.' And on informing Godolphin that he had concluded every thing in Holland, as far as could be done in a country where nobody had power to conclude any thing, he expressed a hope that the blessing of God would make them succeed much better than they could propose to themselves ; ' for,' said he, ' Providence makes the wheel go round.'

The letters of Leopold, and the representations of the Imperial minister, produced the intended effect upon the English cabinet ; and without yet entirely disclosing his views, even to Godolphin and the Queen, he obtained general powers for concerting with the States such measures as might be deemed proper for relieving the Emperor. The first hint of an effort in Germany awakened in England a party cry against hazardous enterprizes and continental connections ; and the Dutch were so averse to go beyond a mere defensive system, that Marlborough declared he would lead the English troops alone to the Moselle, ceasing any further to consult with so inefficient and impracticable a government. This declaration alarmed the hostile faction ; and the same timidity which had made the States refuse their assent before, induced them now to vest him with sufficient powers. He then apprized Godolphin that he thought it absolutely necessary to march into Germany, and take measures with the Margrave of Baden against the Elector of Bavaria ; and in a subsequent letter he added, that if he found at Philipsburgh that the French had joined the Elector, he should make no hesitation at marching to the Danube. The main difficulties were now removed ; the impediments that might be expected from a person with whom he was to co-operate seemed little in comparison to what he had overcome : he felt no doubt of success when he should reach the scene of action ; and in that confidence looked forward to the good name which he should leave behind him. It is curious to contrast the feelings of the general relying thus hopefully upon Providence for the success of a good cause, with those of an officer in his army, who had been bred up among the Scotch covenanters, and whose melancholy temperament suited their austere opinions. ' Lord,' says this officer, a man as thoroughly brave as he was religious, ' I tremble to think on the profanity and wickedness of the army that I am in, and what judgments we are like to pull down upon our own heads. For the English army are sinners exceedingly before the Lord ; and I have no hopes of success, or that this expedition shall prove to our honour. Howsoever much
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we think of ourselves, Thou wilt humble us.' Nor was it merely because of the profligacy of the troops that he augured thus unhappily of the event; he thought it unlawful to act in behalf of the Emperor, because of his intolerance. 'When I consider this,' says he, 'that we are assisting those oppressors who have wasted the church and people of God, persecuted and oppressed them, it makes me afraid the quarrel is not right, and that we shall not prosper, though I be satisfied that our quarrel against France is a very just one. O Lord, it is sad to be in an army, where I have not confidence to pray for success, and dare not seek in faith.' If any thing could have made this brave man a coward, it would have been his wrong notions in religion.

Colonel Blackader, from whose journal these passages are extracted, describes the troops as the scum and dregs of mankind—earthly devils, who seemed as if they were broke loose from hell. Allowing for the exaggeration of a man who says of himself, that all his comfort was poisoned by a melancholy temper, inclined to discontent; and who, in addition to this, had from his childhood been dosed with the essential acid of puritanism, it may be believed that the morals of the army were like those of all men whose moral and religious education has been totally neglected. The manner therefore in which Marlborough, without any extraordinary severity, (for of that, his nature was incapable,) made such an army a model for its discipline and good behaviour wherever it went, will not appear the least remarkable, nor the least meritorious part of his character. Wherever the French went, their armies were at free quarters, and the Germans followed the same cruel system. But Marlborough was particularly careful to spare the people whom he came to defend. He saw the men regularly paid, and duly provided with all things necessary (as far as was possible) for their well-being and comfort. And by the order which he established the inhabitants were conciliated, and the troops supplied better and more surely than could have been done by any measures of oppression and severity. In his first interview with Eugene, that Prince expressed his admiration at the appearance of the men. He had heard much of the English cavalry, he said, which were reviewed before him, and he found it to be the best-appointed and the finest that he had ever seen: money, of which there was no want in England, could buy clothes and accoutrements, but nothing could purchase the spirit which he saw in their looks; and that spirit was an earnest of victory.

It had not been possible for the enemy to perceive what were Marlborough's intentions for this campaign; the secret had been confined to himself and Prince Eugene till the latest moment; and the

the plan itself was so much beyond the usual policy of the English cabinet, and its vacillating allies, that the French were as little able to divine as to discover it. When they heard that he was at Coblenz, they apprehended an attack on the Moselle; when he advanced to Mentz, they feared for Alsace: lastly, they suspected that Landau was to be besieged; and when at length they knew that he was on his march toward the Danube, it was too late to take any measures for opposing him on the way. At Hippach, the Margrave of Baden joined him. It was Marlborough's wish that this commander would remain with the army on the Rhine, and leave Eugene to be his colleague on the Danube; but as the Danube was likely to be the more brilliant scene of action, the Margrave claimed the privilege of seniority in rank, and it was not without great difficulty that he was prevailed upon to share the command with the English general by alternate days. Eugene therefore was sent to the Rhine, against his own inclination, and against the judgment of Marlborough, who had full confidence in the Prince, and rightly appreciated his generous character, as well as his military genius; but the Margrave was a man whom it was scarcely possible to guide, and by whom it might easily have been destruction to be guided. There were difficulties enough before him; the States, alarmed at a report that the Netherlands would be attacked, reclaimed a part of the auxiliary force: Villeroy and Tallard had had a meeting at Landau; and it was reasonable to suppose that they had concerted some important enterprize; and though he himself was not shackled as he had been by Dutch deputies, and generals who were more desirous to frustrate his plans than to execute his orders, he knew too well the evil which might result from an alternate command, when the moment for action was to be seized. But Marlborough was of a hopeful nature, without which no man is fit for the charge of an army, be his other qualifications what they may.

The first object, after the junction of the confederates, was to secure Donawerth as a place of arms for the invasion of Bavaria. This city, upon the frontiers of Bavaria and Swabia, is situated where the Wernitz flows into the Danube. The Elector, who occupied a strong position between Lawingen and Dillingen, and was waiting for reinforcements from France, had detached General D'Arco with 10,000 foot and 2500 horse, to protect this point by occupying the Schellenberg, a commanding height on the left bank of the river near the town, from which the course of the Danube may be seen as far as Ingolstadt. Its ascent is gradual, and on the summit, which is about half a mile wide, the enemy were encamped, and fortifying themselves with the utmost exertions. Marlborough well knew that if they arrived before this

this position on the day of the Margrave's authority, it would be wasted in deliberations. Seizing therefore his own time of command, he marched fourteen miles, though a heavy train of artillery was to be conducted over roads that had been drenched by incessant rains, and resolved upon immediately making the attack. To those who expressed a doubt whether this celerity were advisable, he replied with characteristic decision, 'Either the enemy will escape, or will have time to finish their works; in the latter case, the delay of every hour will cost the loss of a thousand men.' While the preparations were making, dispatches arrived from Eugene with news that Villeroy and Tallard were at Strasburgh, preparing a powerful reinforcement for the Elector, and the intelligence made him the more anxious that a blow should be struck without delay. The Bavarian generals did not believe that an army, after such a march, would begin an attack toward the close of day; and they hoped to complete their works during the night, and to receive a further supply of troops. But it soon appeared that their men must desist from work, and take their arms. Surprised as they were, they made a skilful and brave resistance. The position was strong; the works, although unfinished, gave them great advantage, and having broken the assailants by a tremendous fire, they boldly rushed out and charged them with the bayonet. They were repulsed principally by a battalion of English guards, who maintained their ground singly while most of their officers were wounded or killed. At length the enemy were giving way, partly in consequence of a panic occasioned by the explosion of some powder, when the Margrave came up with the Imperialists, and completed the victory. The carnage was very great; the fugitives broke down the bridge by their numbers, and many perished in the Danube; the general's son was among them. Only 3000 of the Gallo-Bavarians escaped to rejoin the elector, and every thing upon the ground was taken. But the victory was not purchased without a heavy loss. 1500 were killed, 4000 wounded, and among the slain were 8 generals, 11 colonels, and 26 captains, for the officers exerted themselves particularly in the action, and Marlborough exposed his own person greatly. The action lasted from six till eight in the evening. 'We have no reason to boast,' says Colonel Blackader; 'the British value themselves too much, and think nothing can stand before them.—Oh that God would reform this army, that good men might have some pleasure in it!—I see that the smallest accidents give turn to the greatest actions, either to prosper or defeat them, in spite of human reason, prudence, or courage. In the evening (of the ensuing day) I went into the field of battle, and got a preaching from the dead. The carcasses were very thick

thick strewed upon the ground, naked and corrupted : yet all this makes no impression upon us, seeing our comrades and friends' bodies lying as dung upon the earth. Lord make us humble and thankful !'

Marlborough too was a religious man, though of a different stamp. In announcing his success to the queen he ascribed it to the particular blessing of God, and the unparalleled bravery of the troops. It was because the British thought that nothing could stand before them, because they felt and knew themselves capable of doing whatever could be done by determined courage, that they won the victory. Their general said they had done so well that the cannon ought to be fired in London ; he understood the value which brave men set upon the honour they have deserved. The victory also was important enough to be entitled to this mark of public approbation. Donawerth, which might have held out ten days, was immediately evacuated, and Leopold, who knew that had it not been for this timely and effectual expedition of the English, the elector would then have been in Vienna, wrote with his own hand to congratulate the victorious commander. Already Marlborough's merits were properly appreciated on the continent. Writing to him from Rome, the Duke of Shrewsbury says, ' In this holy ignorant city they have an idea of you as of a Tamerlane ; and had I a picture of old Colonel Birch with his whiskers, I could put it off for yours, and change it for one done by Raphael.' There was now a probability of detaching Bavaria from its fatal alliance with France ; the victory laid that country open to the allies ; and the elector, who could not speak without tears of the favourite regiment which had been destroyed there, entered into a treaty with the conquerors ; the terms had been agreed upon, and the day fixed on which he was to ratify them ; but before it arrived he received an assurance that Marshal Tallard was on the way to his assistance with 35,000 of the best troops of France, and he broke off the negotiation. The consequence was that, by the severe laws of war, his country was given up to military execution. This has been foully misrepresented by the French historian M. Targe : he says it was done pending the negotiations, and that Marlborough made no satisfactory reply when the elector accused him of proceedings more suited to the barbarity of the Turks, than to the observance of war among civilized nations. Whereas the threat was held out to induce him to make terms, and the blow was struck, when the treaty was put an end to on his part. What the feelings of Marlborough were in executing the threat appears in that private correspondence which has now for the first time come before the public. In one letter to his wife, he says, ' this is so contrary to my nature, that nothing

nothing but absolute necessity could have obliged me to consent to it, for these poor people suffer for their master's ambition: and in another—'my nature suffers when I see so many fine places burnt, and that must be burnt, if the elector will not hinder it.' Yet he did his utmost to restrain the depredations of the German soldiery, and expressed his satisfaction that he had saved the fine woods which were at once the ornament and the riches of the country.

The Imperialists who were acting with Marlborough had neither cannon nor money. The Margrave had promised artillery and stores for besieging Munich, but neither were forthcoming when they were wanted. This commander was by no means fitted to act with the English general; attempts were made to give him the credit of the victory of Schellenberg, because he had first entered the lines, and a medal was even struck to perpetuate this false claim. Marlborough complained heavily of his inertness, and of his captious and jealous temper, but he felt the comfort of being emancipated from the controul of a council of war; and had obtained that ascendancy over the officers of the allies, that they were all willing to obey what he said, without knowing any other reason than that such was his desire. Our greatest difficulty is, said he, that of making our bread follow us; for the troops that I have the honour to command cannot subsist without it, and the Germans that are used to starve, cannot advance without us. What he hoped for was a battle, for that, he said, would decide the whole; and his confidence in the British troops was such, that no doubt of victory seems ever to have crossed his mind. That hope was soon realized, and that confidence was justified, as it deserved to be. The French succours arrived and effected their junction with the elector. Eugene with 10,000 men made a parallel march from the Rhine, and to the great satisfaction both of the prince and Marlborough, the Margrave was persuaded to undertake the siege of Ingoldstadt. It was their intention to take up a position beyond the river Nebel, near Hochstadt; but as they were proceeding to survey the ground, some squadrons of the enemy were perceived at a distance, and the two generals ascending the towers of Dapfheim church discovered the quarter-masters of the Gallo-Bavarian army marking out a camp between Blenheim and Lutzingen. Immediately they determined upon giving battle before the enemy could strengthen themselves in their new position. Some officers who knew the strength of the ground and the superiority of the adverse force ventured to remonstrate with Marlborough, he replied, I know the dangers, yet a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops which will make amends

amends for our disadvantages. Indeed it was here as at Schellenberg, every hour's delay would have rendered success more difficult, and if time were allowed for Villeroy to advance into Wirtemberg, that movement would cut off his communication with Franconia, whence he drew his principal supplies. Marlborough was not dealing with enemies who could be despised, but with generals who understood the art of war, who were not likely to let any advantage slip, were always active and enterprising, and had ample means at their command. He passed part of the night in prayer, and received the sacrament towards morning; then, after a short rest, concerted with Eugene the arrangements for the action. When the regiments were drawn up for battle, the chaplains performed the service at the head of each, and Marlborough was observed to join in the prayer with fervour. His next act was to point out to the surgeons the proper posts for the wounded. He then rode along the line while the men were waiting for the signal. As he passed along the front, a ball from the enemy's batteries glanced under his horse, and covered him with earth.

The battle of Blenheim (of which more careful plans than have ever before been constructed are given in Mr. Coxe's work) is one of those few actions which have produced a change in the fortunes of Europe. Had it been lost by the allies, Germany would immediately have been at the mercy of the French, and their triumph would have been fatal to the Protestant succession in England. The enemy were the stronger, and very advantageously posted, and Marlborough knew their superior strength, and understood perfectly the advantages of their position: as if excusing himself to his wife for having, as it might seem, set every thing upon the hazard, he says, 'believe me there was an absolute necessity for the good of the common cause to risk this venture, which God has so blessed. She,' he said, 'who loved him so entirely well would be infinitely pleased with what had been done upon his account, as well as for the public benefit which must result, and therefore he could not refrain from telling her, that within the memory of man there had been no victory so great.' The imperial troops behaved so ill, notwithstanding the great ability and great exertions of Prince Eugene, that Marlborough, though from policy and a proper regard to Eugene's feelings, he forbore from expressing any sense of their misconduct in public, avoided writing in reply to the compliments which he received from the Emperor, and from the King of the Romans, because he could not mention them with approbation. The total loss of the enemy was not less than 40,000 men: of the allies 4,500 were killed, 7,500 wounded: the field, therefore,

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was well fought, however much the French, for the sake of palliating the defeat, depreciated the conduct of their unsuccessful general. Blackader,* speaking of what the victory had cost the English, says, 'when I consider that on all occasions we conquer; but with much blood, I am at a loss to assign the reason; perhaps it is that our cause is good, but our persons very wicked.' It was not his custom ever to look for secondary causes, or he would have perceived that a sufficient one was to be found in the discipline, and courage, and strength of the enemy.

As soon as it was known in England that Marlborough had marched into Germany, the whole hostile faction opened against him in full cry. They exclaimed against the rashness of the expedition; they censured him for leaving the Dutch exposed, and they accused him of having gone beyond his instructions, and exceeded any power of a subject for the sake of his own private interest; he was even menaced with being brought to the block. if the event should be as disastrous as these base enemies predicted and hoped; and one of the leading members of the opposition declared that whenever the general returned, he and his friends would pounce upon him, as hounds pounce on a hare. These were people of whom Mrs. Burnet, the wife of the bishop, said, 'they would hardly ever believe any tale that lessened France, but swallowed any to its advantage;' their hopes were raised to the highest pitch; and when tidings arrived of the greatest† victory which had ever done honour to the British arms, their

* The account of the action in his diary is a fine instance of enthusiasm mingling itself with constitutional courage.—'We fought a bloody battle, and by the mercy of God have got one of the greatest and most complete victories the age can boast of. In the morning, while marching towards the enemy, I was enabled to exercise faith, relying, and encouraging myself in God; by this I was made easy and cheerful. I was looking to God during all the little intervals of action for assistance to keep up my own heart, and to discharge my duty well in my station. My faith was so lively during the action, that I sometimes said within myself, "Lord, it were easy for thee to lay these men flat upon the ground where they stand, or to bring them in all prisoners!" And for encouraging the regiment I spoke it out, that we should either chase them from their post, or take them prisoners; and I cannot but observe the event:—against seven o'clock at night, twenty-six regiments (some say thirty) laid down their arms, and surrendered at discretion to the Duke of Marlborough, and our regiment was one of those who guarded them. O Lord, thou assisted me, and gave me such liberal supplies during the action, that I was helped to discharge my duty even with credit and reputation. Dear Lord, I lay down all at thy feet; I have no reason to be lifted up. It was none of my own, it was a borrowed stock from thee; so the praise is thine, not mine: for hadst thou withheld thy support from me, I had behaved scandalously. EBENEZER! This would have been a soldier after Oliver Cromwell's own heart. He wrote from the field of Blenheim to Lady — Campbell at Stirling, in the height of his joy—'I am just now retired from the noise of drums, of oaths, and dying groans. I am to return in a few minutes to the field of battle, and wrapping myself up in the arms of Omnipotence, I believe myself no less safe as to every valuable purpose, than if sitting in your ladyship's closet.'

† The effect produced in our own days by a more decisive victory upon a viler faction shows

their disappointment was in proportion. But as Burnet truly observes, 'men engaged in parties are not easily put out of countenance;' their business then was to depreciate the victory; they admitted that a great many men had been killed and taken, but as for weakening the French king, they said this was no more than taking a bucket of water out of a river. Upon this Marlborough remarks, 'if they will allow us to draw one or two such buckets more, we might then let the river run quietly, and not much apprehend its overflowing and destroying its neighbours.' But the heart of the country was sound, and never, perhaps, except at the Restoration, had there been felt so great and general a joy. The common people, who knew only that a battle had been won, great as any that their fathers had heard of, and which would for ever be remembered to the honour of their country, partook in the triumph with honest and generous exultation. They who understood the interests of England and of Europe perceived that the spell of the French king's fortune, upon which Louis XIV. had relied almost as confidently as Buonaparte, was broken,—that his power was materially weakened, and the opinion which had contributed to render it so formidable, destroyed. The queen expressed her feelings with a becoming sense of devotion; 'we could never, she said, thank the Almighty enough for these great blessings, but must make it our endeavour to deserve them,—and this was the language which she used in the confidence of private friendship. 'I can lament for no private loss,' says another person, 'since God has given such a general mercy. In death it will be a matter of joy to me to have lived so long as to hear it.'

The subjugation of Bavaria was the immediate consequence of this battle. The Elector continued to follow the fortune of the French, and sent his wife, a daughter of the great John Sobieski, with her children, back to Munich. Marlborough said the separation made his heart ache, for he knew what it was to

shows us that in all times party-spirit is the same, and that it utterly destroys all true English feeling. An eminent patriot in the country happened to have a dinner party on the day when the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived at his post-town: it was concealed from him by a pious fraud, lest the shock should render him incapable of entertaining his friends; so he passed the day in that ignorance which to him was bliss, and slept one night more in peace. Among the consequences of that battle we may be allowed to regret the destruction of a certain prophetic paper, written by one of those wise men of the north who, to use their own language, were '*seriously occupied with the destinies of Europe.*' This precious paper (more curious than the sealed prophecies of Joanna Southcote) was printed: but, either from some distrust of the second sight, or from a recollection that some of their prophecies had not been so exactly fulfilled as they could have wished, the seers thought it prudent to suspend the publication, till it should be seen in what manner the campaign had opened. And so the prophecy was cancelled, to the irreparable loss of literature, and of the Occult Sciences,

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be separated from those we love. Judging from his own pure heart, he gave the Elector more credit than was due to him, for that Prince had a mistress at Brussels. The allies were returned to the Rhine; and to the surprize of Marlborough, Villeroy neither attempted to defend the passage of the Queich, nor the camp of Langencandel, at all times famous for being a strong post. 'Had they not been the most frightened people in the world,' he said, 'they would never have quitted those two posts.' The Margrave besieged Landau; the king of the Romans repaired to the army there; and Marlborough, finding that the siege was likely to continue as long as skill and courage on the part of the Governor could protract it, made an arduous expedition to the Moselle, through so difficult a country, that had the rains come on, it would have been impassable for artillery. The object was to get possession of Treves, give orders for the siege of Traerbach, and thus secure winter-quarters in that country, for the purpose of opening the next campaign there, looking upon that as the most vulnerable part of the enemy's frontier. A man of less moral intrepidity would not for the public good have exposed himself to the difficulties and dangers of this movement, in which success could bring with it no popular praise, and failure would have drawn after it all the ignominy and obloquy of defeat. Had the siege of Landau been ended, he would have marched with all the troops under his command, and so have made success as sure as any event in war can be; but being obliged to leave the greater part to cover the siege, with Eugene, he says in his letters written upon the way, 'I am exposed to the enemy, if they will venture, which I hope they will not. The taking our winter-quarters on the Moselle is as necessary for the good of the common cause as any thing that has been done this campaign; and I am persuaded, that if I had stayed till the siege was ended, the season would have been so far advanced, that it would have been impossible to attempt it. These difficulties make me sensible, that if I did not consider the good of the whole before any private concern, I ought not to be here. This might be better said by another than myself, but it is truth; and I am very sensible, that if I should have ill success, the greatest part of mankind will censure me for it.' And in another letter to the Duchess he says, 'This march and my own spleen have given me occasion to think how very unaccountable a creature man is; to be seeking for honour in so barren a country as this is, when he is very sure that the greater part of mankind, and may justly fear that even his best friends would be apt to think ill of him, should he have ill success. But I am endeavouring all I can to persuade myself that my happiness ought to depend upon my knowledge that I do what I think is for the

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the best.' Marlborough was of so sensitive a nature that he felt the breath of censure keenly, and the villains who slandered him with such persevering malice wounded his peace. The greater therefore is his merit for the undeviating magnanimity of his conduct as a general, for never having in any instance forborne to act according to his judgment from the fear of failure; and when his measures were frustrated by the misconduct and treachery of those with whom he acted, for having endured reproach without uttering a word in his vindication which could possibly have injured the public cause.

This expedition was successful. By the celerity of his movements he arrived just in time to prevent the enemy from pre-occupying Treves; and having settled the distribution of winter-quarters in its vicinity, and taken steps for reducing Traerbach, measures which he said would give France as much uneasiness as any thing that had been done that summer, he reckoned the campaign well over. He stood in need of rest. His attacks of fever and head-ache were so frequent, that had he been an idle man he would have been pitied as a confirmed valetudinarian. After the action at Blenheim, where he was seventeen hours on horseback, he was obliged to be bled, when he had 'no time to be sick;' and during the subsequent operations, when he had not an hour's quiet, his state of body was such that he said, if he were in London, he should be in his bed in a high fever. The fatigue and anxiety of three months had made him in his own feeling and appearance ten years older, and he was so emaciated that he apprehended nothing but extreme care and good nursing during the winter could save him from consumption. But the cares of the whole confederacy were laid on him. At this time affairs in Italy bore the worst aspect; on that side every thing must have been lost without a prompt reinforcement of troops; the only power who could supply them was Prussia; and the Duke of Savoy, the emperor and the king of the Romans, whose admiration for the great Englishman amounted almost to a feeling like friendship, knew that Marlborough's personal representations to the King of Prussia might succeed, when every other mode of negotiation would surely fail. In the worst season of the year therefore, Marlborough undertook this fatiguing journey of eight hundred miles, less, as he himself said, from any hope of success, than that he might not be reproached for leaving any thing undone. He was however successful, and the force thus obtained was the means of saving the Duke of Savoy from being totally overpowered. On his way back he met the welcome tidings that Landau and Traerbach had surrendered; and he then returned to England to reap the

the well deserved reward of public applause, and to counteract the machinations of what he properly called a villainous faction.

Such was the effrontery of that faction, that in the House of Commons as much praise was bestowed upon a naval action so ill-fought, or so ill-followed, that both parties claimed the victory, as upon the battle of Blenheim, and a campaign arduous and glorious beyond all former example. Amends were made for this injustice in the Upper House, where the naval action was passed over in silence; and Marlborough now received those marks of honour which he had so well deserved. He was thanked by both Houses of Parliament. The trophies of the victory were paraded from the Tower to Westminster Hall, and through the Green Park, that the Queen, from one of the palace windows, might behold them. England had seen no such triumph since the defeat of the Armada. The City gave the victorious general a splendid entertainment: the Commons presented an address soliciting that means might be taken for perpetuating the memory of his services; the crown-lands at Woodstock were conveyed to him and his heirs, and orders were given to erect a palace there at the royal expense, to be called the Castle of Blenheim.

On the last day of March Marlborough again embarked for the continent. At the Hague he found, as usual, want of order, want of vigour, want of unanimity, want of resolution, want of authority, all the vices, absurdities and evils which are inherent in a feeble and many-headed government. Harassed and fretted by the perpetual opposition which he endured from the half or whole traitors of the hostile party, he says to the Duke of Savoy, 'like a sick body that turns from one part of the bed to the other, I would fain be gone hence, in hopes to find more quiet in the army; God only knows what ease I may have when I come there!' This fore feeling was lamentably justified by the event. The death of Leopold, and the consequent succession of the king of the Romans, made no favourable alteration in the wretched system of the Austrian court, notwithstanding the personal good will of the new emperor toward Marlborough, and his good intentions. That court still continued poor in resources, and poorer still in statesmen. Its main efforts were directed toward the subjugation of the Hungarians, whom a wiser and juster policy would have conciliated; and the troops which were sent to the Moselle wanted more than one third of their complement. Not a single draught horse was supplied:—the Emperor, the German Princes and the States, acting for once alike, all disappointed him; and instead of an army of at least 80,000 men, for which the campaign had been planned, he found himself with little more than half the number. Villars was opposed to him with 55,000.

'I do not,' said Marlborough, 'apprehend his venturing a battle; but it will put him in a condition to act in such a manner as may make us want all sorts of provisions, which we ought to be more afraid of than fighting; for our men are in great heart, so that with the blessing of God we might expect good success.—It would be very happy for us if the marshal would venture a battle, for in all likelihood that would put us at ease.' Villars was too wise to do this. He took the position of Sirk, well known in military history by that name, on the right of the Moselle, and arranged his forces so as to protect Luxembourg, Thionville and Saar Louis. The latter places Marlborough would have besieged if the allies had not deceived him. 'If I had known beforehand,' says he, 'what I must have endured by relying on the people of this country, no reasons should have persuaded me to undertake this campaign. I will, by the help of God, do my best, and then I must submit to what may happen. But it is impossible to be quiet and not complain, when there is all the probability imaginable for a glorious campaign, to see it all put in doubt by the negligence of princes whose interest it is to help us with all they have!'

While the English general was thus crippled by the failure of his allies, the French were enabled to make an effort on the Meuse, where Villeroy got possession of Huy, entered Liege, and besieged the citadel of that great city. The terrified Dutch immediately sent to recall thirty of their battalions from Marlborough's army. This, with the want of all means for executing his own intentions, made him determine upon marching to the Meuse. The many disappointments which he had endured, he said, made him weary of his life, and I think, he adds, that if it were possible to vex me so for a fortnight longer, it would make an end of me. No part of Marlborough's history has been more misrepresented by the French writers than this. Villars, with a gasconading style, and a disregard to truth which would be dishonourable to any one, and especially to a general of such unquestionable abilities as himself, has doubled in his Memoirs the number of Marlborough's army, asserting that it contained German auxiliaries of all the provinces, commanded by their princes in person, and that the Margrave of Baden (to whose neglect more than to that of any other person the failure is imputable) was there; he declares that he threw up no entrenchment, insinuates that he repeatedly offered battle, which his antagonist declined, and concludes with a remark to which, Mr. Coxe rightly observes, no language can render justice but his own: *ces gens-là ont voulu m'avaler comme un grain de sel. Ils ont fini par nous croire de trop dure digestion.* Upon such representations as these, Villars has the credit among French readers of having foiled

foiled Marlborough in this campaign! and even the last historian of these wars, who, writing Marlborough's life by order of Buonaparte, for the instruction of military men, has detailed his campaigns for the most part with remarkable impartiality, adopts in this instance the falsehoods and fanfaronnade of Villars in their full extent. To complete the Duke's vexation, Treves and Saarbrück were abandoned by the allies in mere panic. His private letters at this time are full of the breathings of a wounded spirit. He says to his wife, 'Pray press on my house and gardens, for I think I shall never stir from my own home.—It is impossible to serve with any satisfaction, where it is in so many people's power to do mischief.—The Moselle most certainly is the place where we might have done the French most hurt. But I see but too plainly that the jealousy of Prince Louis and the backwardness of the German princes will always hinder us from succeeding there.' What stung him most was the pleasure which the opposition in England felt and openly expressed at his disappointment, saying, that if he had succeeded this year as he had the last, the constitution of England would have been ruined. He did not conceal the pain which this base ingratitude gave him: 'as I have no other ambition,' he says to Godolphin, 'but that of serving well her Majesty, and being thought what I am, a good Englishman, this vile enormous faction of theirs vexes me so much, that I hope the Queen will, after this campaign, give me leave to retire, and end my days in praying for her prosperity, and making my own peace with God.'

The campaign however was not yet over, and Marlborough's spirit, when it could make its way into action, always recovered its tone. Huy was presently recovered, the French withdrew from Liege within their formidable lines, and he resumed his plan of forcing them, and bursting into Brabant. Villeroy and the Elector were deceived by his movements, and while they directed their attention to one point, and waited all night in momentary expectation of an attack, he effected his object at another, and with little loss carried the posts of Hespen and Helixem, which, from their strength and distance, had been deemed secure, and therefore almost stripped of troops. Upon the first intimation that the blow had been struck, the enemy's generals hastened to the spot,—too late to repair the evil; they retreated, therefore, with the utmost speed. To those who congratulated him, Marlborough replied, with a smile which evinced his confidence of succeeding further, 'all is well, but much is yet to be done.' But the Dutch generals, as usual, interfered, and prevented him from pushing on between the enemy and Louvain, in which case they would not have been able to take refuge behind the Dyle; and Louvain, Brussels and Antwerp would

would in all likelihood have been open to the conqueror. Blackader saw that an error had been committed, and imputed it to Marlborough, whose fate it was always to be censured for the faults of others. 'This shews us,' he says, 'men are but men, and the weakness and flaws that are in the wisest men's prudence. One day an heroic action, the next a great blunder. But let God have all the glory, and all flesh be grass.' What had been done, however, was of such importance that it raised Marlborough's spirits as well as his pulse, and writing to the Duchess while his 'blood was so hot, that he could scarcely hold the pen,' he told her that his heart was full of joy. The Dutch had been cheated into this action; they did not believe he would make the attack, so much had they exaggerated the strength of the enemy; and their deputies had grace enough in the first warm feelings of success, to acknowledge to him that the lines could not have been forced if he had not been there. Overkirk's army did not come up till the business was over, and this gave the men who had been actually engaged occasion to speak of their general in the heat of action with so much affection, that Marlborough owned the pleasure which it gave him, and said that it made him resolve to endure any thing for their sake. And to the Duchess, who had expressed her uneasiness lest he should expose his person unnecessarily, he says, 'I am now at an age when I find no heat in my blood that gives me temptation to expose myself out of vanity: but as I would deserve and keep the kindness of the army, I would let them see that when I expose them, I would not exempt myself.' Perhaps if there was any error in Marlborough's conduct, it was that he let this feeling sometimes carry him too far: for at this time Harley cautioned him upon that subject. 'Your friends and servants,' said he, 'cannot be without concern upon your Grace's account, when we hear how much you expose that precious life of yours upon all occasions, and that you are not contented to do the part of a great general, but you condescend to take your share as a common soldier.' This very Harley was afterwards base enough to encourage and sanction libellers who insinuated that Marlborough was deficient in personal courage!

The improved disposition of the Dutch generals did not last long. A few weeks afterwards, when he could have brought the French to action nearly upon the ground where, in our own days, the most momentous victory in modern history has been achieved by the British arms,—these wretched Dutchmen again forbade him to engage when he expected a greater victory than Blenheim, and when the enemy was so sure of defeat, that it was afterwards ascertained they would not have ventured to stand their ground.

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In the bitterness of his disappointment he exclaimed, I am at this moment ten years older than I was four days ago! Marlborough wrote to the States, controuling, as he always did, his own personal feelings deeply as they were wounded, but pointing out the fair occasion which he had lost. He even talked of throwing up the command of the army, rather than be perpetually placed in situations where his character must be compromised in the eyes of the enemy and of the world. His indignation was increased by the manner in which the affair was misrepresented by the gazette-writers in England, either from gross carelessness or secret malice, or, as Marlborough supposed, because the writer took more care not to offend the Dutch ambassador than to do him justice. He pointed out to Godolphin the effect these gazettes must produce in Holland, and hoped the Queen would appoint some other person to the command, 'for I must be madder, said he, than any Bedlamite, if I should be desirous of serving, when I am sure my enemies seek my destruction, and that my friends sacrifice my honour to their wisdom.'

The evil was not without some good consequences. Marlborough's letter to the States was surreptitiously printed, and the popular opinion both in England and Holland was expressed loudly in his favour. The Dutch government was alarmed by his intention of withdrawing, and made some amends by removing Slangenberg, the most culpable of their generals, a man who, the Duke said, was resolved to give all the hindrance he could to whatever should be proposed, and whom he seems to have suspected of acting from a worse motive than that of a most perverse temper. The Queen herself wrote to express her concern for the embarrassments which were thrown in his way, and called herself his friend and his humble servant. He received also a letter from Eugene, which testified the sympathy to be expected from such a man. 'It is extremely cruel,' said the Prince, 'that opinions so weak and discordant have obstructed the progress of your operations when you had every reason to expect so glorious a result; I speak to you as a sincere friend, you will never be able to perform any thing considerable with your army unless you are absolute, and I trust your Highness will use your utmost efforts to gain that power in future.'

After demolishing the French lines, and taking measures for securing his winter-quarters in Brabant, Marlborough, for whom there was no rest, turned from the toil of war to the no less urgent affairs of negociation, and at the close of autumn, repaired to Vienna, to Berlin and Hanover. At all these courts there were difficulties which required his presence. No man possessed a greater perfection in the art of bringing difficult ne-

gociations

gociations to the termination which he desired, and this was owing not more to the clearness of his judgment, and the quickness of his comprehensive mind, than to his native courtesy and to that genuine candour which men are in some degree led to imitate when they feel and admire it. Moreover the rank which Marlborough held in the eyes of all Europe, for no subject had ever before stood so conspicuously eminent in modern times, had its imposing effect. Means and measures for the ensuing campaign were arranged during these discussions, and he was created a Prince of the Empire; the lordship of Mendelheim being erected into a principality and conferred upon him and his heirs in the male line. The dignity was expected to descend in the female line also; but it is not to the credit of the Emperor Joseph that he would not consent to make the grant hereditary in that line, knowing that Marlborough had no son to succeed him, and that there was little or no probability of his having one. The title was of some value when he had to serve in countries where so much importance was attached to high sounding names and sovereign power however insignificant its scale.

The humanity of Marlborough's disposition appears in his correspondence with Godolphin at this time. Inclosing to him a letter from a young French lady to the Comte de Lyon, who was a prisoner in England, he says, 'I am assured that it is a very virtuous love, and that when they can get their parents' consent, they are to be married. As I do from my heart wish that nobody were unhappy, I own to you that this letter has made me wish him in France; so that if he might have four months leave, without prejudice to her Majesty's service, I should be glad of it.' Marlborough was now attacked in inflammatory libels. One of the authors, a clergyman, was convicted and sentenced to the pillory. Through the intercession of the duchess his punishment was remitted, greatly to Marlborough's comfort. 'I should have been very uneasy,' he said, 'if the law had not found him guilty, but much more uneasy if he had suffered the punishment on my account.' It was Marlborough's opinion, and that opinion is well worthy of serious consideration in these times, that 'if the liberty may be taken of writing scandalous lies without being punished, no government can stand long.'

It was the Emperor's pressing desire that Marlborough should resume his plan of attacking France on the side of the Moselle, but the English general knew how little he could rely upon the promises of the Imperial Court, or the co-operation of the German princes. His own desire was that the great effort should be made in Italy, where he proposed to join Eugene. Godolphin
reluctantly

reluctantly acquiesced in this; but the German princes and the king of Denmark, whose troops were to be thus employed, objected; the Dutch were not to be persuaded, and some successes of Villars and Marsin upon the Upper Rhine so alarmed the States, that looking upon Marlborough's presence as their only and sure protection, they offered either to give him secretly the choice of the field-deputies, or privately instruct them to conform implicitly to his orders. Godolphin was not displeased at this.—'For,' said he, 'besides that I could never swallow so well the thoughts of your being so far out of our reach, and for so long a time,—I think it may be almost as well for the allies to have the balance kept up in Italy, as to drive the French quite out of it, which would enable them to contract both their troops and their expense, and more expose us on this side to their force.' Marlborough's own feelings upon this disappointment were expressed to the duchess,—and the more his private and unreserved feelings are made known, the more admirable does this great and excellent commander appear in thought and deed. 'You will see,' he says, 'by my letters to the Lord Treasurer, that in all likelihood I shall make the whole campaign in this country, and consequently, not such a one as will please me. But as I infinitely value your esteem, for without that you cannot love me, let me say for myself that there is some credit in doing rather what is good for the public, than in preferring our private satisfaction and interest: for my being here in a condition of doing nothing that shall make a noise, has made me able to send 10,000 men to Italy, and to leave 19,000 more on the Rhine.'—To Godolphin he says, 'God knows I go with a heavy heart, for I have no prospect of doing any thing considerable, unless the French would do what I am very confident they will not—unless the Marshal de Marsin should return, as it is reported, with thirty battalions and forty squadrons; for that would give to them such a superiority as might tempt them to march out of their lines, which if they do, I will most certainly attack them, not doubting, with the blessing of God, to beat them.'

That hope was soon realised. The French made a great effort. They withdrew forces from the Rhine, and reinforced Villeroy and the Elector with the best troops of France, so as slightly to outnumber the allies, Marlborough's army consisting of 60,000 men, that of the enemy of 62,000. By a movement upon Namur he provoked them to risk a battle. Their position was at Ramillies, upon ground so strong, that the Dutch deputies, three years before, had made it one of their arguments for refusing to permit an attack upon the lines—that if the lines were forced at that point the French would occupy this formidable position. Marlborough was exposed to the most imminent danger in the action,

While he was rallying some broken horse, he was recognized by the French dragoons; they attempted to close round him, and in leaping a ditch to disengage himself, he was thrown. One of his aides-de-camp alighted to give him his horse, and as the Duke was remounting, a cannon-ball struck off the head of his equerry, Colonel Bingfield, who held the stirrup. A most complete victory was gained; the enemy lost 13,000 men; 'we beat them into so great a consternation,' says Marlborough, 'that they abandoned all their cannon.' Louvain and Mechlin were immediately opened to the conqueror, and the States of Brabant invited him to Brussels, and proclaimed the Archduke Charles. 'The consequence of this battle,' said he, 'is likely to be greater than that of Blenheim, for we have now the whole summer before us, and, with the blessing of God, I will make the best use of it. For as we had no council of war before this battle, so I hope to have none this whole campaign.' The French had been frightened as well as beaten: they thought themselves sure of victory, because of their numbers and the character of their chosen troops, and the moment that confidence was gone a panic came upon them. Marlborough saw the hand of Providence in this, and said to Godolphin, 'the blessing of God is certainly with us. We have done,' said he, 'in four days what we should have thought ourselves happy if we could have been sure of it in four years.' He blessed God that he had been the instrument of doing this great service to the Queen, England and all Europe, and he requested that a thanksgiving-day at St. Paul's might be appointed. 'The Lord,' says Blackader, 'has sent a panic fear among the French army, and they are so shattered, that they can hardly get them kept together. The Lord is taking heart and hand and spirit from our enemies.' Alost, Lierre, Ghent, Bruges and Damme were taken possession of by the conquerors; and the frightened enemy even surrendered Oudenarde to the English who had no cannon to besiege it—a place of such strength, that William, with sixty thousand men, had not been able to take it. Antwerp was opened to them. Ostend, which had cost Spinola a three years siege and a consumption of fourscore thousand men, was besieged and taken with the loss of only five hundred. Menin was next attacked. This town, the most melancholy and forlorn at present upon that unfortunate frontier, was then so strong a place, that Burnet tells us many thought it too bold an undertaking to sit down before it. After the peace of Nimeguen, the old fortifications had been replaced by works upon the system of Vauban: it was esteemed his masterpiece, and for its size the best fortified place in all that country. It was strongly garrisoned, and the Duke de Vendome, in whom the French had the highest confidence, was sent to re-collect

collect and re-encourage the scattered troops, and make an effort for saving it. But he was not able to venture a battle, and the garrison, for fear of being made prisoners of war, gave up the place, says Marlborough, five or six days sooner than they ought to have done.

Dendermond was his next object. Louis had once besieged this place in person without success, and when he heard of Marlborough's intention, he observed that he must have an army of ducks to take it. But the besiegers had taken advantage of an uncommonly dry season, and the garrison were made prisoners of war, 'which,' says Marlborough, 'was more than was reasonable, but I saw them in a consternation. That place could never have been taken but by the hand of God, which gave us seven weeks without any rain.' Ath followed, and he would then fain have proceeded against Mons; 'we shall have it,' he said, 'much cheaper this year than the next, when they will have had time to recruit their army.' But the Dutch did not understand the true economy of war, and the campaign was therefore closed. The emperor and his brother Charles, in their first impulse of gratitude after the news of the recovery of the Low Countries, appointed Marlborough to the government—no other conceivable arrangement could have been of such essential advantage to the whole confederacy,—but from the selfish views of the Dutch he was obliged to decline it. They were thinking how to strengthen themselves at the expense of their neighbours. 'Such is their temper,' said Marlborough, 'that when they have misfortunes, they are desirous of peace upon any terms; and when we are blessed by God with success, they are for turning it to their own advantage, without any consideration how it may be liked by their friends and allies.' For himself he said, 'I thank God and the Queen I have no need nor desire of being richer, but have a very great ambition of doing every thing that can be for the public good.'

The jealousies and opposite interests of the allies, which even imminent danger could scarcely suspend, came into full action whenever they were successful, and the French king found himself better served by his enemies in their own cabinets than by his armies in the field. By means of Marlborough's strenuous and persevering exertions in procuring men and money for Eugene, that excellent commander had been enabled to relieve Turin, and inflict upon the French one of the most memorable defeats which they ever suffered in Italy. Marlborough was delighted with this glorious action: it is impossible for me, said he, to express the joy it has given me, for I do not only esteem, but I really love that prince. But the emperor began immediately to pursue his
own

own purposes, to the neglect and injury of the common cause. In Spain also a series of rapid successes had been followed by the grossest misconduct, the troops committed every kind of excess, the generals every kind of blunder, and every thing went wrong for want of a mind like Marlborough's to controul the jarring elements which were brought together. The French were now endeavouring to amuse the Dutch with negociations; here they had their greatest hope, for they had a party in the States always upon the watch to serve them, and their intrigues made Marlborough more uneasy than he had ever before been at any time during the war. He saw the errors of the Dutch, if indeed their conduct deserve so light a name. 'The more complaisance is shewn them, said he, and the more we give way to them, it is both their nature and their practice to be more assuming.'—'They are of so many minds, and all so very extravagant concerning their barrier, that I despair of doing any good till they are more reasonable, which they will not be till they see that they have it not in their power to dispose of the Low Countries at their will and pleasure, in which the French flatter them.' He saw that they were not beloved any where because they carried every thing with so high a hand: and he perceived their poor pitiable jealousy of England: but 'though some of the leading men in Holland,' said he, 'may be blind, or worse, yet surely the generality cannot be imposed upon so far as to be blown up with a jealousy of the Queen's power, when all that power, be it great or little, has been and is still exerted for their safety, without the least view or desire of any extent of conquest or dominion for England; and when it is plain that in two or three years time France, with the comfort and assistance of peace, will be just where she was before, if the nicest care be not taken to put it out of her power, now there is an opportunity in our hands.'

The affairs of the cabinet at home were not less vexatious. The whigs insisted upon making Sunderland secretary of state instead of Sir Charles Hedges, whom they proposed to remunerate by a more permanent and profitable place. The Queen was exceedingly averse to this; whether right or wrong in her objection to the particular measure, she rested upon a general principle, and a just one: desiring only liberty, she said, to encourage and employ all who concurred faithfully in her service, whether they were called whigs or tories; not to be tied to either; in which case, with the name of Queen, she should be in reality but their slave, to her own ruin and to the destruction of the government. Godolphin had told her that unless the whigs were gratified by this appointment, they would not be hearty in supporting her measures. 'But is it not very hard,' said the poor Queen, 'that men of
sense

sense and honour will not promote the good of their country, because every thing in the world is not done that they desire? Why, for God's sake, must I, who have no interest, no end, no thought but for the good of my country, be made so miserable as to be brought into the power of one set of men? and why may not I be trusted, since I mean nothing but what is equally for the good of all my subjects?' She offered to bring Sunderland into the cabinet, with a pension, till a vacancy should happen, and asked, as this arrangement would content her, whereas she had insuperable objections to the other, why she might not be gratified as well as other people? Queen Anne was a person, who, as Marlborough said, needed no advice to help her to be very firm and positive when she thought herself in the right; and in this case her principle was just, and she had good reason to require that some regard should be paid to her own views and inclinations. But there was a snake in the grass. Harley was all this while at work worming out of her confidence those ministers by whom he had risen and was still trusted: he continually fostered in her her dislike to the whigs, and endeavoured to bring back her predilections for the other party, grievously as they had offended her. The whigs seconded him admirably by the arrogant manner in which they insisted upon forcing Lord Sunderland into office. Halifax, and even Somers (respectable as that name is) declared in the name of their party, that if their demand was not granted without further delay, they would oppose the government:—thus proving that when party-views or party-passions were at stake, they had as little respect for the interests of their country, as for the feelings of their sovereign. They stimulated the duchess to goad the Queen, an ill-judged office in which she was but too ready to engage. The whole weight of vexation fell upon Godolphin; he saw that the Queen cherished an insuperable dislike toward the whigs, though at that time he knew not by what secret artifices it had been infused, and was continually exasperated; he blamed the whigs for a determination to over-rule the Queen, and at the same time he felt himself embarrassed by the tories who were in office, and clogged with their ill-will the measures which they could not prevent. There was not one of them in any ministerial office, he said, that must not be spoken to ten times over before any thing could be executed, even after it had been ordered, with all the slowness and difficulty imaginable. Unable either to moderate the whigs in their demands on the one hand, or to overcome the more reasonable determination of the Queen on the other, or to continue in the government if he were opposed by his former friends and received only a cold and hollow support from the other party, he talked of resigning his office. This, the

the Queen said, was a blow she could not bear, she intreated him not to leave her service; and Marlborough told him that if he were serious in this thought, he could not justify himself to God or man, for, divided as England was, he was the only person who could conduct its concerns. ‘As the affairs of Europe,’ said he, ‘and those of the Queen in particular, are at this time, I think both you and I are in honour and conscience bound, under all the dangers and trouble that is possible, to bring this war to a happy end, which I think must be after the next campaign if we can agree to carry it on with vigour.’ In this struggle, which so perplexed his friend, Marlborough advised patience and moderation to the whigs, and was clearly of opinion that it was injudicious to force his son-in-law upon the Queen. But as he told the Duchess on this occasion, and as she had long before found out, his disposition led him rather to be governed than to govern; and in obedience to her solicitations, and to Godolphin’s wishes, he represented to the Queen the predicament in which her ministers were placed, bound as he was, he said, in gratitude, duty and conscience to her, to make known his mind freely, and assuring her, in the presence of God, that he was not for her putting herself into the hands of either faction. ‘Lord Rochester,’ he said, ‘and the hot heads of that party were so extravagant, that beyond all doubt they would expose her and the liberties of England to the rage of France, rather than not be revenged, as they called it. There was therefore a necessity as well as justice in her supporting Godolphin; and in the present humour he could be supported by the whigs only, for the others sought his destruction, which in effect was hers: and the way to save herself from being forced into a party was to strengthen him.’

While Marlborough was acting thus faithfully and honourably towards his friend, his Queen and his country, the more intemperate of the whigs, who by their violence had occasioned the whole embarrassment, suspected that he and Godolphin were not dealing sincerely; so easily are men made suspicious, ungenerous and unjust by party-spirit! Marlborough was hurt at this, and declared that if it were not for his gratitude to the Queen, and his concern for Godolphin, he would immediately retire. ‘For I have had the good luck,’ said he, ‘to deserve better from all Englishmen than to be suspected of not being in the true interest of my country, which I am in, and ever will be, without being of a faction; and this principle shall govern me for the little remainder of my life. I must not think of being popular, but I shall have the satisfaction of going to my grave with the opinion of having acted as an honest man.’ This was written to the Duchess; and in that spirit of true affection which all his domestic letters express,

express, he concluded by saying, 'if I have your esteem and love I shall think myself entirely happy.' Marlborough's character has been put to the test by the publication of these Memoirs, which include so large a part of his most confidential and unreserved correspondence, and it has proved sterling. He understood the interests of his country so fully that he must ever be considered as one of the most perfect of her statesmen: his only object was to promote those interests, and that object was unalloyed with any meaner considerations; while for fidelity to his friends and loyalty to his sovereign, and a just regard to the constitution, no man ever exceeded him. To the Queen he says at this time, 'it is true your reign has been so manifestly blessed by God, that one might reasonably think you might govern without making use of the heads of either party, but as it might be easy to yourself. This might be practicable if both parties sought your favour, as in reason and duty they ought. But, madam, the truth is that the heads of one party have declared against you and your government as far as it is possible without going into open rebellion. Now should your Majesty disoblige the others, how is it possible to obtain near five millions for carrying on the war with vigour, without which all is undone?' He tells Godolphin that having written with freedom to the Queen, let what would happen he should be more easy in his mind; and being apprehensive that the Queen's temper was not to be shaken, he says, 'allow me to give you this assurance, that as I know you to be a sincere, honest man, may God bless me as I shall be careful that whatever man is your enemy shall never be my friend.' The arguments which had been used to induce her to acquiesce could not, he thought, be answered, 'for in England,' said he, 'no minister can or ought to govern without help. God preserve her, and send you to serve her long.' When Marlborough returned from the continent, his popularity, his splendid services, and that power of persuasion which he possessed, overcame the Queen's reluctance. She is said also to have feared that a longer opposition on her part would incense the whigs against Harley, and make them insist upon his dismissal, for that supple courtier had now rooted himself in her favour.

Marlborough was received in a manner corresponding to the great and signal successes of the campaign; his title was extended to his daughters and their heirs male. It is observable that he was now no longer anxious to perpetuate the name of Churchill in his family, which he had formerly required his representatives in succession to assume. The honour and manor of Woodstock, and the house of Blenheim, were to descend with the title, and the sum of 5000*l.* a year from the post-office was likewise entailed

entailed upon his daughters and their heirs male in perpetuity, being however confirmed to the duchess for her life. The standards and colours taken at Ramillies were borne in procession from Whitehall, through the Park and St. James's, and so to Guildhall; it was a proud display, consisting of six and twenty standards and a hundred and twenty-six colours. Godolphin was raised to the peerage; several minor promotions among the whigs took place, and however averse she might have been to the measures which had been forced upon her, the Queen found the advantage of having so materially strengthened the administration. Matters not less important than the business of war required Marlborough's attention while active operations were suspended: his influence was exerted in bringing about the great measure of the Union, and 'it may be recorded as an answer,' says Mr. Coxe, 'to the numberless accusations and surmises against the principles of Marlborough and Godolphin, that such a measure was accomplished by them in opposition to the efforts of a powerful combination of tories and jacobites both in England and Scotland, and under a queen who not only detested the Hanover line, but who was beginning to turn with renewed affection towards the surviving members of her unfortunate family.' He performed also a singular mission to the camp of Charles XII. at Sweden, whose movements at that time held all Germany and the North of Europe in suspense, and might easily have made the scale preponderate in favour of France, if he had been led either by the arts of that politic court, or by his own irritable temper (which needed little provocation) to fall upon the Austrians. His favourite scheme at this time was to form a Protestant league. Prussia was already persuaded to the measure, Hanover was solicited, and Catholic Germany of course had taken the alarm. Marlborough succeeded in dissuading him from a scheme which would have proved destructive to the alliance; he succeeded also in adjusting or postponing his disputes with Austria and Denmark; he administered pensions, by the Elector of Hanover's advice, to two of his ministers; and Charles, leaving the affairs of Europe to their course, removed his disturbing forces into Moscow, and there wrecked his army, his fortunes, and himself.

The military operations during the year 1707 were unfavourable to the allies: they suffered a scandalous defeat in Spain; and an attack upon Toulon, where a successful issue would, in Marlborough's opinion, certainly have produced peace, failed by the want of cordiality between the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene, the latter being influenced by the Imperial court, which never entered with sincerity into any project unless it were directed to its own exclusive and immediate interests. Villars made

made a successful irruption into Germany. In the Low Countries nothing was done ; the allies indeed sustained no loss, for Marlborough was there, and his presence took away from the French all appetite for enterprize, though they were under so skilful a commander as the Duke de Vendôme. But the Dutch had relapsed into their old, jealous, narrow, hesitating policy. Marlborough was fully equal in effective force to the enemy, and possessed a prodigious superiority in the fear which his very name struck into them. Knowing this, and knowing that the French general knew it also, he hoped to do some considerable service ; and flattered himself that the enemy, encouraged by the notorious timidity of the States, would grow insolent, and give him an opportunity of bringing them to battle. But the Dutch always prevented him from seeking or seizing the opportunity for success. They were satisfied with what had been done ; they, said he, will never more this war venture any thing that may be decisive, being of opinion that they have already enough in their possession for their security, and that France will assist them in disposing of this possession as they shall think best. Six weeks he was detained in the camp of Meldert by their miserable deputies, who, however, had grace enough to acknowledge their error when, having at last allowed him to march on Genappe, the French immediately made what Marlborough calls a shameful retreat, shewing thereby plainly to both armies that they would not venture to fight. A succession of heavy rains then came on, and delayed him when he was in high hopes of retrieving the time which had been wasted, and the campaign ended without a blow being struck in this quarter. The French historians, not contented with extolling Vendôme for having suffered no loss, (which was no inconsiderable praise for a man who had been opposed to such an antagonist,) represent Marlborough as having used every means to bring him to action, and being constantly baffled by his consummate skill : and as if this falsehood were not sufficient, they affirm that the whole English nation and the parliament blamed his conduct.

The conduct of the States at this time had so incensed not the whigs alone, who never regarded any thing with moderation, but even the calm and temperate Godolphin, that it was proposed in the British cabinet to form a union with the rest of the allies for the purpose of deterring the Dutch from tampering with France. This was prevented by Marlborough. It was one of the merits of that incomparable Englishman that, however much he might suffer individually in feelings and in popular reputation, he never, under any impulse of chagrin or resentment, lost sight of the great object of the alliance, and the general good. He therefore continually

nually laboured to conciliate the allies towards each other, and all to England, and England to each and all; while in his confidential correspondence with Godolphin, it appears how clearly he saw, and how deeply he felt, the mispolicy of one kind or other which prevailed in all their councils. 'No reasoning or success,' he said, 'could prevail with the States to think any thing reasonable but what tended to their own particular interest.' Godolphin said that the emperor's behaviour had been so unaccountable, as to put the rest of the allies under the same difficulties as if he had acted by directions from Versailles, and Marlborough acknowledged to his friend that he was weary of serving, because every country with which they had to deal, acted so contrary to the public good. 'In the army,' says he,—'I must do them right,—there is all the desire imaginable to venture their lives for the public good; but all other sorts of people on this side of the water are so very wise, that I am afraid at last they will bring us to a bad peace. For myself, I am old, and shall not live to see the misfortunes that must happen in Christendom, if the French be suffered to get the better of this war.'

But there were greater embarrassments than these: his consummate ability, both as a negociator and a general, and the deserved respect in which he was held upon the continent by foes and friends, counterbalanced all disadvantages there; the obstacles which no prudence, no desert could overcome, were at home, where he suffered alike from the imprudence of his friends and the treachery of his enemies. The Queen had not forgiven the whigs for the manner in which they had forced Sunderland into office; and the whigs had not learnt moderation. A struggle arose between the crown and the ministers concerning the disposal of church preferment. Godolphin and Marlborough would have conceded all they could to the inclinations, and even to the weakness and prejudice of their sovereign, and thus, by yielding, have in the end strengthened their influence. But their colleagues in office were uncompromising, overbearing men. Sunderland perpetually appealed to his mother-in-law, the duchess, and neither her husband nor Godolphin could allay the irritation which he excited. The Lord Treasurer and the Commander in Chief became, as before, objects of jealousy to the whigs, because, while they attempted to overcome the Queen's objections on the one hand; they deprecated the indecent violence of these persons on the other. 'I am out of heart,' says Marlborough, 'and wonder at the courage of the Lord Treasurer; for were I used (as I do not doubt but I shall) as he is by the whigs, who threaten to abandon him whenever the Queen does not do what they like, I would not continue in business for all this world could

could give me ; and I believe they would be the first that would have reason to repent.' As far as regarded the great objects of foreign policy, the whigs acted well ; but in domestic concerns, they were not less indiscreet than intemperate, and sometimes indeed they betrayed a want of principle as well as of discretion. For the sake of intimidating the Queen they made advances to the violent Tories, and for a time co-operated with them in parliament, at the risk of breaking up the whole system of policy, foreign and domestic.

It was Marlborough's fortune to experience the truth of his own observation, that a great many who can do no good have it always in their power to do hurt. The Duchess had placed about the person of the Queen one of her distant relations, the daughter of a merchant who had been reduced to poverty ; she had saved the family from want, obtained places and establishments for all the children, and took this Abigail Hill from service in the family of Lady Rivers, to make her one of the bed-chamber women. This woman, afterwards so conspicuous in the history of Queen Anne's reign by the name of Mrs. Masham, did for Louis XIV. what all his generals and armies, all his power, and all his policy could not have done : by her means, the counsels of Godolphin and the victories of Marlborough were frustrated, and France, at a moment when she must otherwise have received the law of peace from England, was enabled to dictate it to Europe. It was at this time that her influence was first discovered. Abigail, by the father's side, stood in precisely the same degree of affinity to Harley as by the mother's to the Duchess ; he had neglected her and her family when they were in distress, but he acknowledged the relationship when he perceived that by means of this instrument he could establish a secret influence with the Queen. History cannot be perused without some feeling of humiliation for our country and our kind, when it cannot be understood without developing such pitiful intrigues as these. The violence of Sunderland, Halifax and Somers, and the extreme imprudence with which the Duchess espoused their cause, assailing her royal mistress with perpetual solicitations, and wearying, and even worrying her with reproaches for her diminished friendship and alienated confidence, disposed Anne to commit herself to the guidance of this bed-chamber woman, who possessed just talent enough to direct her inclinations by always appearing to assent to them, and of Harley, who flattered her weakness, strengthened all her prejudices, confirmed her in her antipathies, and succeeded in making her as complete a dissembler as himself. The cause of her pertinacious resistance to every promotion which could strengthen the whigs, or satisfy them, and this

not only to the rash solicitations of the Duchess, but to Godolphin and Marlborough when they represented the impossibility of carrying on the public business against open enemies and discontented friends, was explained, when it was ascertained that Harley held midnight conferences with her, to which he was admitted by Mrs. Masham's means. But when Marlborough, whose letters to the Queen breathed always the genuine spirit of respectful and affectionate loyalty, hinted at those secret counsels by which her Majesty was estranged from her old tried servants, the Queen denied the existence of any such counsels with such protestations of sincerity and such solemnity of falsehood, as must stamp her memory with disgrace.

Harley indeed, to whose tuition she had committed herself, was a man of matchless insincerity. Even Dr. Somerville, the ablest apologist of the Tories of that reign, declares with an honourable feeling of an historian's highest duties, that the part which Harley acted, 'exhibits a scene of dissimulation and duplicity, for which neither his sympathy with the sovereign, nor the unjustifiable conduct of the junta to her, nor the goodness of the end which he had in view, supposing that to be admitted, can afford any apology.' Marlborough and Godolphin were long before they would believe the treachery of a man whom they had so essentially served and so entirely trusted; and Sunderland reproached them with this. But it is no dishonour to have been deceived by solemn asseverations and consummate falsehood. The facts however at length were established beyond all possibility of further doubt. The thorough-paced dissembler still persisted in denying them, and addressed a letter to Godolphin full of professions of innocence and zeal for his service. Godolphin replied in these words, 'I have received your letter, and am very sorry for what has happened, to lose the good opinion I had so much inclination to have of you. But I cannot help seeing, nor believing my senses. I am very far from having deserved it of you. God forgive you!' The discovery of a treasonable correspondence which one of Harley's clerks carried on with France, and by which means the intended expedition against Toulon had been revealed, enabled the ministers to demand his dismissal; for though the clerk at the time of his execution fully exculpated Harley of any participation in the treason, it was plain that he had been guilty of culpable negligence in leaving papers of the highest importance and secrecy open to the common clerks in his office. Still the Queen would have retained him in office, even though Godolphin and Marlborough tendered their resignation as the alternative. Godolphin's tender she received with unconcern, but she was much affected at Marlborough's; her personal regard
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for a man as amiable as he was great was not yet extinguished, and the sense of his splendid actions was before her. She entreated him not to leave her service,—but his resolution was made to stand or fall with Godolphin; and when that was not to be shaken, the Queen remained obstinate in her purpose. The cabinet council assembled, and Harley would have proceeded to business without the two heads of the administration. He was interrupted by the Duke of Somerset, who, while the members were looking at each other with surprize and uneasiness, rose and said, I do not see how we can deliberate when the Commander in Chief and the Lord Treasurer are absent. This broke up the council, the Queen withdrew with evident emotions of anger and disappointment; but she felt that a minister could not be constituted by mere favour, and sending for Marlborough the next day, informed him that Harley should retire. Perhaps from that day her hatred to Marlborough may be dated.

In the spring of the ensuing year, 1708, an attempt at invasion was made, upon which great hopes had been founded by the French. The ministers were aware of this danger, and had provided against it. They blockaded Dunkirk, and when the French squadron, with the Pretender on board, taking advantage of a gale which enabled them to escape out of port, sailed for Scotland, and reached the frith of Forth, they found the English ships were there before them. An attempt to land at Inverness was baffled by the winds, and thus the troops which had been brought from the continent were left again disposable for foreign service. As soon as the danger was averted, Marlborough recrossed the sea, and arranged the plan of the campaign at the Hague with Eugene and the Pensionary Heinsius. It was agreed that one army should be formed on the Moselle under the Prince, another under Marlborough in the Netherlands, and that the ostensible project should be, an invasion on the side of Lorraine, but that the two armies should unite by a rapid march in the Netherlands and endeavour to give battle to the enemy before they could receive the reinforcements drawn from distant quarters. Before this could be effected, there were difficulties to overcome with the German princes, and with the Elector of Hanover, who now commanded the imperial troops; and this occasioned so many delays, that Marlborough began to fear his measures would be in a great degree broken. 'See,' said he, 'the great advantage the King of France has over the allies, since we depend upon the humours of several princes, and he has nothing but his own will and pleasure!' And in another letter he says, 'the slowness of the Germans is such, that we must be always disappointed.' More than a month was lost by these vexatious impediments;

and this loss of time was of the more consequence, because it was now apparent that the French would make their great effort on the side of Flanders, and that nothing could be done to distract their attention to any other quarter. The arrangements being at length completed, Marlborough on the 2d of July announced to the States by a courier from Terbank, that Eugene was about to join him, and might be expected on the 5th or 6th, when it was their intention to move directly on the enemy, and bring on a battle, trusting in God to bless their designs.

The head-quarters had been fixed at Terbank since the beginning of June, when the enemy made a movement which seemed to threaten Louvain. They had done this to conceal their real intentions, which were well planned, and founded upon the general discontent of the Flemish and Brabanters, excited by the oppressive government of the Dutch. A scheme for betraying Antwerp into their possession had been discovered and frustrated. But decamping suddenly from Brain l'Allieu, on the evening of the 4th, they moved towards the Dender, and dispatching several corps to the different places where they had a correspondence with the disaffected, they got possession of Ghent and Bruges, and threatened Brussels. Upon the first intelligence of their movements, Marlborough approached that capital, and on the evening of the 6th encamped at Asch. There he learnt the enemy's success. The alarm in Brussels was very great, and even in the army it seemed that there was a disposition to censure the commander, as if the mischief had befallen through his misconduct. At this critical time Eugene arrived; he had left his cavalry at Maestricht, and hastened to take a personal share in the expected battle; but his troops could not come up in time. The spirits of the army were raised by his presence, for Eugene was almost as much admired and beloved as Marlborough himself.

The immediate object of the French was to get possession of Oudenard, an important point for the defence of Flanders and Brabant, and now the only channel of a direct communication with England. They invested it on the morning of the 9th, ordered a train of heavy artillery from Tournay, and prepared to occupy the strong camp of Lessines on the Dender, for the purpose of covering the siege. But on the morning of the 9th the allied army broke up from Asch, and though the distance which they had to march was twice that of the enemy, anticipated them at Lessines, secured that point, threw bridges over the Dender, and interposed between them and their own frontiers. The French, who had presumed too much upon success, and who expected that Marlborough would have contented himself with
covering

covering the great towns in his rear, were confounded at his unexpected appearance. There existed no good will between the Dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme, and the hour of danger, instead of reconciling them, seemed to exasperate their contention; each became more vehement in urging his counsels as more appeared to be at stake. They relinquished the investment of Oudenard, and directed their march to Gavre where they had prepared bridges for crossing the Scheldt. Marlborough and Eugene pushed forward in pursuit, and the battle of Oudenard, one of the most remarkable in military history, was brought on. The dispute between the French generals continued to the very moment of action, and the indecision which was thus produced, more than counterbalanced the advantages which they might have derived from the ground: for Marlborough said their post was as strong as was possible to be found; and admitted that the advantage which he gave them, by attacking them in such a situation, would have been too much, if he had not preferred the good of his Queen and his country before any personal concern. Scarcely any artillery was used on either side; the allies had only those pieces employed which were with the advanced detachment, and the French appear not to have brought more than six pieces into play. It was by musketry that the day was decided. The enemy behaved well during the action, particularly the dragoons and the household troops, but they were beaten at last out of all good behaviour; the word for retreat was no sooner given than they took flight in the utmost disorder, and if the darkness had not favoured them, the destruction would have been as complete as the rout. 'Night,' says Colonel Blackader, 'put a screen of darkness between us and them, and thereby saved them, in all probability, from as great a defeat as ever they got.' 'If had we been so happy,' says Marlborough, 'as to have had two more hours of day-light, I believe we should have made an end to this war.'

The night was so dark that the positions of the troops at last could only be discerned by the flashes of musketry, and the allies, some of whom had already mistaken each other for enemies, were ordered to halt as they stood, for fear of any further mistake. The enemy were thus suffered to escape; many of them however were bewildered and wandered into the posts of the allies, and many were captured by a stratagem of Eugene's, who ordered several drummers to beat the French retreat, and the refugee officers to give the rallying word of the different corps: *A moi, Champagne! à moi, Picardie! à moi, Piémont!* The loss of the enemy was about 6,000 killed and wounded, and 8,000 prisoners; that of the allies was computed at 3,500. The con-

querors remained upon the field; 'where,' says Blackader, 'the bed of honour was both hard and cold; but we passed the night as well as the groans of dying men would allow us, being thankful for our preservation.' The French left most of their wounded on the ground; Marlborough had them carried into Oudenard, and attended with the same care as his own men. The Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself in this battle, and had a horse killed under him. Charles Stuart was with the French.

No time was lost by the two great commanders of the allies. The lines which the French had constructed from Ypres to Warneton, for the purpose of covering the country between the Scheldt and the Lys, were forced before Berwick, who was hastening to defend them, could arrive; six hours more, and the attempt might have been too late. The French on their part rallied with characteristic readiness. They had generals upon the spot who would have been accounted first-rate, if they had not been opposed to Marlborough; and their possession of Ghent prevented the allies from getting cannon by water. Marlborough's wish was to mask Lille and penetrate into the heart of France by that frontier; the country was open to him; already one of his parties had burnt the suburbs of Arras, and the people, in their alarm, had sent to solicit the king's leave to treat concerning contributions. But even Eugene thought this design too bold and impracticable, till Lille could be had for a *place d'armes* and magazine. The siege of that place was 'the only operation in which the views, means, and interests of all parties could be brought to coincide.' But it was so hazardous an undertaking that Vendôme declared an able commander like Eugene would never venture to engage in it, and it was made the subject of general ridicule. The fortifications were exceedingly strong. Vauban, under whose immediate superintendence they were constructed, had drawn up a project for their defence, which was in the hands of the chief engineer, his nephew. The garrison consisted of nearly 15,000 men, under Boufflers, who was distinguished for his skill in defending fortified places. The French had 100,000 men in the field to act against the besiegers; and as they commanded both the Scheldt and the Lys, the allies could not commence the siege without conducting their whole train of artillery and stores by land, through these hostile forces. No siege was ever undertaken under greater difficulties, and the French themselves admit that never were preparations better concerted nor more proper to frustrate the efforts of the enemy. The battering pieces were brought from Maestricht and from Holland to Brussels, where ninety-four pieces of cannon, sixty mortars,

mortars, and above 3,000 ammunition-waggons were collected; the number of draught-horses required for these was calculated at 16,000. The convoy occupied a line of fifteen miles, and had to traverse a track of five-and-twenty leagues. Both armies were wholly intent upon it, one to secure, the other to prevent its march; but so perfect were the skill and vigilance of the allied commanders, that the march was effected without losing a single carriage, and without affording the enemy an opportunity of making an attempt upon it. 'Posterity,' observes Feuquières, 'will scarcely believe the fact.'

Having failed in their hopes of preventing the siege, the enemy made the utmost efforts to strengthen themselves in the field and relieve the town. Vendôme declared his intention of attempting it, and said he had a *carte blanche* from the king. The language of Marlborough shews at the same time his habitual reliance upon the divine favour on a good cause, and his desire of peace. 'If,' said he, 'we have a second action, and God blesses our just cause, this, in all likelihood, will be the last campaign; for I think they would not venture a battle, but that they are resolved to submit to any condition if the success be on our side; and if they should get the better, they will think themselves masters: so that if there be an action it is likely to be the last this war. If God continues on our side we have nothing to fear, our troops being good, though not so numerous as theirs. I dare say before half the troops have fought, the success will declare, I hope in God, on our side; and that I may have what I earnestly wish for, quiet.' Burgundy and Vendôme, leaving a flying camp of 20,000 men to protect Ghent and Bruges, crossed the Scheldt and formed a junction with Berwick, in the plain between Gramont and Lessines. Their united forces exceeded 110,000 men, and the allied commanders were greatly in hopes that, in the confidence of strength, they would attempt to make good their boasting. 'The ground,' said Marlborough, 'is so very much for our advantage that, with the blessing of God, we shall certainly beat them; so that it were to be wished they would venture, but I really think they will not.' They looked at his position more than once, and more than once appealed to the court for directions, and more than once were ordered to risk an attack. Vendôme would have attempted it at first, but was restrained by Berwick's opposition; he himself, upon reconnoitring the allies for the last time, acknowledged that it was too hazardous; and Berwick admits that if Marlborough had not been restrained by the Dutch deputies from becoming the assailant at that hour, the French must have received a fatal and inevitable overthrow.

The siege went on slowly, and ill. Marlborough not only

complains of misconduct in the engineers, but of treachery. Eugene was wounded, and Marlborough, supplying his place in the conduct of the siege, discovered, what had not been made known to the Prince, that there did not remain powder and ball for more than four days. The Deputies, alarmed not more at the difficulty than the expense, importuned him to abandon the attempt. Supplies however were brought from Ostend by the excellent conduct of Generals Webb and Cadogan; and just when the French had succeeded in capturing a considerable magazine at Nieuport, the city after sixty days siege surrendered. There remained the citadel, which was a master-piece of art, and the enemy formed a bold plan for relieving it, or making themselves amends for its loss by getting possession of Brussels. The Elector of Bavaria with 15,000 men was recalled from the Rhine for this purpose, and appeared before the walls of that great city when it was thought impossible that the allies could come to its defence, the main army of the French being interposed in their strong position behind the Scheldt which they had been three months in fortifying. By a series of movements the most masterly in military history, Eugene and Marlborough so effectually deceived and surprized the enemy, that they accomplished a passage almost without opposition, when the troops expected the bloodiest day they had ever experienced. The Elector immediately abandoned his attempt upon Brussels, leaving not only his cannon, but his wounded also. There had been great alarm in Holland and England for Antwerp as well as Brussels; and, says Marlborough, there was but too much reason; for had not God favoured our passage of the Scheldt they must have been in danger, for not only the towns, but the people of this country hate the Dutch. In another letter he says, 'My Lord Haversham may be angry, but Prince Eugene and myself shall have the inward satisfaction of knowing that we have struggled with more difficulties, and have been blessed with more success than ever was known before in one campaign.' The citadel soon surrendered. The whole siege cost the besiegers not less than 14,000 men. The loss of the garrison was 8,000. It was one of the most arduous, the longest and bloodiest sieges in modern warfare. The lateness of the season, for it was not till the 8th of December that Marshal Bouffiers capitulated, made the French king suppose the allies would immediately go into winter-quarters, satisfied with their success. Marlborough however without delay invested Ghent, though the frost had begun, and they could neither break ground for their batteries, nor open their trenches; and if the canals had frozen, their means of getting forage would have been cut off. 'But my reliance is,' said

said he, 'that God, who has protected and kept us hitherto, will enable us to finish it with the taking the town.' Soldiers as well as officers were convinced of the necessity of recovering it. The weather changed in his favour, and Count de la Motte made a bad defence; though he had so strong a garrison, that when they marched out and Marlborough saw their numbers and condition, he said it was astonishing they should suffer a place of such consequence to be taken at such a season with so little loss. Bruges was immediately abandoned by the enemy. Both places were of the utmost importance, for without them the allies could neither have been quiet in their winter-quarters, nor have opened the next campaign with advantage. This, said the Commander, is ended to my own heart's desire; and as the hand of the Almighty is visible in this whole matter, I hope her Majesty will think it due to Him to return public thanks.' He never failed to do so after victory, though Colonel Blackader says these things were ridiculed in the army; yet, he adds, 'Providence had been so wonderfully favourable to them in this campaign, that it was taken notice of even by the graceless.'

The pressure of this long contest was now severely felt in France, and though on the side of Germany and Savoy, the exertions of the French balanced the fortunes of the war, and in Spain the preponderance was on their side, it was plain that the course which Marlborough was pursuing, invincible as he was found to be, would, if it were continued, enable him to dictate peace at Paris. Louis therefore offered to negotiate and proposed large terms, less it is to be believed with the expectation that they would be accepted than in the hope of dividing the allies, and breaking up a confederacy which was kept together by the consummate prudence of the English general alone. The Marquis de Torcy, who was sent to conduct the negotiation, offered Marlborough two millions of livres if he could obtain Naples and Sicily for Philip, or Naples alone, or the preservation of Dunkirk, or of Strasburg, and if all could be obtained together with Landau, he offered him double that sum, pledging the word and honour of the king for its payment. Among the many slanders with which the memory of Marlborough has been assailed, he has been reproached for his conduct on this occasion as only not having accepted the bribe. Never was any reproach more injurious. No other statement of the fact exists than what Torcy himself has given, and from that it appears that Marlborough's conduct was exactly what might have been expected from him, dignified and prudent. He returned no answer to the proposal; changed the conversation immediately whenever it was resumed, and by the manner in which he adhered to his instructions,

instructions, proved to the Marquis that it was as impossible to prevail over him by such means, as to beat him in the field. An expression of indignation was not called for. In making the offer, Torcy only obeyed the orders of his sovereign, whose money had formerly been graciously received in England both by the Prince on the throne, and the patriots in opposition: and the English government, through the agency of Marlborough himself, had been accustomed to employ the same golden arguments with the ministers of the allied powers. The offer therefore was not then, as it would be in these days, an insult. Torcy acted conformably to the times when he made it, and Marlborough conformably to himself when he received it with silent disdain, and pursued the business of their meeting with an unaltered temper.

He has been accused also by his enemies at home, and the slander has been accredited and repeated abroad from that time to this, of having obstructed the peace for the sake of his own private and personal interests. The treaty broke off because the allies required that the whole Spanish monarchy should be given up by Philip within two months, and that if he refused to do this, Louis should assist the allies in compelling him to submit to the terms of peace. Both in France and Spain a proper advantage was made of this demand, which was as impolitic as it was in every way indefensible. But wherever it originated, whether with the counsellors of the Archduke Charles whom it most concerned, and who were unwise enough, and ungenerous enough for any thing, or with the whigs in England who had not the grace of bearing their faculties meekly, certain it is that Marlborough disapproved it, and expressed his decided opinion that there was neither necessity nor utility in making such demands. He says in a confidential letter to Godolphin, 'I have as much mistrust for the sincerity of France as any body living can have: but I shall own to you that, in my opinion, if France had delivered the towns promised by the preliminaries, and demolished Dunkirk and the other towns mentioned, they must have been at our discretion, so that if they had played tricks, so much the worse for themselves.' No man rejoiced more in the prospect of peace. During the whole war, peace and retirement had been the second wish of his heart,—the first was to ensure the safety of his country by curbing the power of France. At this time he expected peace so fully, that he had commenced arrangements for paying and dismissing the foreign troops, and for the return of the army to England. But he did not cease to represent to the cabinet, that the sure and only means of obtaining the terms which they were resolved to dictate, were to provide a superior force in the Netherlands. Unfortunately his colleagues neither possessed the same

same moderation nor the same foresight. Contrary to his opinion, they insisted upon terms which could not be accepted without a total sacrifice of honour and feeling, and they relied so fully upon obtaining their demands, that they increased his force as he required, in order to ensure success. On this point therefore, Mr. Coxe has effectually vindicated Marlborough, proving beyond all doubt that 'he did not direct the negotiation, that he differed in many material points from the cabinet, and was guided by positive instructions which he could not venture to transgress.' Had he indeed (his biographer adds) engrossed the sole management, he would doubtless have framed such conditions as would have been accepted, or have made such preparations as would have enabled him to dictate his own terms in the heart of France.

While the English government committed this double error, the French made every effort to strengthen their force in the Netherlands. Louis had said that hunger would compel his subjects to follow his bread waggons, and he was not deceived in calculating that the general distress would fill his armies with men who could find no other means of subsistence. Vendôme was removed to Spain, to retrieve, against other generals, the reputation which he had lost when opposed to Marlborough; and Villars, whom Voltaire has well characterized as lucky, braggart and brave, took the command in Flanders. The allies deceived him by their movements, so as to prevent him from throwing troops into Tournay, or properly providing it. Still the attempt at besieging it was so arduous that Villars thought it would occupy them the whole campaign. In this also he was deceived. It surrendered after a destructive siege of two months, during which Villars ineffectually attempted to relieve it. The citadel was given up on the third of September, and on the sixth, part of the allies under the Prince of Hesse, by movements effected with great skill and extraordinary rapidity, entered the French lines without opposition, and interposed between Mons, which it was intended to besiege, and the army of Villars, who was again baffled by the superior activity and talents of his antagonists. These movements led to the battle of Malplaquet, the bloodiest action of the whole war, and the best fought battle in which the French were ever defeated. Boufflers had joined the French and made a masterly retreat, after Villars had been wounded and carried senseless from the field. The numbers of the two armies seem to have been as nearly equal as may be, each having between 90 and 100,000 men. The loss was greatest on the side of the conquerors. Villars, whose great qualities were disgraced by a total disregard to truth, represents the loss of the allies at
35,000,

35,000, and his own at only 6000: a statement which, if it were true, would show that the French army must have been either struck with cowardice or with madness to quit the field when the advantage was so decidedly on their side. Colonel Blackader, who went as usual over the ground 'to get a preaching from the dead,' believed the loss was equal on both sides. Mr. Coxe estimates that of the allies at 20,000, and that of the French at 14,000. Blackader, who acknowledges that he did not expect to see the enemy fight so well, says it was the most deliberate, solemn and well ordered battle that he had ever seen, a noble and fine disposition, and as finely executed. Every one was at his post, and he never saw troops engage with more cheerfulness, boldness and resolution. For himself, he 'never had a more pleasant day in his life.'

The great loss on the part of the conquerors arose from the impetuosity of the Prince of Orange, who made the attack contrary to his instructions, before he could be properly supported, and thus sacrificed the flower of the Dutch infantry, occasioning thereby nearly half the slaughter. The enemies of Marlborough, who were now increasing both in violence and in strength, loudly accused him of rashness in this action, and of wantonly throwing away the lives of men to gratify his personal ambition. He could not repel this cruel accusation, without throwing a censure upon the Prince of Orange, which would have produced certain mischief. He had afterwards an opportunity of shewing how he resented these black slanders, when he could fix upon the slanderer, and vindicate himself without injury to the public. At the very time when he was thus calumniated, the grief which he suffered at seeing so many brave men killed, with whom he had lived eight years, and when they thought themselves sure of peace, had actually made him ill. He was a thoroughly humane man, and that too in an age when humanity was a rare virtue. One of his first cares after the action had been to administer relief to the wounded French, of whom 3000 had been left upon the field, and to arrange means with the French marshals for conveying them away. He did not speak of the victory with exultation as he had been wont to do on his other great days, but called it a very murderous battle; and Villars, in his usual style of boasting, said to the king that if it pleased God to favour him with the loss of another such battle, his enemies would be destroyed. The vain general might have known that after such a defeat, there could be no hope of victory; that the more dearly it had been purchased, the greater was the moral value of the success. There remained no cause to palliate, no subterfuge to cover the defeat which the French had sustained. They could not impute it to want

want of confidence in their commander, or want of skill; to want of conduct or of courage in the army, or in any part of it; nor to any disadvantages of ground, nor to any error or mishap of any kind. They had chosen their position and strengthened it. They had stood their ground well: men, officers and commander had done their best, the only blunder had been committed by their enemies, and owing to that, and to the advantage of their post, they had inflicted a loss greater by nearly one-third than what they had sustained, and yet they had been beaten. The consequence was that they never afterwards ventured to meet Marlborough in the field. Berwick was recalled from Dauphiny to co-operate in an attempt for the relief of Mons, but the attempt was not made, and the town was taken. By this conquest the great towns in Brabant and Flanders were covered, and the French were at length circumscribed within their own limits. Had Marlborough's advice been followed in 1706, Mons would have been taken without the expense of blood at Malplaquet.

At this time Marlborough committed the only indiscreet act with which he can be justly charged. Sensible that the Queen was entirely alienated from him by the intriguers to whom she had given her whole confidence, and that his enemies were every day becoming more active and more virulent, for the sake of strengthening himself while his friends were in power, he wished for a patent which should constitute him Captain-General for life: nor was he deterred from asking for it by the opinion of the Lord Chancellor Cowper, that the office had never been conferred otherwise than during pleasure. The request served only to increase the Queen's angry disposition towards him, to give his enemies an opportunity for alarming her, and to gratify both her and them by the mortification which her positive refusal inflicted upon him.

In the ensuing year the negotiations were renewed, and broken off upon the same ground,—not by Marlborough's advice,—that calumny, it may be hoped, will now be no more repeated. He was no longer the moving mind in all foreign negotiations. Knowing that his power was on the decline, his desire was to incur as little responsibility as possible for measures which he was not allowed to influence, and he called himself *white paper*, upon which the treasurer and his friends might write their directions. The campaign opened with another successful passage of the enemy's lines, a great and unexpected success. 'I bless God,' said Marlborough, 'for putting it into their heads not to defend them, for at Pont de Vendin where I passed, the Mareschal d'Artaquan was with 20,000 men, which if he had staid must have made it very doubtful. But, God be praised, we are come here without the loss of any men. The excuse the French make is,

is, that we came four days before they expected us.' This movement was preparatory to the siege of Douay. It was expected that Villars would venture a battle for its relief, for it was a post of great importance, to which the allies could bring all their stores by water, even from Amsterdam, and the French had a great superiority of numbers. Marlborough looked for an action, but no longer with that joyous expectation which hitherto he had always felt, for the cursed spirit of faction which was undermining every thing at home had now begun to prevail, and was manifesting itself even in the army. If the battle was fought he believed that, from the nature of the country, it must be very decisive. 'I long for an end of the war,' says he, 'so God's will be done. Whatever the event may be, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, having with all my heart done my duty, and being hitherto blessed with more success than ever was known before. My wishes and duty are the same; but I can't say I have the same sanguine prophetic spirit I did use to have, for in all the former actions I did never doubt of success, we having had constantly the great blessing of being of one mind. I cannot say it is so now, for I fear some are run so far into villainous faction, that it would give them more content to see us beaten; but if I live I will be so watchful that it shall not be in their power to do much hurt.' Douay fell; the skilful dispositions of Villars prevented the allies from laying siege to Arras, which had been their intention; they therefore turned upon Bethune, which they invested, and won. The French marshals constructed a series of defences to cover the interior of France; and the allies closed the campaign by the capture of Aire and St. Venant.

Meantime the administration of the whigs had been effectually undermined, and they had ample reason to regret the impolitic way in which they forced themselves into office, and the ill-judged and intemperate manner in which they had conducted the late negotiation, and given the king of France so great an advantage over them in the opinion of the world. A large portion of Mr. Coxe's work is necessarily employed in developing the miserable intrigues by which they were fooled as well as overthrown. We may be allowed to avoid the pain and humiliation of following him through the disgraceful detail, except in that part wherein Marlborough was more particularly concerned. By a strange inconsistency, the duchess, high-minded as she was, after her long bickerings with the Queen, and the total alienation which she had in some degree provoked and deserved, dreaded a dismissal from her office as something disgraceful: and when the intension of dismissing her was intimated, Marlborough, in a personal interview, requested the Queen not to remove her till

till the end of the war, which might reasonably be expected in the course of a year, when, he said, they would both retire together. The Queen, who had all the inflexibility of her father's character, insisted that the gold key should be delivered to her within three days, and Marlborough, even on his knees, intreated for an interval of ten days, that means might be devised for rendering the blow less mortifying and disgraceful. It is mortifying to record this, but it was his last, or rather his only weakness, and its palliation may be found in that affection for his wife, which, had he been less than what he was, would have degenerated into uxoriousness. From all the other trials which were preparing for him he came off like gold from the furnace. And on this occasion also he perfectly recovered himself. The queen, with her characteristic temper, insisted upon having the key within the time that she had specified: Marlborough delivered it that same evening; and not being prepared for so ready an obedience, her behaviour was such as if a sense of her own ingratitude had then confounded her. His own feeling of resentment would have led him to resign the command at the same time: the advice of the duchess, and of Godolphin, a consideration of what was due to Eugene, to the allies, and to the general good, — finally, the hope of being yet enabled to complete the services which he had rendered to Europe, and to his country (ungratefully as that country was now beginning to requite him) by concluding a safe and lasting peace, overcame this impulse. Mr. Coxe appears to regret this: in an evil hour, he says, he yielded to their representations, and continued in the command only to encounter the disgrace and persecution with which he had been threatened, and to lament the conclusion of that dishonourable peace which he so much deprecated. In this instance we differ from his biographer, and consider the magnanimity with which Marlborough then sacrificed all private considerations, and even hazarded his military reputation, by serving under a ministry whose malevolence he knew, and from whom he had reason to expect nothing but ill usage, as one of the many proofs of true greatness in the life of this illustrious man.

Under these circumstances he entered upon his last campaign, and with the further disadvantage of losing his worthy colleague Eugene, who, in consequence of the death of the Emperor Joseph, was called away, taking with him all his cavalry, and a considerable part of his foot. The French had been busily employed during the latter part of the autumn, and through the winter, in forming and strengthening a series of lines extending from Namur to the coast of Picardy, near Montreuil. Villars relied so much upon the strength of these defences that he boasted of having at
last

last brought Marlborough to his *ne plus ultra*: he was encouraged also by the immediate diminution of force which Eugene's departure had occasioned, and sent word to his antagonist that he should be 30,000 stronger than the allies. Upon this Marlborough observed, 'if their superiority be as great as he says it will be, I should not apprehend much from them, but that of their being able to hinder us from acting, which to my own particular would be mortification enough; for, since constant success has not met with approbation, what may I not expect when nothing is done! As I rely very much on Providence, so I shall be ready at improving all occasions that may offer.' But whatever superiority of numbers the French might have possessed, Louis was at that time playing too sure a game with the English cabinet to hazard any thing in the field: Villars therefore received positive orders not to risk an engagement. Marlborough's object was to invest Bouchain; to do this he must break through the lines, and he well knew that the consent of the generals and Dutch deputies could never be obtained for so difficult an attempt: he must, therefore, imperceptibly bring them into a situation where they would perceive the necessity of the measure, and he must deceive the enemy at the same time. He effected both objects, and duped the enemy so effectually, that having first made them demolish the fortifications at Arleux which impeded his project, he got within their lines without losing a single man—being, says Colonel Blackader, one of the finest projects and best executed which has been during the war. Villars endeavoured then to lure him to a battle, as the only means of wiping off the disgrace, and even the Dutch deputies were so elated with this great and unexpected success that they urged him to attack the French; but Marlborough knew, from the nature of the ground, and the exhausted state of the men, who had marched ten or twelve leagues the preceding day, that this could not be done with any reasonable prospect of advantage. He had gained his object without a battle; and he chose to expose himself to the censure of envious tongues and evil minded men, rather than hazard the lives of his men without an adequate cause. Blackader, while he expresses his regret at the disappointment, bears, at the same time, a just testimony to the commander. 'It was very near carried in a council of war,' he says, 'that we should attack them, but it was resolved otherwise, to the regret of most part of the army.' In such cases *vox exercitus vox Dei*. Our soldiers were much encouraged by their success in passing the lines, and the enemy much discouraged. When God delivers our enemy into our hand, and we let them escape, he often allows them to be more troublesome afterwards. On the other hand, we are not to be suspicious.

suspicious of our general's conduct; we have more reason to admire it, and to believe he knows a thousand times better what is to be done than we. Submissive obedience is our duty, and I give it heartily. If any man deserves implicit obedience I think he does, both in respect of his capacity and integrity.'

In the face of a superior force Marlborough now laid siege to Bouchain, the armies being so near and in so extraordinary a situation that the besiegers were bombarded by the enemy. But the only fruit which Villars derived from this was the mortification of seeing the garrison, consisting of eight battalions and 500 horse, march out as prisoners of war. An anecdote of Marlborough at this time ought never to be omitted in any account of his life, however brief. Fenelon was then archbishop of Cambray. The estates of his see were exposed to plunder, and, from respect to his genius and virtues, the English commander ordered a detachment to guard the magazines of corn at Chateau Cambresis, and gave a safe-conduct for their conveyance to Cambray. But apprehending afterwards that even this protection might not be respected because of the scarcity of bread, he sent a corps of dragoons with waggons to transport the grain, and escort it to the precincts of the town. He meditated next the capture of Quesnoy; the ministers at home affected to approve of his intention, and assured him that they were making the strongest representations to the Dutch for the purpose of obtaining their concurrence. While these very ministers were deceiving their general, they were carrying on a secret negociation with France, and had actually agreed to the preliminaries of that peace by which the interests of their allies and their country were betrayed.

We may be spared the humiliating task of following the manœuvres by which the peace of Utrecht was brought about, and of entering into the details of that abominable transaction; a transaction in which the agents at home felt so secure of their power, and at the same time so conscious of their deserts, that they jested among themselves about the gallows and the scaffold, to which they might be exposed if they lost the protection of the Queen,—and the ministers abroad espoused so openly the interest of the enemy, as to provoke from Eugene the indignant question whether they were acting as negociators on the side of England or of France. The whole scheme of this infamous administration could not be effected as long as Marlborough was at the head of the army. It was impossible to make him act treacherously towards the allies; and it was always to be feared that by some signal stroke he might at once defeat the French army and the schemes of the English cabinet. The removal of Marlborough therefore was necessary to the success of their plans, and this

this alone would prove how rightly he acted in not resigning the command. The means by which they brought about his dismissal were worthy of the men. They accused him of peculation; because he had received the same perquisites which had always been allowed to the commander-in-chief in those countries for secret service money; which he had been privileged to receive, moreover, and to employ without account, by the Queen's royal warrant, and which had been applied, as Marlborough said in his defence, 'from time to time for intelligence and secret service, and with such success, that next to the blessing of God and the bravery of the troops, we might in great measure attribute most of the advantages of the war in the Low Countries to the timely and good advice procured with the help of this money.' Upon this ground, and upon the undeniable fact that the same allowance had been always paid to his predecessors, Marlborough so completely vindicated himself, that though the commissioners of public accounts, who were the tools of the reigning faction, pronounced an opinion against him, in a report as flagrantly false as it was malicious, and though upon that report the Queen dismissed him from all his employments, 'that the matter might undergo an impartial investigation'—his enemies, malignant as they were, dared not pursue the investigation. When Louis heard of this act, he added with his own hand a sentence in his dispatches to his agent at London, saying, 'the affair of displacing the Duke of Marlborough will do for us all we desire.'

Every means was now used to blacken the late ministry;—for this purpose no accusation was either too absurd or too atrocious. A cry of peculation was raised against them, as that which was most likely to obtain belief among the vulgar, and excite popular outcry. A deficit of thirty-five millions was charged against them, as if they were responsible for all the unsettled accounts since the Restoration; and this charge, as has generally been the case, dwindled to nothing when it was examined. In those days it was the custom on the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's inauguration, to burn in effigy the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender. The effigies were arrested upon a pretence that the whigs intended to take advantage of the holiday to excite an insurrection; and this ridiculous story has found its way into historical writings at home and abroad, with the additional absurdity, that Marlborough was to put himself at the head of the mob, and that Prince Eugene was to support him. Another fable accused them of a design to fire the city, murder the ministers, seize and depose the Queen, and place the Elector of Hanover on the throne! Slanders of this kind were too gross to deserve contradiction, nor could the slanderer be fixed upon. At length a personal insult of

of the grossest kind was offered to the Duke, and in the most public manner. Earl Poulet, in vindicating the Duke of Ormond, who had succeeded to the command, for taking the field with Eugene, while he was at the same time in secret communication with Villars, and had secret orders not to fight, said of him, 'that he did not resemble a certain general, who led his troops to the slaughter to cause a great number of officers to be knocked on the head in a battle, or against stone walls, in order to fill his pockets by disposing of their commissions.' Marlborough heard him in silence, but as soon as the house rose sent a message to him by Lord Mohun, inviting him to take the air in the country. Earl Poulet could not conceal from his lady the uncomfortable emotions which this message excited, and the duel was prevented by a direct order from the Queen to Marlborough, enjoining him to proceed no farther in the affair. It is sufficient punishment for this slanderer, that he is remembered in history for this, and for this only; so easily may the coarsest and meanest mind purchase for itself a perpetuity of disgrace!

For the sake of avoiding daily insults and further persecution, Marlborough determined upon leaving England. The death of Godolphin released him from the strongest tie which bound him to his then ungrateful country,—for he was unwilling to leave his old tried friend, labouring under the severest sufferings of a mortal disease.* A passport was obtained by means of Harley, or Oxford, as he must now be called, in opposition to some of his colleagues. Base as Oxford's conduct was, he was not so bad as Bolingbroke; he had not the same hatred to Marlborough, (perhaps because his obligations to him, great as they were, had not been quite so great,) and it is not unlikely that he may have thought it desirable for the sake of the Protestant succession, to which he was sincerely attached, and which Bolingbroke was plotting to set aside, that Marlborough should be out of his enemies' reach, and in a situation where he might act in its support, when occasion should require. The restoration of the Stuart line indeed appeared so possible, from the principles of Bolingbroke and the favourite, now Lady Masham, and from the irreconcilable dislike with which the Queen regarded the house of Hanover, that Marlborough thought it prudent, before he left England, to invest 50,000*l.* in the Dutch funds as a means of subsistence in case of that event. As this great commander had received the highest proofs of royal favour both from his own sovereign and from foreign princes, he was fated

* Godolphin, the lord treasurer in those days of speculation, which had been so loudly censured in parliament, and even from the throne, was so far from having enriched himself, that the property which he left did not exceed 12,000*l.*

also to have some experience of royal ingratitude. The government of the Spanish Netherlands had been more than once offered to him, and pressed upon him by the Archduke Charles, and he had been prevented from accepting it only by the jealousy of the Dutch. When he perceived that his disgrace was impending, he asked for this appointment, and the Archduke evaded a compliance with his request. Nor was this the only instance of ingratitude from that thankless quarter. The principality of Mindelheim, which had been conferred on him after the battle of Blenheim, was restored at the peace to Bavaria, and though an equivalent was promised to Marlborough, it was never granted; nor did he ever obtain any compensation for the loss.

When he embarked at Dover, as a private individual, the Captain of the packet had sufficient English feeling to receive him with a voluntary salute. No other honour was paid him upon leaving his native country; but as the illustrious exile entered the harbour of Ostend he was welcomed with a salute of artillery from the town, forts and shipping. And along the whole road to Aix-la-Chapelle, though he endeavoured to avoid notice by taking the most private ways, he was entertained with the highest marks of respect and affection, by governors, garrisons, magistrates and people of all ranks. A finer tribute was never paid to true greatness. They blessed him as their deliverer, and mingling exclamations against the English cabinet with their expressions of admiration and gratitude towards him, many of them shed tears of indignant feeling, and said it were better to be born in Lapland than in England, for that no nation had ever fallen so unaccountably from such a height of glory and esteem into such contempt and degradation. He dwelt some time at Aix-la-Chapelle; but from an apprehension that his person was not safe there, he went to Maestricht; there the Duchess joined him: they proceeded to Frankfort, and after a few months removed to Antwerp, as a safer place while the war continued in Germany. From thence he corresponded with Hanover, and with the leaders of the Hanoverian interest in England, and there he held himself in readiness to transport troops to England on the demise of the Queen, engaging to use his endeavours to secure the fidelity of the troops at Dunkirk and to embark at their head. The danger to which the Protestant succession was at that time exposed is believed to have proved fatal to the Electress Sophia, a remarkable personage, who at the age of eighty-four retained an unusual strength both of body and mind, and used to say, that if she could but live to have Sophia Queen of England engraven on her tomb, she should die content. Had she lived three months longer, that wish would have been gratified.

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As the crisis drew nearer, it was deemed advisable that Marlborough should return where his presence might be of great importance. Among the calumnies with which his memory has been loaded, is the absurd charge, that he was at this time corresponding with the Pretender, and intriguing with Bolingbroke to secure his succession. This falsehood also is now effectually refuted; and it appears from their own acknowledgment, that the ministers who were plotting for that purpose were 'frightened out of their wits' at the news of his intended return. That return would have exposed him to a renewal of persecution, and to every mortification and every injury which it was in the power of the Queen and her ministers to inflict,—but when the vessel wherein he had embarked approached the coast near Dover, it was boarded by a messenger with news of the Queen's decease, and the undisputed accession of George I. This monarch, though he duly appreciated the services of Marlborough, and respected him accordingly, never forgave him for not having communicated to him the intended operations of that campaign in which Brabant and Flanders had been recovered. He restored him to his offices, but did not avail himself of his advice, as for his own sake and that of the country he should have done; for had the opinion of this consummate statesman been taken, a combined administration would have been formed, to include some of the moderate tories who had supported the protestant succession at the moment when their services were most essential. It was a more favourable opportunity than had ever before occurred for bringing upright men of different parties to act together for the general good.

Marlborough lived eight years after his return, happy in the enjoyment of that leisure and tranquillity which he had always desired. It is not true, as Johnson has taught us to believe, that the tears of dotage flowed from his eyes. In the year 1716 he had two paralytic strokes, but recovered both his strength and faculties, except that there were a few words which he could not distinctly articulate. In other respects, however, he was so little impaired, that he continued to attend Parliament, and to perform the business of his office as Captain-General and Master of the Ordnance, till within six months of his death. He wished to resign those offices, but was induced by Sunderland's intreaties and the king's particular desire to retain them. At length a return of the disorder proved fatal: he lay for some days aware of approaching dissolution, and, in full possession of his senses, he quietly expired on the 16th of June 1722, in the 72d year of his age. The Duchess, though sixty-two when she was thus left a widow,

still possessed some attractions of person, and proposals of marriage were made to her by Lord Coningsby, and by the Duke of Somerset. In her reply to the latter she declined the connection as unsuitable to her time of life, and added, that if she was only thirty instead of threescore, she would not permit even the Emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John Duke of Marlborough. She survived her husband two and twenty years, and lived to see the magnificent pile of Blenheim completed according to his directions. Queen Anne had promised to build this proud monument of national glory at her own expense,—if Marlborough had not had it finished at his own, it would have remained in its ruins, a striking monument of her fickleness, and of the meanness of her ministers.

If Mr. Coxe by the publication of these volumes had rendered no other service to historical literature than that of clearing Marlborough's character from the imputations with which it has been stained, that service alone would entitle him to the gratitude of all good Englishmen. Madame Sévigné has said *Le monde n'a point de longues injustices*: it were better to say there will be no injustice in the next world,—for that which is committed in this, is often but too lasting in its effects. During a whole century Marlborough has been represented in books both at home and abroad, as a consummate general indeed, but as being devoid of honour and of principle, an intriguer, a traitor, a speculator, and so careless of human life and of human sufferings, that for the sake of his own sordid interests he wantonly prolonged a war which, but for his ambition and his avarice, might many times have been brought to an end. These foul charges were urged against him by persons who knew that they were false—men whom he had patronized and brought forward; and for some of whom he had exerted himself disinterestedly, even so as to offend the whigs with whom he acted. His enemies gave these falsehoods the sanction of authority when they were in power, because it was necessary to sacrifice Marlborough before they could sacrifice the interests of their country, and betray the Protestant succession which they designed to do. And the calumnies which thus originated have prevailed to this day, because they have found their way from libels into history, and still more because they were propagated in the writings of Swift, a principal actor in the moral assassination which was planned and perpetrated by his party. Swift was beyond all comparison the ablest writer of that age: but his conduct upon this occasion, like some other of his actions, can only be explained by supposing that the malady which rendered him at last so pitiable a spectacle

a spectacle of human weakness, affected his heart long before it overthrew his intellect.

It is no light wrong to the dead that an honourable name should thus long have been defamed: it is no light injury to the living. What ingenuous mind is there that has not felt sorrow and humiliation for the obliquity and meanness by which the character of Marlborough has hitherto seemed to be degraded? Who is there that has not felt that whatever derogated from the admiration which he would otherwise have merited, was to be regretted as a national evil?—for the reputation of such men as Marlborough, as Nelson, (and let us be allowed to add the only name worthy to be classed with them,) as Wellington, belongs to their country. In such names nations have much of their permanent glory, and no small part of their strength: the slanderer, therefore, who detracts from their fame and asperses their memory commits a moral treason,—and as far as he succeeds, inflicts a wound upon his native land; but sooner or later, truth prevails, and his infamy then is in proportion to the merit which he has calumniated. If the spirit of faction did not destroy all sense of shame as well as of honesty, and stultify men while it depraves them, these Memoirs of Marlborough would be more efficacious than any other history, that of our own times excepted, in showing such calumniators what kind of reputation they are purchasing for themselves.

Marlborough's character is now laid open to the world, without reserve, from the most unquestionable documents. His early correspondence with James is the only blot, and for that offence, all circumstances being fairly considered, there are few persons who would fling the first stone. After what has already been said upon that subject, it may suffice to observe, that William, who best understood the circumstance, and was the person most offended, entirely excused him; trusted him himself, and recommended him to the full confidence of his successor. Mr. Coxe allows that he was parsimonious; frugality had been a necessary virtue during the first part of his life, and the habit continued after the necessity had ceased,—to this and to nothing more does the charge of parsimony amount. He was not profuse; but he never spared when it was proper that he should spend. In his loans to government, in his buildings and improvements, and in transactions of a public nature, no man was more munificent. The soldiers would not have loved a penurious man, and it is certain that no general ever more entirely possessed the love as well as the confidence of his men. A Chelsea pensioner, at the election of 1787, was threatened with the loss of his pension if he would not vote for Lord Vere at

Windsor. His answer was, 'I will venture starving, rather than it shall be said that I vote against the Duke of Marlborough's grandson, after having followed his grandfather so many hundred leagues.' The Duchess, by whom this anecdote is related, adds, 'I do not know whether they have taken away his pension, but I hope they will: for I have sent him word, if they do take it away, I will settle the same upon him for his life.'

Even his inveterate enemy, Bolingbroke, acknowledged after his death that he was the greatest general and the greatest minister that our country, or any other, had produced. He was, indeed, the main-spring, the life, the moving mind of the whole confederacy. The allies, with jarring views, contradictory interests, and oftentimes with jealous and even hostile feelings also, were kept together less by their common danger from France and their common hopes of security and advantage, than by his influence and his matchless powers of conciliation. They had no confidence in each other, and little confidence in their own councils; but they had each and all a well founded confidence in him. This was known from history. Malice and falsehood, successful as they were, could not conceal or detract from his paramount excellence as a commander and a statesman. The purity of private life was not so generally known, for this had not always been recorded, as it ought to be, for edification and example. He was a faithful husband as well as a fond one. No indecent word or allusion ever passed his lips, and if any person uttered an obscenity before him, he resented it as a personal affront and an act of public immorality. His camp was not like Cromwell's, for Marlborough was neither fanatic nor hypocrite. Colonel Blackader complained of the irreligion and profligacy of his companions; and for this he may have had cause enough; but he was a man of morbid feelings, and a puritanical rigour of manners may not improbably have provoked foolish men to appear in his company worse than they were. Another officer who served in the same army describes the camp as resembling a quiet and well-governed city; and observes, as the effect of Marlborough's regulations and example, that 'cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers, and the poor soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar.'

But it is only from the present Memoirs that a full knowledge of this admirable man can be obtained. Here we become acquainted with his habitual principles of action, and find in him a complete example of that moral intrepidity which is the highest and rarest of all military and political virtues. Here we behold, in
letters

letters written without reserve or affectation of any kind, the hopes and thoughts and feelings which were revealed only to his nearest and dearest friends. The man who, after such an exposure, rises in our estimation and in our love, has stood the severest test of greatness: nor was he more fitted by his surpassing talents to direct the counsels of princes, arrange campaigns which extended over half Europe, and give his orders with unerring promptitude in the heat of battle, than by his virtues and affections for the perfect enjoyment of tranquillity and domestic life. Considering him in all his relations, public and private, it may safely be asserted that Marlborough approaches, almost as nearly as human frailty will allow, to the perfect model of a good patriot, a true statesman, and a consummate general.

ART. II.—*Michael Howe, the last and worst of the Bush Rangers of Van Diemen's Land. Narrative of the Chief Atrocities committed by this Great Murderer and his Associates, during a Period of Six Years, in Van Diemen's Land. From authentic sources of information. Hobart Town. Printed by Andrew Bent. 12mo. 1818.*

THIS is the greatest literary curiosity that has yet come before us—the first child of the press of a state only fifteen years old! It will of course be reprinted here;—but our copy, the copy *penes nos*, is a genuine Caxton, *rarissimus*—nay more, it hath the title-page. Few impressions were thrown off at the Hobart Town Press, for the settlement does not greatly abound in readers; and we therefore recommend the Roxburghe Club to apply early for a copy, for this little book will assuredly be the ‘*Reynarde the Foxe*’ of Australian bibliomaniacs.

Van Diemen's Land (of which Hobart Town forms the capital) is an island nearly as large as Ireland, to the south of the colony of New South Wales, better known to our readers, perhaps, by the name of Botany Bay; but separated from the continent of New Holland by a strait of sixty miles in width, called after its enterprizing discoverer Mr. Bass,* and a dependency upon that colony, from which it was sub-colonized. The island was first visited by Lieutenant Flinders and Mr. Bass, at the close of the year 1798, in a small decked boat built at Norfolk Island, of the

* Surgeon of the *Reliance*. Captain Flinders's talents were appreciated by the Admiralty, and he lived to witness the fruit of his labours; but it is a melancholy reflection that his companion, Mr. Bass, left Port Jackson, in the year 1802, as master of a trading vessel, called the *Venus*, which has not since been heard of. She was bound to the coast of Peru; and there are reports that Mr. Bass is still living and settled in that country.

elegant

elegant fir of that country. The first European settlement was made at Risdon Cove, in the river Derwent, on the south-east side of the island, in 1803, by Captain John Bowen, of the Navy, who was sent from Port Jackson for that purpose by Governor King; but on the arrival of Lieutenant Colonel Collins, the author of the 'Account of New South Wales,' it was removed to Sullivan Cove, where the rising town of Hobart now stands.

As this healthy and fertile island appears to us to be much more congenial than the sultry and unwholesome back woods of America, to such of our countrymen as possess the true feelings of Englishmen, but are nevertheless compelled to carry that name to a foreign land, we shall present them with an authentic and recent picture of its actual state.

The north coast is in latitude $40^{\circ} 41'$, and the southern promontory in $43^{\circ} 38'$ S. Its breadth may be taken at 150 miles, and its length at 170. The climate has some peculiarities which cause a milder winter and a warmer summer than might be expected from the latitude of the island, allowing for the estimated difference of temperature between the corresponding parallels of the two hemispheres. The southern part of it being hilly, and towards the extremity even mountainous, the climate of Hobart Town is variable. Gales and hurricanes often occur, but they are generally of short duration. During summer the ordinary course of the weather is the alternate land and sea breeze, the former commencing early in the morning and prevailing till noon, when it is succeeded by the latter, which usually lasts till after sun-set. Occasionally however a hot wind blows from the north or north-west, which, though not resembling that of New South Wales, which there raises the thermometer to 106 degrees in the shade, is greatly mitigated in Van Diemen's Land by passing across Bass's Straits. The autumn is generally a serene and delightful season, and the weather continues fine and open to the middle or end of May. In June, rain, sleet and (in elevated situations) snow set in, with strong southerly gales; but even in winter fine weather intervenes, and neither wind nor rains can be said to be periodical. Slight frosts occur at night, but neither ice nor snow remains throughout the day in the vallies and plains. In September the spring rapidly advances, and in October the weather resembles the 'faithless April of an English May.' During the present summer (1818) the thermometer has not exceeded 70° , except one day, on which a hot wind raised it to 80° . The range during the months of December and January has been from 54° to 70° ; but this was a cool season, late rains having fallen at the beginning of it; so that the average may perhaps be taken four or five degrees higher. The mean summer mid-day

day range in the shade is about 65° or 66° . These remarks were made at Hobart Town: in the interior, the climate is more fixed and serene. With such a climate Van Diemen's Land must needs be healthy: no sickness belongs to the country; and the intermittent fever peculiar to new and uncleared lands is unknown here. Convicts, after a voyage from England, without touching at any port by the way, recover their health soon after they land. Hobart Town has been sixteen months together without a funeral; and in a detachment of troops varying from 70 to upwards of 100, no death occurred in three years.

Van Diemen's Land is known to possess only four principal ports.

1. At the upper end of the great Storm Bay running in from the southern ocean, and between thirty and forty miles from the southern capes, is the entrance of the river Derwent, which, besides its direct outlet into Storm Bay, has a lateral one into Storm Bay Passage, (Canal d'Entrecasteaux,) a strait about thirty miles long, dividing the large island Bruny from the main land, and continuing from two to five miles wide, till it opens to the southern ocean, at Tasman's Head. This large inlet presents every where bold shores and deep water, perfectly sheltered from all winds, and forming a magnificent port. The Derwent at its entrance is two miles broad, and takes a northerly course, which varies in breadth from one to two miles, expanding occasionally into large basins equally deep and safe, for the distance of twenty-five miles, to which point ships of 500 tons burthen can navigate with ease. Here the river begins to freshen, and continues hence for the distance of forty miles, narrowing gradually, but affording a safe passage for vessels of fifty tons as far as New Norfolk, where a ridge of rocks forms a rapid, and abruptly terminates the navigation.

About twelve miles up the Derwent, on the western bank, stands Hobart Town, picturesquely placed under a noble mountain called Table, from its shape, but more recently Wellington for its honour. Its height has been ascertained to be upwards of 4000 feet, and down its side trill several rivulets; one of the most considerable of which passes through the town, and discharges itself into Sullivan's Cove. The town is extensive, and the streets, eleven in number, are laid out with regularity and good taste. Several handsome brick houses appear in the principal one, which is sixty feet wide; but the majority of the buildings are of wood and plaster. There are very few that are not whitewashed (for lime abounds in the neighbourhood) and glazed; and each has a garden paved in. Several good public buildings are either completed or in progress — a large

—a large church of brick and stone, a government-house, a county-gaol, a store and commissariat offices, a barrack for 100 men, and a small hospital fenced in together, a six-gun battery, with a guard-house and magazine, on the south point of the harbour, and a main guard-house in the town.

The plantations or farms of the settlers extend along the banks of the Derwent on both sides. Small farms appear even at the entrance of the river from Storm Bay Passage; for the shores of Van Diemen's Land are not sandy like those of New South Wales, but a rich black mould is often found close to the cliff's head. On the Hobart side the most considerable group of settlements is New Town, which stands about two miles from Hobart Town, and is watered by a fine stream from Mount Wellington. On the opposite bank, a little below Hobart Town, is the settlement of Clarence Plains, consisting of very fertile land; but watered only by lagoons, as is the district adjoining. Farther to the eastward, upon the north and east sides of an extensive salt-water inlet, communicating with what the settlers mistakenly call Frederik Hendrik's bay, is the more considerable settlement of Pittwater, the chief granary of the island. It is watered by two streams, and presents to view a vast extent of naturally cleared ground:—it is indeed one of the characteristics of this island (in which it has the advantage of New South Wales) that it contains extensive and fertile tracts free from timber, the inconvenience and plague of all new countries. On the road from Hobart Town to Port Dalrymple, there is a plain extending in one direction for twenty miles, and clear land is frequent on that side of the island. To the north-west of Pittwater is the Coal-river settlement. About twelve miles higher up, are several farms; midway stands Mount Direction, (a remarkably picturesque hill of vast height,) and gives an air of grandeur and sublimity to the surrounding scenery. There are several scattered farms in this quarter, and on the east bank of the Derwent; as far as New Norfolk. Above the falls at this place the Derwent receives many rivulets; and a most beautiful and fertile country lies idle on its banks. All these settlements form together a county, under the name of Buckinghamshire, comprising about half the island, the other half being called the County of Cornwall.

2. There is a second station at Port Dalrymple, on the river Tamar, which falls into Bass's Straits. Launceston, hitherto the seat of this establishment, is situated forty miles up the river, at the confluence of two small streams, called the North and South Esk, into which the Tamar divides itself. This town is about 120 miles across the island from Hobart Town. The Tamar not being practicable

practicable for large vessels farther than seven or eight miles, a new town is begun near its entrance, called George Town, to which the establishment of Launceston is now removing, a good brick gaol (the *sine quâ non* of colonies like these) being already erected there. The distance between these towns is about forty miles.

3. On the western coast of the island are two ports, the one called Macquarie, extending in a south-east direction, and forming a basin of about forty miles long, and from seven to eight miles broad; but unfortunately it has a very narrow entrance. The channel inwards, which is formed between an island and the west-head of entrance, is very deep, but not more than thirty yards wide: the basin is navigable, but shoally for about eight miles, after which there is deep water in all parts. In its cliffs are veins of coal, and on its shores abundance of useful and valuable timber, particularly a sort of cedar called the Huon pine, much esteemed in the colony and in India for its peculiar property of repelling insects. These productions have attracted the attention of government; and it is intended to form an establishment here.

4. Port Davey, on the same coast, is more to the southward, and is a spacious port with an open entrance; but the country is rocky and barren, and the timber difficult of access.

Into these two ports fall several rivers; one of them, called Gordon's river, has been traced along its sinuosities for about fifty miles. Those to the westward descend from a vast range of mountains which extends north and south the whole length of the island, but nearer to the western than the eastern coast. Upon these mountains, which have terraces at various heights, there are numerous lakes—one said to be sixty miles in circumference, another thirty, a third twelve, and several two or three. Various rivers also run from them to the eastward; as Blackman's river, which divides the counties, and Lake river, which joins the South Esk, about fourteen miles above Launceston. Several others run northerly into Bass's Strait to the westward of the Tamar, of which one forms a shoal port; and there are some from the eastern mountains which fall into the strait to the eastward. It is in the south-east part of this range of mountains that the Derwent rises, as does the Huon, a considerable river to the southward, which falls into Storm Bay Passage near its entrance. Thus every part of the island is well watered.

Farming in an infant and remote colony is necessarily defective in many points; but the wheat of Van Diemen's land averages 60 lbs. to the bushel, and the general produce of an acre is thirty bushels. All the grain and pulse of Europe flourish here; but the climate

climate is not warm enough for maize. In return, that destructive insect, the weevil, will not live in Van Diemen's Land.

With all these advantages of soil and sun, no country appears to have been poorer in indigenous productions of all kinds than this island; in which respect, as in the botany and natural history of what it does produce, it resembles the neighbouring continent. Here also are the eucalyptus, (but by no means so large as that of New South Wales,) the casuarina and mimosa, the kangaroo, the opossum, the emu or cassowary, the ornithorhynchus paradoxus, venomous snakes of various kinds, the black swan, parrots, parroquets, and cockatoos, pelicans, pigeons, quail, snipe and ducks. Peculiar to this island, but of rare occurrence, is the hyæna opossum, so called from its resemblance to the hyæna. It is the only beast of prey in the island; for the native dog, which is so destructive to the sheep of New South Wales, does not exist here.

Of exotic animals, horned cattle, horses, and particularly sheep, thrive and increase—the last, in a prodigious degree; the ewes lambing twice a year, and generally dropping twins. Goats and pigs run wild upon the islands in the Tamar and in the woods.

In the shape of fruit or vegetables nothing edible was found in Van Diemen's Land; but nearly all the fruits of Europe have been successfully introduced there. The grape requires a warm aspect, and the orange and lemon will not ripen except in very favourable situations.

Van Diemen's Land is not, as has been supposed, the Botany Bay of Botany Bay—

“—in the lowest deep a lower deep;—
convicts are transported for further offences from Port Jackson to a settlement called Newcastle, on the coast of New South Wales, to the northward of Port Jackson; and it is intended to establish a new Botany Bay at the recently discovered Port of Macquarie on the eastern coast of New Holland. Van Diemen's Land has a lieutenant-governor and judge-advocate of its own, commissioned by his Majesty; but it has not yet obtained the benefit of a separate criminal jurisdiction, so that prisoners for trial, prosecutors and witnesses, are compelled to make the voyage to Port Jackson. Its civil jurisdiction is confined to causes of 50*l.* value; but the Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales has lately made a circuit to the island for the trial of causes of greater value. The colony is peopled by free settlers and convicts from England as well as from New South Wales; and, though the pamphlet before us gives a frightful picture of out-lawry and rapine, we understand that under the skilful administration

tration of the present lieutenant-governor (Sorell) the whole island is now quiet and orderly. The necessities of life are cheap, and mere labour is paid at the rate of 7s. 6d. per day; but as there is little specie in the island, promissory notes form the currency, and, as in America, barter (too often of rum) liquidates the debt.

The following is an abstract statement of the population, land in cultivation, and stock, on Van Diemen's Land; taken from the books of the general muster in September, 1818:

At the Settlements on the DERWENT.

POPULATION.			
Free.		Convicts.	
Men	640	Men	1,114
Women	333	Women	185
Children	483	Children of do.	49
<hr/>		<hr/>	
1,456		1,346	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
2,804			

LAND.	
On which are growing crops of	Wheat 3,529
Barley	135
Peas and Beans	145
Potatoes	247

In cultivation besides gardens (acres) 4,057

STOCK.			
Horses	Male	97	
	Female	106	203
Horned	Male	4,668	
Cattle	Female	7,019	11,687
Sheep	Male	30,680	
	Female	62,009	93,589

At PORT DALRYMPLE.

POPULATION.			
Free.		Convicts.	
Men	189	Men	267
Women	78	Women	55
Children	150	Children of do.	14
<hr/>		<hr/>	
417		836	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
753			

LAND.	
On which are growing crops of	Wheat 1,500
Barley	78
Peas and Beans	31
Potatoes	21

In cultivation besides gardens (acres) 1,624

STOCK.			
Horses	Male	29	
	Female	32	61
Horned	Male	1,398	
Cattle	Female	2,271	3,669
Sheep	Male	18,193	
	Female	21,094	34,224

TOTAL ON VAN DIEMENS LAND.

Population (exclusive of the Civil		Horses	264
Officers and Military)	3,537	Horned Cattle	15,356
Land in cultivation (acres)	5,681	Sheep	127,823

The trade of the island is principally with India and the Isle of France. The Derwent offers a convenient rendezvous for the whale fishery, and the oil would find a sure market in India. Salted meat might be sent in great quantities both to the Isle of France and Ceylon; and the wool might be improved, as that of New South Wales has been, for the British market. Wheat, which is grown in quantities considerably exceeding the consumption of the island, has hitherto supplied the deficiencies of the parent colony. Port Dalrymple affords the same assistance to the coal fishery of Bass's Straits as the Derwent does to the southern whale fishery.

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The following statement will shew the imports and exports at Hobart Town for the years 1817 and 1818:

IMPORTS (exclusive of Government Stores, British Goods, and India Piece-Goods.)

	Spirits. (Gallons.)	Wine, (Gallons.)	Beer. (Casks.)	Sugar. (Tons.)	Soap. (Boxes.)	Tobacco. (Baskets.)	Tea. (Chests.)
1817.	10,313	2,291	47	83	156	370	278
1818.	13,537	4,982	152	100	172	263	311

EXPORTS (exclusive of 250 Tons of Oil taken home by the licensed whaler Anne.)

	Wheat. (Bushels.)	Meat.	Horned Cattle.	Sheep.	Seal and Kangaroo Skins.	Oil. (Tons.)	Potatoes. (Tons.)	Huon Pine, (Feet.)
1817.	24,000	20 tons	—	—	10,000	—	150	—
1818.	8,000	70 casks	92	1,200	10,000	90	—	17,500

The natives of Van Diemen's Land are few in number considering the extent of country which they yet hold free from European invasion. It is probable that their extreme wretchedness forbids their increase. They have been always hostilely inclined, and by no means avail themselves of the freedom of our streets and houses, like the natives of Port Jackson. This feeling is ascribed to a fatal quarrel at the first settling, in which several of them were killed, and the memory of which has been kept alive by occasional encounters in the interior between them and the solitary Europeans employed as stock-keepers. These are frequently assaulted by spears and stones, and are compelled to use fire-arms in their defence. The two parties live in mutual suspicion and dread; and time and conciliation towards such of the natives as afford opportunities of intercourse can alone obliterate the present impression of long cherished animosity. Some intercourse has lately been effected with those of the western coast, and they appear free from all oppression of the colonists. Hence it would seem that, on the other side of the island, the native hostility arises from some ancient grudge, particularly since, from the difficult if not wholly impracticable nature of the western range of mountains, it is very doubtful whether the tribes have any communication unless by the northern extremity of the island. The savages do not eat the cattle or sheep; but they often destroy them and burn the carcasses. They subsist chiefly on kangaroos, opossum, and such small deer, down to the kangaroo-rat, migrating in times of scarcity to the coast for fish.

The great difference between the Indians of Van Diemen's Land and those of New Holland, though the countries are separated

rated by a strait not a hundred miles wide, and studded with islands by means of which canoes might safely pass, and though the rest of nature's productions are nearly the same in both lands, affords a subject of curious speculation. The islanders resemble the African negro in physiognomy much more than the natives of the continent; and the hair of the former is woolly, whereas that of the latter is coarse and straight. Both races are equally free from any tradition of origin, or acquaintance with each other, although their barbarism seems at the extreme pitch. Their languages are entirely different, and it is probable that they never had any connexion with each other.

A similar phenomenon occurs in the Great Andaman island, in the Bay of Bengal, whither the native Indian convicts are now transported. The barbarism of the few inhabitants of this island is said to be equal to that of the New Hollanders; and the following passages from Symes's *Embassy to Ava* might have been written of the natives of Van Diemen's Land.

' Their sole occupation is to rove along the margin of the sea in quest of a precarious meal of fish. In stature they seldom exceed five feet. Their limbs are disproportionately slender, their bellies protuberant, with high shoulders and large heads; and, strange to find in this part of the world, they are a degenerate race of negroes with woolly hair, flat noses and thick lips. They go quite naked, and are insensible of any shame from exposure. Hunger may (but these instances are rare) induce them to put themselves in the power of strangers; but the moment that want is satisfied, nothing short of coercion can prevent them from returning to a way of life more congenial to their savage nature. Their habitations display little more ingenuity than the dens of wild beasts; four sticks stuck in the ground are bound together at the top, and fastened transversely by others, to which branches of trees are suspended: an opening is left on one side just large enough to admit of entrance: leaves compose their bed.

The reader is now prepared to enter into the little maiden pamphlet before us, if that epithet can, with any propriety, be applied to so monstrous a birth as the '*Life of Michael Howe.*' He was born at Pontefract in 1787, and was apprenticed to a merchant vessel at Hull; but he 'shewed his indentures a fair pair of heels,' (as Prince Henry says,) and entered on board a man of war, from which he got away as he could. He was tried at York in 1811 for a highway robbery, and sentenced to seven years transportation. He arrived in Van Diemen's Land in 1812, and was assigned by government as a servant to a settler; from this service he absconded into the woods, and joined a party of twenty-eight bush-rangers, as they are called. In this profession he lived

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six years of plunder and cruelty, during which he appears to have twice surrendered himself to justice, under proclamations of pardon, but was both times unaccountably suffered to escape again to the woods. It is reproachful to the government of the colony to think that it was after the second of these flights from justice, or at least from confinement, that he committed the murder of the two men who had, as they thought, secured him. By this means he again escaped, to be shot at last by a private soldier of the 48th regiment and another man; for so desperate was this villain, that he was only to be taken dead, and by stratagem.

Howe was without a spark of even the honour of an outlaw; he betrayed his colleagues upon surrendering himself to government, and he fired upon the native girl, his companion, when she became an impediment to his flight. He was reduced at last to abandonment, even by his own gang; and 100 guineas, and (if a convict should take him) a free pardon and a passage to England, were set upon his head. He was now a wretched, conscience-haunted solitary, hiding in dingles, and only tracked by the sagacity of the native girl, to whom he had behaved so ungratefully, and who was now employed by the police to revenge his cruelty to her. His arms, ammunition, dogs and knapsack were first taken from him; and in the last was found a little memorandum-book of kangaroo skin, written by himself in kangaroo blood. It contained a sort of journal of his dreams, which shewed strongly the wretched state of his mind, and some tincture of superstition. It appears that he frequently dreamt of being murdered by natives, of seeing his old companions, of being nearly taken by a soldier; and in one instance only, humanity asserts itself even in the breast of Michael Howe, for we find him recording that he dreamt of his sister. It also appears from this little book, that he had once an idea of settling in the woods; for it contains long lists of such seeds as he wished to have, vegetables, fruits, and even flowers!

We are happy to hear that these bush-rangers are at length exterminated. They were a heavy drawback upon the industry of a young colony; and settlers were fain to pay them black-mail as a composition for escape from worse plunder. It was more than conjectured in Van Diemen's Land that these freebooters could not have maintained themselves so long, had not they found abettors, concealers, and receivers of their spoils. They would *lift* a flock of sheep from one farmer and turn it into the pasture of another, marking the animals as his; and the destruction of this staple stock of the colony was immense, for the outlaws were often compelled to secrete themselves in recesses till a score of sheep (sometimes their only fare) was devoured or wasted by them.

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We repeat our hope that this narrative (which by the way might have been drawn up with more plainness and simplicity) will be hereafter as merely a matter of curious history in Van Diemen's Land, as it is in this country; and we desire to see the next literary production of the Hobart Town press more pleasing in the manner, and less tragical in the matter. It is natural that the early literature of such a colony should consist of last dying speeches and confessions; but even such literature is better than none; and we understand that Hobart Town now publishes a weekly Gazette, and that the government, whose organ it is, is administered by a man of talent and reading.

ART. III.—*Voyage dans le Levant en 1817 et 1818.* Tome I.
Large folio. Par le Comte de Forbin. Paris.

THE precise object of the Count de Forbin's '*Voyage dans le Levant*' is not quite apparent from its fruits.—It may have been undertaken with the view of enabling the 'Director General of Museums' to exhibit his talent as an artist in seventy or eighty indifferent specimens of lithography, of which half-a-dozen of the worst bear his name;—or to gratify his royal patron Louis XVIII., by presenting to him a volume equal at least in dimensions to the '*Grand Livre*' on Egypt, which the Savans of the Institute laid at the feet of Napoleon Buonaparte:—for the purpose of collecting information, it could hardly have been undertaken; for it literally contains none. It would be equally difficult to discover on what grounds an old and meritorious servant, who, like Denon, had distinguished himself by his knowledge of antiquities, by his taste and execution in the fine arts, and by his zeal for their promotion among his countrymen, was dismissed to make room for the present Apollo of the Museum, who has not the good fortune to be gifted with science, art, or taste, or even with the semblance of zeal or respect for any of them.

If we did not happen to know Count Forbin to be the most dapper and the best dressed gentleman in all Paris,—the very *dandy* of the Museum,—we should not have failed to suspect as much from a hint modestly conveyed to us in the opening of his work:—so greatly, it seems, is he *recherché* in Paris, that he was afraid to give the least intimation of 'the difficult and hazardous enterprize' he was about to undertake, lest he should find himself unable to resist the remonstrances of his friends, or to tear himself away from their embraces.

When the important day arrived on which our daring adventurer was 'to confide his destiny to chance,' he set off (secretly, of course) for Marseilles; and having collected into his train a skilful

architect, a celebrated panoramist, an aspiring artist, and a clerical cousin, embarked with them on board the *Cleopatra* frigate, one of the squadron destined for the Levant. They left Toulon on the 21st of August, and fell in with the coast of Africa on the 25th. On the 2d September they reached Milo, where our traveller, for his coup d'essai, scrambled to the top of a mountain which he calls *Maxrouticho*, (*Mauroteiché*, we presume,) and, from the door of a solitary monastery inhabited by one poor Greek priest, enjoyed, he says, a magnificent view of the *whole* Grecian archipelago,—‘*tout l’archipel de la Grèce*:’—and as extensive, we may add, as ‘magnificent,’ since it embraced a circuit of about 450 English miles!

He was now transferred to the *Hazard* brig, bound to Athens, where he arrived on the 5th September. We know not what portion of the fortnight which our author passed here, he dedicated to the examination of the remains of antiquity in the city of Minerva, as he terms it; nor to what specific description of them his attention was principally directed: but if he gives us little information on these points, we have at least no reason to complain of a want of rapid declamation and mawkish sentiment, or, as he is pleased to call it, ‘*rêverie*,’ of which the following may serve as a specimen.

‘It was my frequent custom to walk out at night, because the hour of darkness seemed to put me in communication with the past. It is then that the imagination without effort reaches the most splendid edifices; and the dubious light of the moon aids these magnificent resurrections. I peopled the porticoes and the public places with illustrious shades; I agitated the multitude by the uncertainty of a defeat or a triumph; the temples opened, and I fancied that I heard the warlike spirits of the citizens; the impassioned accents of the orators, and the tumult of a free people, jealous of their glory, devoting to the infernal deities all the enemies of their independence.’ (p. 14.)

He was not, however, so entirely engrossed by these sublime speculations, but that he found leisure (besides assisting at a number of weddings, dances, &c.) to fill his portfolio; and we have no doubt that, when the other elephantine volume (with which we are to be favoured) shall be launched, he will be ready to say, as one of his countrymen did to a gentleman about to set out on his travels into Egypt, ‘*Attendez, Monsieur*,—laying his hand on the great book of the Savans of the Institute,—‘*il n’y a rien à faire, il n’y a rien à voir, soyez tranquille, ici vous trouverez tout*:’—there is nothing to see, nothing to do, make yourself easy, here you will find every thing!

Our readers already know that Lord Elgin (following the example of the French) removed several of the decaying metopes from
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the Temple of Minerva; leaving, as it appears, no more than twenty-eight behind him, one of which only was in a tolerable state of preservation. This was sufficiently vexatious.—But the Count has his revenge; and grows quite brilliant at his lordship's expense. 'A l'époque de l'expédition de Lord Elgin, on remplaça, par un pilier de maçonnerie, la Cariatide de l'angle de la Chapelle de Pandrose; cette statue qu'il emporta était la mieux conservée. On écrivit sur la plus voisine, *Opus Phidia*; et sur le pilier informe, *Opus Elgin*.'—(p. 11.)

This would have been fair enough; but unluckily it is not true:—the inscription on the first pillar (which the Count could not read) is in Greek,—'Ελγιν ἐποίησε'; that on the other, (which the Count could not see,) is in Latin—

'Quod non fecerunt Goti
Hoc fecerunt Scoti.'

But though we may indulge a smile at this facetious sally on Lord Elgin, we cannot extend our complaisance quite so far as to humour the Director General of Museums in the effusion of his spleen against a most industrious and meritorious body of artists, to whose labours we are indebted for the best models in ancient art which time has spared to us.

'J'y trouvai aussi plusieurs artistes Anglais ou Allemands; dessinant, mesurant, depuis plusieurs années, avec l'exactitude minutieuse des commentateurs les plus scrupuleux, ces monumens, noble création du génie. Esclaves malheureux des règles, des moindres caprices des anciens, ils écrivent des volumes pour relever une erreur de trois lignes commise en 1680, sur la mesure d'une architrave; ils s'appesantissent, s'endorment, et demeurent huit ans à Athènes pour dessiner trois colonnes.' (p. 13.)

We can easily believe that this spruce Frenchman and his companions would have carried away in their portfolios, not only the 'three columns,' but all Athens, nay, all Greece, in one-third of the time that these 'unhappy slaves of rules' have been 'poring and dosing, and lingering over their labours:' but then, these labours will bear to be examined and compared with the originals; and when they come to be submitted to public inspection, it will not be found that the authors of them, whether English or German, have represented black for white, blue for yellow, red for green, round for square, a land tortoise for a river-horse, or the inverted heads of goats for cherubs on the wing to the abodes of bliss!* Nor will the members of the Institutes or Academies of their respective countries, who may have vouched for their accuracy, need to blush at having imposed on the world their idle conceits and misrepre-

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXVIII. page 240.

sentations, as 'faithful copies of ancient art, carefully traced and accurately coloured from the originals.'

The vanity and self-sufficiency of the Count are mortified beyond measure by the popularity of the English; and his imagination is perpetually haunted by the idea of their intruding themselves into every corner of the East. He is equally offended at the snail-paced diligence of one set of our countrymen, and at the rapidity with which another set are whirled round the world;—*'des Anglais riches, dont l'affaire importante était de traverser la Grèce le plus promptement possible.'* (p. 13.) We suspect however that it would be difficult to find any 'rich Englishman' travelling with greater celerity, or passing the most interesting objects with greater indifference, than the Count himself. It will hardly be credited that this virtuoso, who presides over the paintings, the statuary, and the vast collection of antiquities in the great city of Paris, who travelled with all the pomp and parade of artists and savans in his train, had not the curiosity to go a few miles out of his way to visit the plains of Marathon, the strait of Thermopylæ, or the ruins of Corinth!—that when he quitted 'the city of Minerva,' (to which his researches were confined,) for Constantinople, he blest the favourable south-west breeze which hurried him past the shores of the Troad!—and that he flew from Constantinople to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to St. Jean d'Acre, without attempting to land on a single island of that archipelago which his comprehensive vision had taken in at a glance, or without visiting one spot of classical renown, with the solitary exception of Ephesus!

It was a fine day (it is generally so in September) when the Count arrived at Constantinople, and his eyes were dazzled with the view; the passage-boats were skimming the surface of the water, the domes of the mosques and the gilded shafts of the minarets were illumined with the sun's rays; and no Englishman as yet had crossed his path to disturb his enjoyment of the grand prospect. His heart began to sink, however, when he heard that the plague was raging, and had found its way into the corps diplomatique; and the impossibility of passing the narrow and slippery streets of Constantinople 'without coming in contact with the end of a shawl, or the loose robe or caftan,' was not calculated to allay the agitation of his nerves.

Other troubles assailed him in this great city. Every where the Turks elbowed him, the Jews bowed the head to him, the Greeks grinned at him, the Armenians cheated him, (p. 46.) the dogs barked at him, the pigeons alighted on his shoulders, (this requires confirmation, as his countrymen say,) and while some light-heeled groups were dancing around him, others were dying in agonies; and thus he constantly found himself surrounded with mirth and mourning,

mourning, and peril of the plague. Still no Englishman 'seared his eye-balls,' though their traces were every where visible; and he took the favourable opportunity of speculating on the unaccountable duration of the Ottoman empire. At first, it struck him to be the title *alone* that supports the sultan on the most tottering throne of Europe;—no, not that alone; a moment's reflection told him it was the influence of Russia,—no, that would not do neither:—he reflects for another moment; and the truth bursts upon him in full radiance—'it was England that protected this tottering empire, the weakness of which is favourable to the commercial tyranny of that country!'—The 'commercial tyranny of England' is a cant phrase in the mouth of a Frenchman, which means—what he is always unwilling to express—superior skill, enterprize, punctuality, integrity, and honour.

Having for our own purpose explained what is meant by 'commercial tyranny,' we will, for the individual benefit of Count Forbin, tell him what we consider as an act of commercial meanness. Is the Count acquainted with a certain person, who, when he was sent officially to negociate an exchange of casts of the metopes and other works of art with the British Museum, took advantage of the circumstance, and endeavoured to make it a condition that two hundred copies of his huge volume should be admitted into England duty-free, which, at £2 : 8s. 6d. a volume, (the duty on each,) would have put into his own pocket about five hundred pounds! This act, of which he may be assured no English gentleman would or could be guilty, comes under that description—the Count, perhaps, may give it another name; but its nature will remain unchanged.

At Ephesus, where we left our traveller, he saw several Greek inscriptions on the gate of the Stadium, which he did *not* copy, and two on an arcade in the theatre which he *would have* copied but could not, 'parce qu'elles avaient été laissées rempli de plâtre par des Anglais, amis des sciences et toujours soigneux des jouissances des autres.' The sneer against the hated English could scarcely by any possibility have been so ill applied as in this place; but it shows the utter ignorance of the 'man of art' in matters intimately connected with his profession. Had he really been able to copy Greek, no method could have assisted him so effectually as that of filling up the letters with plaster: this was first ingeniously practised by Colonel Squire while serving in Egypt under the command of Lord Hutchinson; and by it he was enabled to decypher an inscription which had hitherto baffled the efforts of every traveller, (including the whole of Buonaparte's corps of savans,) and to shew that the column vulgarly named after Pompey was in fact erected under the reign of the Emperor Dioclesian. We further

ther infer the Count's ignorance of Greek from his taking no notice of the 'several inscriptions on the gates of the Stadium' in that language; but contenting himself with placing before the eyes of his readers, one in large Roman capitals; (and it is the only one in his book.)—*ACCENSO RENSI ET ASIÆ*, which he tells us is *Latin*. We will take his word for it:—and as he modestly abstains from translating this precious morsel, lest, we suppose, he should appear to insult the understanding of his readers, we cannot do better than follow his example.

As the south-west wind had favoured the Count with a rapid passage through the Dardanelles, so a fresh breeze from the north-west now happily relieved him from the fatigue of landing on any of the islands usually visited by travellers,—Scio, Nacri, Lipso, Patmos, Lero, Colminé, Stanco, or even Rhodes itself,—and on the 6th November he was safely put on shore at St. Jean d'Acre.

Many years have not elapsed since a French army sat down before this city, and put in practice all the means that a ferocious soldiery, headed by a blood-thirsty commander, could devise, to destroy the unoffending inhabitants, and reduce their dwellings to heaps of ashes; and European travellers, as might be expected, have heard only curses loud and deep against the unprovoked aggression.—Not so, however, Count Forbin—his ear was soothed with the most enchanting panegyrics of his brave and humane countrymen—'*Ils parlaient avec admiration des efforts de l'armée Française dans l'orient!*' This is almost too much for the politicians of the Palais Royal to digest.—What! on the very spot distinguished (according to his own avowal) by the most sanguinary transactions of his countrymen—are the inhabitants so lost to every sense of feeling, that, ere the tear is dry upon the widow's cheek, they celebrate the achievements of the French? We should just as soon believe that 'the people of Jaffa, whose plains are still white with the bones of massacred prisoners,' are lavish in their praise and admiration of the prowess and bland humanity of Buonaparte.

It would be useless to follow the Count over various parts of Palestine, or to extract any of his 'reveries' in the Holy city; where, as in Athens, he enjoys a sort of second-sight, different however from that of our northern neighbours, and more safe, as it shews him the past instead of the future,—thus 'the most terrible scenes are presented to his view—the flames of the temple mount into the highest regions of the air, which they kindle into a blaze—the celestial hosts behold them with a holy terror, &c.' (p. 40.) If he enters into any particular remarks, they are generally trite, very often childish, and almost always calculated to give false impressions: they are the less likely to mislead, however, as he generally takes care to refute them himself.

' Dans

‘ Dans toute la Judée, quelques pluies seulement indiquent l’hiver ; l’automne n’apporte point de fruits, le printemps ne fait pas éclore une fleur, et cependant les ardeurs de l’été consomment Haceldama, et tarissent la source de Siloé ; on croiroit qu’il n’y a plus de saisons pour cette contrée malheureuse, —p. 32.

‘ In all Judæa a few showers only indicate winter,’ says Count Forbin. (p. 44.) ‘ The climate of Jerusalem is frequently rigorous during winter ; snow sometimes falls ; and the cold was somewhat intense when we prepared to leave it,’ says the Director General of Museums. (p. 45.) ‘ There are no longer any seasons for this unhappy country,’ says the Count ; ‘ it was winter at Jerusalem, and spring at Jaffa,’ says the Director. (p. 45.) ‘ There are no fruits in autumn, and no flowers in the spring in all Judæa.’ Yet he found great plenty of fruit-trees, and ate also of their fruits ! Had he condescended to open Hasselquist, or to look into the pages of any of the more recent travellers before he wrote, he might have learned that no country in the world possesses a greater profusion of wild flowers than the land of Judah ; —that it is peculiarly adapted for flocks and herds, and bees, and eminently entitled to be called, in the language of Scripture, ‘ a land flowing with milk and honey.’ But it is needless to dwell longer on the Director General’s perplexing description of ‘ this unhappy country,—which has no seasons—no flowers in the spring, and no fruits in the autumn’—when it appears, from his own account, that he never saw it either in spring, summer, or autumn, but only galloped through it at a prodigious rate in the month of November.

The Count left Jerusalem on the 2d December, and returned by Jaffa, where, he says, the Aga frequently spoke of the French armies ; but he prudently suppresses the nature of the conversation. He makes amends, however, for his silence on this subject by the following paragraph, which is in the very best style of sentimental gallimaufry. ‘ How often in this fine climate have I regretted the fogs and cloudy sky of France ! How often have my eyes been turned sorrowfully towards the west !—A young swallow was the companion of my chamber ; it settled every evening on a peg in the wall, and every morning at sun-rise I gave my little friend his liberty. It is not improbable that he came from France ; and he may have quitted a roof which sheltered the object of my tender solicitude.’ (p. 47.) How rural ! as Peter Pastoral says.

From Jaffa he proceeded by Ashdad, Gaza, and El Arish, across the desert, to Egypt. To shorten the tedious uniformity of the way, he listened to a melting tale of love and murder told by an Arab, which he has printed, as ‘ an interesting episode’ ; and embellished with a lithographic print, for the edification of the Parisian antiquaries.

The

The unhappy Count seems doomed, wherever he turns his steps, to meet with nothing but grievances. To say nothing of the English; blind men and buffaloes, processions of marriages, executions and burials, fish-dealers and fellahs, perpetually impeded his way 'among the infectious canals and ruined houses of Damietta': nor was the passage over the plain of Massoura calculated to raise his spirits—for here, says he, the reflection crossed me that I was on the field where 'fortune proved treacherous to French valour.' He soon rallies his spirits, however, and magnanimously declares that, after all, when he recollected the trophies of Buonaparte, and traced the career of the French armies in Egypt, under the shade of the palms which embellished the heritage of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, 'he should have thought himself happy to have been one of the lowest ranks in the rear-guard.' It is not for us to dispute this point, nor to deny that our chivalrous traveller is better fitted for the situation of a corporal in Buonaparte's army than to preside over the arts and antiquities of the Royal Museum of Paris; but we cannot help thinking that he takes rather an ungracious manner of repaying the patronage of Louis XVIII. by such a declaration.

At Cairo, as might have been anticipated, our adventurer observed Turks, Arabs, Copts, Armenians, Jews, asses, mules, camels, pilgrims returning from Mecca, and hungry dogs howling after them, and all jostling and crowding together. 'To escape from the press, I entered,' he says, 'almost all the mosques of the city with bended knees; and protected by my Mussulman costume, mumbled over the formula of the faith, with my beard in close contact with the sacred stone.' (p. 72.) There are so many little oversights in the Count's narrative, so many petty sacrifices of accuracy to effect, that he will, we are quite sure, excuse us for doubting, whether, at his devotions, or on any other occasion, he adopted the 'Mussulman costume.' At Cairo, as in London, nobody cares much about the costume of a stranger: in travelling up the Nile, indeed, a Turkish dress is extremely convenient to prevent troublesome curiosity; yet at Thebes *we know* that the Count wore no such dress; while his flowing beard, instead of being long enough to touch 'la pierre sacrée,' had moulted; and

'his chin new reaped,
Shewed like a stubble land at harvest home.'

But his beard was not the only thing that did not follow him to Thebes; he appears to have left his recollection also somewhere on the road. 'La chaleur (he says) était déjà insupportable à Thèbes dans les premiers jours de Mars.' Now we must remind him that he arrived at Luxor, a village on the site of ancient Thebes, on the 28th of January, and left it *the first week in February*; and consequently

quently could not have suffered from the insupportable heat there in the 'first days of March.' We do not know that the Count will thank us; but some of his fair countrywomen who have 'trembled at his desperate hardihood,' may perhaps feel relieved at being informed that at Thebes, (situated in about 26° of northern latitude,) where 'he found the very pebbles burning hot,' the heat is moderate, and the weather perfectly delightful both in February and March. Again—

'On éprouve souvent pendant le jour, dès qu'on s'éloigne du Nil, une fièvre presque inconnue en Europe, celle de la soif. Cette souffrance cruelle est au-dessus de toute expression; elle a son sommeil, son délire; on rêve douloureusement le souvenir des vallées les plus fraîches, des boissons glacées; et la mémoire devient le tourment le plus terrible de cette maladie Africaine.' (p. 94.)

This African malady, in which 'on rêve douloureusement,' is not, we suspect, confined to the banks of the Nile. Surely the Count cannot suppose that, after all the journees which have been made through every corner of Egypt, it is not perfectly well known, that from Cairo to Assouan, about six hundred miles, the habitable part of the valley of the Nile extends not farther from the river on either side than its waters can be conveyed for the purposes of irrigation; that it is so conveyed in canals; that there is scarcely a mile without a village; and that for these reasons the last solicitude that any traveller need to feel, is about a supply of water.

It was not, however, the dread of a want of water which finally arrested the progress of the Count, and prevented him from treading the soil of Meroe, and of fifty other places, which he *would have* visited, and was the more desirous of visiting because unpolluted by the feet of any English traveller:—such an obstacle would have been nobly surmounted by that spirit of enterprize which had already carried him through so many other difficulties. No—it was a Gorgon, a chimæra more formidable than—but let him tell the dreadful tale in his own words:

'I *had* intended to visit Elephantine, Syene, Philæ, Ipsambul, and to penetrate as far as the island of Meroe, but there enters always more or less a spirit of adventure in these distant excursions; the desire of seeing places that are little known has a powerful tendency to support the fatigues and privations of a long voyage. If every body has been able to see that which we are in search of, disgust threatens us, and discouragement follows it very soon.'—'I no longer experienced a wish to ascend the Nile from the moment I observed an English family arrive at Thebes on their return from the Cataracts. Lord and Lady Belmour had visited a part of Nubia; they had travelled in the most splendid style; three or four large boats followed the one in which they sailed. Husbands, wives, children, chaplains, surgeons, nurses, cooks,—all babbling of Elephantine. From this moment the illusion vanished for me—
there

there was an end of the matter. I even set off from Thebes sooner than I had intended, finding it quite impossible to support the perpetual appearance among these venerable ruins of an English lady's-maid—une femme-de-chambre Anglaise en petit spencer couleur de rose!—

——— filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this?

- 'Having no longer any desire to look at any thing, I departed that very night.*—p. 94.

A smart English waiting-maid in a rose-colour spencer! Well might the gallant spirit that was so desirous of serving in the very rump of Buonaparte's army in Egypt be appalled.—We see him at this moment starting back in visible trepidation, and exclaiming to the unconscious damsel,

'Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.'

If it were worth while to be serious upon so ridiculous a subject, we might ask the Count what, since the Anglophobia had such an effect on his delicate nerves, induced him to leave the purlieus of the Palais Royal? If he ever read at all, even the periodical journals of his own country, he must have known that every spot within his *intended* voyage had already been defiled, and rendered unworthy of his grand enterprize, by the presence of Englishmen, aye, and English women too. But here again we have what the lawyers call a lapse *de facto*: Count Forbin *neither did nor could* see Lord Belmore's family arrive at Thebes; for on the very day (the 13th of January) that his lordship reached Thebes, he was, by his own account, at Cairo. Two English servants, a lady's maid, two seamen belonging to his lordship's yacht, and an Arab procured at Esnè, composed the whole of Lord Belmore's suit; and two boats only made up his formidable fleet! That the Count should mistake *blue* for *rose-colour*, (after the example set him at home,) need not excite much surprize, especially when his situation is considered:—that he has done so, we can take upon us to affirm—*Et nos in Arcadia*.—We happen to know that this *rose-coloured spencer*, which had such important effects on the Count's destiny, and deprived France, and the world, of almost all that he '*would* have seen,' is a *pale blue pelisse*, not much unlike the outer robe of a

* These ludicrous embarrassments of the poor Count have found a sympathizing English critic, who bewails the practice of suffering nursery-maids and boarding-school misses to tread on classic ground, and to disturb the antiquary in his profound researches; and in a high strain of mawkish affectation repines that so many of his countrymen should record their names in 'depositories of the effusions of travelling folly and egotism,' or in 'the police books of the continent.'

Turkish lady, and very well adapted to the purposes of oriental travelling.

But misfortunes never come alone.—To aggravate his distress in the fatal neighbourhood of Thebes, he discovered, on the leg of the colossal statue of Memnon, the name and London residence of an ‘obscure English baronet,’ close by the side of that of Cæsar; but *not* that of General Rapp,—‘because’ (as the Count opportunely assures us)—‘a truly honest ambition is modest.’—Honesty and modesty associated with the name of Rapp!—But he is right—Rapp, as well as his master, employed his short leisure in Egypt in plundering and cutting the throats of the unoffending natives,—a matter far more to the taste of both than engraving their names on granite.

The ‘unpardonable egotism of Mr. Salt,’ whom the Count, with his usual accuracy, designates as a person employed ‘to make discoveries for la Société des Antiquaires de Londres,’ is the last of his tirades which we shall notice.* The specific crime laid to the charge of this gentleman is that of filling up the space round the lower part of the Sphinx, which, under his superintendence, had been opened by Caviglia; and not waiting for the arrival of our learned antiquary, that ‘an active and vigorous investigation might have been entered upon, which could not fail to throw great light on the history of the arts in ancient days.’ However well qualified the Director of Museums may be for assisting in such an investigation, he is completely ignorant of the nature of the undertaking. Had he thought proper to inquire, he would have learned that so difficult was it to keep out the sand, that the labours of the day were frequently frustrated by its falling in during the night, and that in a very few days it would have nearly acquired its former level. Before this took place, Mr. Salt caused accurate drawings to be made of the ground-plan, the temples, the paws, and the inscriptions upon them; (See our No. XXXVIII. p. 409. 416.) but having heard, on his return to Cairo, that the Arabs had, as usual, commenced the work of destruction, and that the women were breaking off fragments to wear as amulets or charms, he immediately dispatched, in concert with Caviglia, some workmen to

* We understand that Count Forbin is again pricked forth in quest of adventures in ‘countries far away.’ He has outstript our advice on the present occasion; but we hope to be in time to advise him, ere his next appearance, to take the opinion of some discreet friend, as he was prudent enough to do on a former occasion at Parma, where he intended to print his ‘Travels in Sicily.’ This friend, having attentively perused his manuscript, conjured him by no means to commit his character with the literary world, as something of history, science, or antiquity, would be expected from a man of his rank and station:—‘But,’ continued he, ‘your work is light and amusing enough, and you need only add a few pretty prints, and change the title to that of “a Sicilian Romance,” and it will do very well as a book for the ladies:—and as a romance it was accordingly published; but we believe not much read even ‘by the ladies.’

cover up, without delay, what the winds would have accomplished in the course of a week. Having thus preserved this ancient monument, after 'an active and vigorous investigation,' it remains for the French consul to uncover it again; if his countrymen are not satisfied with the account of it which we have already given.

The situation which Count Forbin fills ought to set him above those paltry feelings of jealousy which he every where discovers. He cannot possibly expect to gain any credit with the thinking part of mankind for his fretful calumnies against the English. We, however, are fully capable of defending ourselves; but we observe, in addition, an ungenerous and unmanly endeavour (for such we must think it) to depreciate the valuable labours of an unobtrusive foreigner, simply because he happens to be assisted by the British Consul. In this, indeed, the Count is not singular: others of his countrymen have manifested the same unworthy feeling, and one of their journalists, now before us, sobs out that 'it is quite *painful* to think that all the discoveries of Belzoni should go to the British Museum.'

But detraction, it would appear, is not all that Mr. Belzoni has had to sustain from this irrational jealousy. M. Drovetti, French consul, has, as Count Forbin informs us, two agents at Thebes; the one a Mameluke named Yousef, originally a drummer in the French army; the other a Marseillaise renegade of the name of Rizzo, 'small in stature, bold, enterprising, and choleric, beating the Arabs because they had neither time nor taste to understand the Provençal language.' These persons are more than suspected of being concerned in a plot against the life of Mr. Belzoni, who was recently fired at from behind a wall, while employed in his researches among the ruins of Carnac, where these two fellows were then known to be lurking. The affair has been brought before the Consular Court at Cairo, and we trust that M. Drovetti, for the sake of his own character, and that of his country, will not interfere with the judicial proceedings, nor attempt to shelter his agents from the punishment which awaits them.

But Mr. Belzoni had committed an unpardonable offence. A French mineralogist of the name of Caillaud had accompanied some Arab soldiers sent by the Pasha of Egypt in search of emeralds among the mountains between the Nile and the Red Sea. On their return, this person gave out (as we learn from an intelligent correspondent in the Malta Gazette) that, in this expedition, he had discovered the ancient city of the Ptolemies, the celebrated Berenice, the great emporium of Europe and the Indies, of which he gave a magnificent description. Mr. Belzoni, doubtful of the accuracy of the story, set out from Edfoo, with one of the former party, to visit the supposed Berenice, where, instead of the ruins of 800
houses

houses and three temples, as stated by M. Caillaud, he could find no more than 87 scattered houses, or rather cells, the greater number of which did not exceed *ten feet square*, built with unhewn stones, and without cement; and the only appearance of a temple was a niche in the rock, without inscription or sculpture of any kind: there was no land for cultivation, nor any water within twenty-four miles; no communication with the sea but by a rough road over the mountains of twenty-five miles, and the shore was so covered with projecting rocks for twenty or thirty miles on each side, that there was no security even for the smallest boats, much less for ships trading to India. These, therefore, he was quite certain, could not be the remains of Berenice.

As, however, the site of this celebrated city had been fully described by the ancient writers, Mr. Belzoni determined to prosecute his researches; and at the end of twenty days, he discovered, close to the shore, the extensive ruins of an ancient city near the Cape *Lepte Extrema*, the Ras el Auf of the present day; the projection of which forms an ample bay, (now named Foul Bay,) having, at the bottom, an excellent harbour for vessels of small burden. These ruins, which are, beyond question, those of the celebrated emporium founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, were four days' journey from the rude cells of the quarrymen or miners, which M. Caillaud is stated to have so strangely mistaken for the magnificent vestiges of the ancient Berenice. Several wells of bitter water were found among the ruins; and between them and the mountains was an extensive plain fit for cultivation. The remains of more than 3,000 houses were counted, about the centre of which were those of a temple with sculptured figures and hieroglyphics. The temple alone was built of calcareous stone; the materials of the houses consisting of coral rock and other beautiful petrifications; a mixture of Greek and Egyptian remains was observable both in the ruins of the temple and the houses.

Before we quit the subject of Mr. Belzoni, we shall just mention that, previously to his leaving Egypt, he made a tour to El Wah (the bushes), the northern Oasis. He found, as Hornemann had done, the tops of the hills of the desert encrusted with salt, and wells of sweet water rising out of a surface overspread with masses of salt; as Herodotus related two and twenty centuries ago. He found also the remains of what has been considered as the Temple of Jupiter Ammon; but the natives were as jealous and as unwilling to let him see this 'work of the infidels,' as Hornemann had found them to be. The fine rivulet of sweet water, whose source this traveller describes as being in a grove of date trees, and which Brown was told by the people 'was sometimes cold and sometimes warm,' was also visited by Mr. Belzoni; who says he proved the truth of what

what is stated by Herodotus, that this spring is warm in the mornings and evenings, much more so at midnight, and cold in the middle of the day. He procured some of the water, which he means to send to London to be analysed. Had Mr. Belzoni possessed a thermometer, he would have found that it was the temperature of the air which had changed, while that of the 'Fountain of the Sun' remained the same. The fact, however, of the great change of temperature in the twenty-four hours, which is always the case where beds of nitre are found, adds another to the many wonderful instances adduced of the minute attention and accurate observation of the most ancient and valuable writer of profane history.

ART. IV. 1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Highways of the Kingdom, together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them.* pp. 58.

2. *A Practical Essay on the scientific Repair and Preservation of Public Roads*,—presented to the Board of Agriculture by John Loudon M'Adam, Esq. pp. 18.

3. *Remarks on the present System of Road Making, with Observations deduced from Practice and Experience, &c.* By John Loudon M'Adam, Esq. General Surveyor of the Roads in the Bristol District. pp. 47.

4. *An Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages.* By Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. F.R.S. M.R.I.A.

5. *A Practical Treatise on the making and upholding of Public Roads, with a few Remarks on forming Approaches to Gentlemen's Houses; and a Dissertation on the Utility of Broad Wheels and other Improvements.* By James Paterson, Road Surveyor, Montrose.

AMONG the various branches of rural economy which claim the attention of the public, the state of the roads is not one of the least important. All classes of his Majesty's subjects, from the driver of the barouche and four down to the humble cottager who, on the Saturday evening, trudges to the nearest market-town for her weekly supply of tea and sugar, are interested in performing their respective journeys with as much facility as possible.

The increased population and internal commerce of the country, of course occasion an increased wear of the roads, which, in a variety of instances, are still further deteriorated by circumstances of a local nature. Inclosures, paradoxical as at first sight it may appear, have, we believe, in some cases produced this effect. While the greater part of any given district was in a state of uncultivated nature, the inhabitants maintained one or two formed roads

roads in the most important lines of communication, and in other directions took what track they chose, as a Calmuck over his steppe, or a La Platan over his savanna; while the labour and money appropriated to such purposes were applied entirely to the more favoured routes. When, however, in lieu of these common tracks, the high powers of an Inclosure act substituted regularly constructed highways, the road-revenue of the district, as well as the attention of the surveyor, was divided between several lines of road, instead of being concentrated upon one or two. Of inclosures indeed we would speak respectfully, not only as an improvement in other points of view, but as usually facilitating the intercourse between place and place. Canals are an *improvement* (if we may be guilty of the solécism) of a more questionable nature. One of the advantages which we were taught to expect from them, was the preservation of the roads, by the substitution of water-carriage for all heavy commodities. That this has in some degree been the case, we by no means deny. In particular districts however the effect has been the reverse, as the carriage of corn *to* the several wharfs, and of coal, stone, and slate *from* them, has contributed much to destroy the roads in their neighbourhood. In the case of turnpike-roads indeed, the increase of toll may nearly compensate the increase of wear; but to individual parishes, the expense arising from this wharf-traffic has in some instances that have come to our knowledge been enormous.

After all, we would not be understood as contending that the roads of the kingdom are worse than they were ten or twenty years ago; on the whole, perhaps, they are better. It admits of no dispute, however, that they are, generally speaking, bad, and infinitely worse than they would be if the laws for their maintenance were carried into effectual execution; or if the reparations of them were conducted by men of skill and activity: we congratulate, therefore, all the advocates for 'safe and expeditious travelling,' on the increasing influence of the system of Mr. M'Adam. Mr. M'Adam indeed appears to us to be the very Dr. Bell of road-makers. In both gentlemen we see the same zeal for the promotion of a useful object, the same activity of mind and body, the same disregard of personal inconvenience and fatigue. We may add, as another feature of resemblance, that many of the practices of each of these gentlemen had been previously adopted in a variety of instances, but that it required zeal and perseverance like theirs to recommend the entire system to the attention of the public. Increased experience has, with both of them, had the effect of strengthening their conviction of the excellence of their respective systems in general; while it has rendered them more diffident upon some of the minor details,

details. Mr. M'Adam, in his memorial to the Board of Agriculture, says,

'Of that part of the system which relates to the construction of the roads and the appointment of general-surveyors of districts, the memorialist speaks with that confidence which is the result of experience;—but he adds, that, 'having now felt the difficulties of a profession, requiring much statistical information and practical knowledge of country work, with the regular habits of business, the estimation of his own abilities as a road-maker has been much lowered.'—'Many things,' he says, 'which appeared proper in theory, were found unprofitable in practice; and others of obvious utility have been rendered difficult of execution from the obstacles of prejudice and ignorance.'

Dr. Bell has not, so far as we know, made a similar avowal in words, but he has in fact;—by the many changes, which, to the no small discomfiture of distant country schoolmasters, he has so rapidly introduced in his rules and instructions, which were once supposed to be as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians.

It is a fortunate coincidence that Mr. M'Adam's system has attracted so much notice, at a time when employment for the labouring classes is become an object of most anxious inquiry; as it is to be executed by the labour of men, rather than by that of horses; and its operations are to be carried on principally in the winter, when the deficiency of work for the agricultural poor is most pressing. We certainly are desirous of contributing our humble assistance to the promotion of such desirable objects. The treatises of Mr. M'Adam, (whom we must be permitted to consider as an adopted Englishman,) Mr. Edgeworth, and Mr. Paterson enable us to lay each part of the united kingdom under contribution for materials; while the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons gives us something like the collective wisdom of the empire.

We have before us two publications by Mr. M'Adam. The first, which was pretty widely circulated last summer by the Board of Agriculture, consists principally of Instructions for the repair of old roads; the second contains remarks on the mode of making roads; on commissioners and their officers, and on the care of the finances.

Mr. Paterson's is a neatly printed little volume, written in a style which the nature of the subject and the modest pretensions of the author preclude us from criticizing. Mr. Edgeworth's treatise has been long before the public. It is the work of a man of science, combined with much practical knowledge of his subject. The greater part of this volume consists of remarks on wheel carriages, accompanied with an account of some very ingenious and accurate experiments for ascertaining their relative facilities

lities of draught. The remarks on road-making, which were, we believe, first published eleven or twelve years ago, are sensible and judicious.

The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons (which confessedly originated in the improvements effected by Mr. M'Adam) is drawn up with much care, and attention to the interesting body of evidence on which it is grounded. From this evidence we shall make a few extracts; and then, from the mass of materials before us, endeavour to digest into one view some of the leading principles in the art of road-making.

The first witness examined is Charles Johnson, Esq., superintendent of mail-coaches under the Postmaster-General. He states that 'there is great want of skill in forming the road and keeping it in repair, particularly near London;'—that 'the whole town of Egham had been covered with gravel unsifted, eight or nine inches deep from side to side; of which the consequence was, that the Exeter mail lost ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes every night.'—He adds, 'we were given afterwards to understand, that the commissioners had put this particular road under the care of Mr. M'Adam, and at this time I have no sort of occasion whatever to complain of it.'

He is followed by four of the principal coach proprietors in and near London. These gentlemen all concur in their opinion of the badness of the roads near the metropolis,—in complaining of their too great convexity, and of the unskilful manner in which the materials are applied. They all concur, too, in praising Mr. M'Adam. It may be interesting to that portion of our readers, who avail themselves occasionally of the facilities of locomotion furnished by these useful members of society, to give some of the facts detailed in their evidence.

Mr. Waterhouse, whose vehicular head-quarters are at the Swan with Two Necks, keeps 400 horses; those worked within 50 miles of London (which cost on the average £30 each) last about four years; those at a greater distance (costing £15 each) six years. He says that eight horses on the more distant roads would perform as many miles as ten nearer London; that three horses would draw the mail on Mr. Telford's roads in North Wales with as much ease as four on the road from London to Dunchurch;—the excellence of Mr. Telford's roads consisting principally in the smallness of their convexity. Mr. Horne of Charing Cross also keeps 400 horses: he buys 150 every year;—those worked near London last but three years; those at a greater distance double the time, in consequence of their work being lighter, their food better, and their lodging more airy. Mr. Eames (of the White Horse, Fetter Lane) keeps about 300 horses: he finds them last three years in post-coaches,

coaches, and as long again at a distance from London. He says that his drivers represent 'the crossing backwards and forwards through the gravel, heaped sometimes in the middle of the roads near London, as tearing the horses' hearts out.' He further states that the Surry Road is so much improved, that he can travel sixteen miles with more facility than he could formerly travel twelve. Mr. Botham, of Speen, (who keeps more than 100 horses,) and Mr. Fro-mont, both bear testimony to the improvement effected by Mr. M'Adam.

We now come to Mr. M'Adam himself. Of his *practical* directions we shall speak presently : of his qualifications for the task which he has undertaken, our readers may form some judgment from the following extracts from his evidence.

'On my first arriving from America in the year 1783, at the time the roads were making in Scotland, (their turnpike acts being in operation about twenty years at that time,) very many of their roads were made. I was then appointed a commissioner of the roads, and had occasion to see a great deal of road-work. This first led me to inquire into the general method of road-making, and the expense of it. Since that period I have been mostly in Bristol, where I was also appointed a commissioner of the roads; the very defective state of which could not fail to attract my attention. I was induced to offer myself to the commissioners to take charge of the roads as a surveyer; because I found it impossible for any individual commissioner to get the roads put into a situation of being mended with any prospect of success; and no individual could incur the expense of making experiments on a great scale. The roads of Bristol were accordingly put under my direction in the month of January, 1816.

'I have travelled various times during the last twenty years, to ascertain which are the best roads, and which the best means of road-making, over the whole kingdom, from Inverness in Scotland to Land's End in Cornwall. I have obtained all the information that an unauthorised person could expect to receive.'—'More pains and much more expense have been bestowed on the roads of late years, but without, in my opinion, producing any adequate effect, from want of skill in the executive department. I consider the roads in South Wales, in Monmouthshire, in Cornwall, in Devonshire, in Herefordshire, in part of Hampshire, in part of Oxfordshire, and some part of Gloucestershire, as managed with the least skill, and consequently, at the heaviest expense.'—'You asked me with respect to the spirit of improvement; I would wish to explain in what way I think that is proceeding. I have been sent for, and consulted by thirty-four different sets of commissioners, and as many different trusts, and thirteen counties to the extent of 637 miles, all of whom have been making improvements, and I have had many subsurveyors instructed and sent to distant parts of the country.

'The repairs of 148 miles round Bristol, and many expensive permanent

ment improvements and alterations have been made in the last three years, during which a floating debt of upwards 1400*l.* has been paid off, a considerable reduction of the principal debt has been made, and a balance of 2790*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* is remaining in the hands of the treasurer. The Bristol district has been under one trust for twenty years, and in that period the debt has increased to 43,000.—pp. 18, 19.

In a subsequent part of his evidence, he states that, by improved management, the Epsom trust has been enabled to lower the toll on agricultural carriages; and that the road between Reading and Twyford has been made smooth and solid at an expense, including the Surveyor's salary, not exceeding fifteen pounds per week; while their former expenditure, exclusive of the Surveyor's salary, was twenty-two pounds per week. Mr. M'Adam estimates the yearly toll revenue at a million and a quarter from the circumstance of there being 25,000 miles of turnpike roads in England and Wales; and reminds us that the Committee of 1811 estimated the saving which would be made to the country by putting the roads in a proper state of repair, at five millions annually.

Mr. James M'Adam, who has been instructed by his father, mentions some flagrant instances of abuse in the appointment of surveyors. In one instance he found as surveyor, with 60*l.* per annum, a person who had been an underwriter at Lloyd's Coffee House; in another a bed-ridden old man, who employed to execute his office a carpenter to whom the commissioners allowed 20*l.* per annum; in another there were three surveyors, one a cripple, another a carpenter, and the third a coal merchant. To shew in how great a degree his father's system is carried into effect by manual labour, he states that at Reading during eight months, 500*l.* were laid out, 400*l.* of which were for human labour: at Cheshunt, 800*l.* in five months, only forty of which went for cartage: at Wadesmill, 600*l.*; at Royston, 500*l.*; and at Huntingdon 20*l.* per week were all spent in labour.

We next have several gentlemen who, from their experience as commissioners, bear testimony to the merits of Mr. M'Adam. Mr. Cripps, after speaking of the improvements effected near Epsom and the consequent diminution of tolls, says

'I had an opportunity of observing in Sweden, that the roads were more beautiful than any I ever beheld; they are formed in the same manner as by Mr. M'Adam, the materials broken extremely small. The material is the best in the world, as it is rock of granite; and so well do they understand the necessity of breaking them small, that you never behold throughout Sweden a fragment of granite larger than the size of a walnut, for the purposes of the roads.—What is the shape of these roads? To the eye they appear perfectly flat; but upon trial

trial by the spirit level, there is a slight degree of convexity.'—*Evidence*, p. 39.

The remaining evidence is that of some of the most experienced road-engineers and surveyors. From this we shall extract what we think most important to the remarks which we shall offer to our readers upon the laying out, the formation, and the maintaining of roads.

In the original laying out of roads, we are glad to find in favour of some degree of curvature, such good authority as that of Mr. Edgeworth.

'To follow the mathematical axiom, that a straight line is the shortest that can be drawn between two points, will not succeed in making the most commodious roads; hills must be avoided, towns must be resorted to, and the sudden bends of rivers must be shunned.'—
'It may perhaps appear surprising, that there is but little difference in length between a road that has a gentle bend, and one that is in a perfectly straight line. A road two miles long and perfectly straight can scarcely be found any where; but if such a road could be found, and if it were curved so as to prevent the eye from seeing farther than a quarter of a mile of it, in any one place, the whole road would not be lengthened more than one hundred and fifty yards. It is not proposed to make serpentine roads merely for the entertainment of travellers; but it is intended to point out that a strict adherence to a straight line is of much less consequence than is usually supposed.'—*Edgeworth*, p. 12.

We wish this observation could be impressed on those merciless annihilators of rural scenery, the Commissioners of Inclosures. We were perhaps a little disposed to smile at the following passages of Mr. Paterson, though we admit the justness both of his illustration and of his reasons.

'The difference between going over a hill, and round the bottom of it, is not, in point of distance, quite so much as is generally understood. Place, for instance, an egg upon a table: then, from the one end to the other, trace a line upon the shell exactly on the *horizontal* plane: between the same extreme points of the egg, trace a line over the top of it directly in the *vertical* plane; and the length of those two lines will be found to be exactly equal. The same observation will apply, in a greater or lesser degree, to the forming of roads over hilly ground.'—
'There is another remark in favour of the curved line in general, which it may be proper to attend to. Every traveller knows by experience, that in going but a mile or two of a road that is formed on a straight line, the sight of such a distance before him oppresses his mind with fatigue, and he thinks it long till he arrives at the end of his prospect. Or rather, the eye of the traveller taking in such a large prospect at once, the distance appears less than it really is, as is the case in looking over an expanse of water, or an extensive plain. So that in proportion as hope is encouraged by the deceiving prospect, in like proportion will

will he experience disappointment and fatigue as he becomes gradually undeceived by the real length of the road in travelling along it. But in going the same distance of a road that is diversified by several windings, his mind is diverted from the fatigue by the change of scenery that opens to his view, at every turn or winding of the road; so that while he moves along, if he is not amused, he feels it, at any rate, less tiresome than in the former case.'

Inspired, we presume, by the beautiful passage of his countryman on the '*tide of human time*,' Mr. Paterson goes on to moralize on the journey of life: we have neither time nor taste to follow him in his ambitious but desultory course, and must therefore be contented to jog on in more sober guise.

How much may be effected by science and skill in diminishing the obstruction occasioned by hills, is exemplified in the evidence of Mr. Telford, engineer of the Holyhead road, under the parliamentary commissioners.

'On the Welsh part of that road,' he says, 'the inclinations were formerly (in many instances) as much as one in six, seven, eight, nine and ten; the width at the same time frequently not exceeding twelve feet, without protection on the lower side.' Now 'the longitudinal inclinations are in general less than one in thirty; in one instance for a considerable distance there was no avoiding one in twenty-two, and in another for about two hundred yards, one in seventeen; but in these two cases, the surface of the roadway being made peculiarly smooth and hard, no inconvenience is experienced by wheel carriages.'

In the *formation of roads*, one of the most prevailing faults is that of giving them too great a convexity: a fall of three inches, Mr. M'Adam says, from the centre to the side, is sufficient for a road thirty feet wide. The inefficacy of the convexity for the purpose of draining the roads is pointed out by Mr. Edgeworth.

'In all these schemes for carrying off water from the roads by the inclination of the ground it seems to have escaped the attention of those who proposed them, that no lateral inclination of the ground, consistent with the safety of carriages, would empty a rut of three inches deep. So far from this being the case, whoever attends to the fact will find, that even down a moderate slope, where any dirt remains upon the roads, the water will be obstructed.'—'In fact,' he continues, 'roads become dry by evaporation; and where they are exposed to sun and wind, the effects of heat and ventilation are more powerful than any surface drainage that could be accomplished.'—p. 14.

All the materials, of which the surface of the road is formed, should be broken *small*. The reason for this is thus given by Mr. M'Adam.

'It seems an obvious proposition, that the materials of which a road is to be composed, should be reduced to such a size as shall enable carriages to pass over without striking against them, so that they may be consolidated

consolidated by a perpendicular pressure. The size of the stones must be proportioned to that part of the wheel, which will form the point of contact upon a smooth level surface; and this will be found to be about an inch square. When the stones of a road exceed the size of this bearing, the wheels of carriages will keep them in constant motion, and prevent their consolidating, because when a wheel rests only on one part of a stone, the other part rises; or if the stone be so large that the wheel does not pass over, but strikes against it, besides the impediment presented to the carriage, a great damage is done to the road. From this it appears that every stone above a specified size is a positive disadvantage in road-making. Upon a road made of well-ordered materials, wheel carriages will pass over without any jolt or shake; and consequently without that action and re-action between the wheels and the stones, *which is the real cause of the present bad state of the roads of Great Britain.* A rough road can only be a road made of large stones; and as neither use nor change of weather can produce them, the defect must be entirely the work of the road-maker.—*Mem.* p. 5.

Mr. Edgeworth agrees with him. (p. 20.) ‘No stones larger than an inch and a half diameter should be suffered to remain on the road; when much inaccuracy in this respect is suspected, an iron ring may be employed as a gauge.’ Mr. Paterson recommends a ring of a diameter of two inches, or two inches and a half. Mr. M’Adam has the stones broken to the weight of six ounces.

‘Do you find a measure or ring through which the stones will pass a good method of regulating their size?—That is a very good way; but I always make my surveyors carry a pair of scales, and a six ounce weight in their pockets, and when they come to a heap of stones, they weigh one or two of the largest, and if they are reasonably about that weight they will do; it is impossible to make them come exactly to it.’—*Report*, p. 24.

‘In breaking stones for roads,’ Mr. Edgeworth says, ‘the best method is to have them broken by a person *sitting*, and using small hammers.—A hard stone may serve for an anvil, and the stone to be broken may be advantageously held in a forked stick.’ (p. 20.) Mr. M’Adam recommends the employment of women and children in this operation, and adds that his recommendation applies to all materials *universally*. Round gravel and round pebbles never make a tolerable road: but broken stone will combine by its own angles into a smooth solid surface, that cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of weather.’

But though all our authorities agree in the necessity of forming the surface of the road of stone broken small, there is some discordance among them as to the foundation, especially in a swampy soil. ‘When the substratum of a road is *unsound*,’ says Mr. Edgeworth, (p. 18.) ‘it should be covered with faggots of brushwood, with the branches of fir trees, or with furze and heath.

heath: Flat stones, if they can be had, should then be laid over the faggots, and upon them stones of six or seven pounds weight, and lastly, a coat of eight or ten inches of pounded stone.' Mr. Paterson says, 'if the bottom be soft and wet, the *bottom metals* should be much larger than the top;' though he mentions cases in which the large stones will work their way to the surface. Several of the intelligent surveyors examined by the Committee agree in these opinions, and Mr. Telford recommends covering a foundation of clay with vegetable soil. Mr. M'Adam however appears to set this question at rest. In answer to the questions,

'What depth of solid materials would you think it right to put upon a road in order to repair it properly?'—He replies, 'I should think that ten inches of well consolidated materials is equal to carry any thing.'

'That is, provided the substratum is sound?—No;—I should not care whether the substratum was soft or hard; I should rather prefer a soft one to a hard one.'

'You don't mean you would prefer a bog?—If it was not such a bog as would not allow a man to walk over it, I should prefer it.'

'What advantage is derived from the substrata not being perfectly solid?—I think when a road is placed upon a hard substance, such as a rock, the road wears much sooner than when placed on a soft substance.—The road in Somersetshire between Bridgewater and Cross is mostly over a morass, which is so extremely soft that, when you ride in a carriage along the road, you see the water tremble in the ditches on each side; and after there has been a slight frost, the vibration of the water from the carriage on the road will be so great as to break the young ice. That road is partly in the Bristol district: I think there is about seven miles of it, and at the end of those seven miles, we come directly to the limestone rock. I think we have about five or six miles of this rocky road immediately succeeding the morass; and being curious to know what the wear was, I had a very exact account kept, not very lately, but I think the difference is as five to seven in the expenditure of the materials on the soft and hard;—though the hard road lies higher.

'But in forming a road over a morass, would you bottom the road with small or large stones?—I never use large stones on the bottom of a road; I would not put a large stone in any part of it.'

'In forming a road across a morass, would you not put some sort of intermediate material between the bog and the stone?—No, never.'

'Would you not put faggots?—No, no faggots.'

'How small would you have the stones?—Not to exceed six ounces in weight.'

'Have you not found, that a foundation of bog sinks?—No, not a bit of the road sinks: and we have the same thickness of materials on the one as on the other.'

'If a road be made smooth and solid, it will be one mass, and the effect of the substrata, whether clay or sand, can never be felt in effect by

by carriages going over the road; because a road well made unites itself into a body like a piece of timber or a board.'—*Report*, p. 23.

Having observed symptoms of incredulity in some members of the Committee, Mr. M'Adam, on a subsequent examination, corroborated the above statement by the testimonies of Edward Whitting, surveyor of the road alluded to, and by that of R. Phippen, Esq., the treasurer; the former of whom asserts that the general strength of the road is from seven inches to nine, and that he has always considered five tons of stones on the morass, equal to seven over the hills.

Where the road is carried through a wet or springy soil, Mr. Paterson's method of draining is simple, and not very expensive. 'Run,' says he, (page 24.) 'a drain along the middle of the road all the way, from two to three feet deep, as narrow as it can possibly be dug, filling it with stones up to the surface of the road, making those at the bottom of a pretty good size, probably from six to eight inches in diameter. From this leading drain make a branch here and there, to carry off the water to the canals on the sides of the road.'

Attention to these canals or ditches is obviously of considerable importance. In order to obviate the danger occasioned by them Mr. Walker recommends their being formed on the field side of the hedge. 'In a length of road over a marsh where the ditches were obliged to be wide and deep, I ordered,' says he, 'some cuttings of willow to be stuck into the road side of the ditch, which are now so thick and strong, as to be a complete security from all danger.'—We are acquainted with many formidable causeways, where we should rejoice to see this practice adopted.

When a road is well formed, and covered to the depth of eight or ten inches with well-broken materials, the next object is to maintain it in good repair. And here the whole art and mystery consists in constant scraping when the weather is wet and dirty; in continually filling the ruts, (that all the *metals*, as Mr. Paterson expresses it, *may be subjected to equal fatigue*,) and in giving free access to sun and air, by cutting the hedges and stripping the trees by the road side to a certain height; though not to such a degree as is too often practised to the destruction of the timber, and the utter annihilation of all picturesque beauty. When fresh materials are necessary, they should be laid on while the road is in a moist state, and immediately after it has been scraped.

After travelling in a sultry day through clouds of dust, we have often congratulated ourselves upon entering the region of *watered roads*. This, however, Mr. B. Farey, surveyor of Whitechapel Road, tells us is very injurious, if practised *before* May and *after* August, as the water separates the stones and makes the road
spongy

spongy and loose. *Winter-watering*, in heavy foggy weather, and after a frost, he recommends to prevent clogging. 'The traffic in twenty-four hours after watering forms such a sludge as can be easily raked off by wooden scrapers, which is performed as quickly as possible.'—The advantages of this occasional Winter-watering have been very great. (*Evidence*, p. 40.)

In the immediate neighbourhood of London, where the traffic of all descriptions is so considerable, the materials most easily procured, consisting of a clayey gravel, are particularly bad. For these roads, Mr. M'Adam recommends that facilities should be given to the importation of granite chippings from Cornwall, Guernsey and Scotland; and of beach pebbles from the coasts of Essex, Kent, and Sussex. After all, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Edgeworth, that for roads near the capital or great manufacturing towns, 'paving is the only certain method yet known that gives sufficient hardness, smoothness, and permanency.' A *partial paving*, of eleven or twelve feet wide from the foot path, is strongly recommended by all the surveyors examined by the Committee. Mr. Walker (surveyor of Commercial Road, &c.) says, (p. 46.) 'It is not, I am sure, overstating the advantage of the paving, but rather otherwise, to say that, taking the year through, two horses will do more work, with the same labour to themselves, upon a paved road, than three upon a good gravelled road, if the traffic upon the gravelled road is at all considerable.' This statement is abundantly confirmed by the accurate experiments of Mr. Edgeworth. In the Commercial Road the *centre* is paved and the *sides* gravelled. Mr. Walker, however, says,

'that considerable improvement would be found from paving the sides of a road, to the width of 11 or 12 feet, upon which the heavy traffic is great, in both directions, and leaving the middle for light carriages: the carmen, walking upon the footpaths or sides of the road, would then be close to their horses, without interrupting, or being in danger from light carriages, which is the case when they are driven upon the middle of the road; and the improved part being in the middle or higher part of the road, would be more easily kept in good repair.'

'The requisites for forming a good paving are, to have the stones properly squared and shaped, not as wedges, but nearly as octangular prisms; to sort them into classes according to their sizes, so as to prevent unequal sinking, which is always the effect of stones or rows of stones of unequal sizes being mixed together; to have a foundation properly consolidated before the road is begun to be paved; and to have the stones laid with a close joint, the courses being kept at right angles from the direction of the sides and in perfectly straight lines, the joints carefully broken, that is, so that the joint between two stones in any one course shall not be in a line with, or opposite to a joint in any of the two courses adjoining. After the stones are laid, they are to be well rammed;

rammed, and such of the stones as appear to ram loose, should be taken out and replaced by others; after this the joints are to be filled up with fine gravel, and if it can be done conveniently, the stability of the work will be increased by well watering at night the part that has been done during the day, and ramming it over again next morning. The surface of the pavement is then to be covered with an inch or so of fine gravel, that the joints may be always kept full, and that the wheels may not come in contact with the stones while they are at all loose in their places. I have found great advantage from filling up the joints with lime-water, or from mixing a little of the parings or chippings of iron, or small scraps of iron hoop, with the gravel used in filling up the joints of the paving. The water would very soon create an oxide of iron, and form the gravel into a species of rock.'—*Evidence*, p. 46.

To those who are frightened at the expense of paving, we would recommend the following passage.

'If the traffic upon the gravelled road (continues Mr. Walker) is at all considerable, the saving of the expense of carriage will be found to be very great, when compared with the cost of paving. If the annual tonnage upon the Commercial Road is taken at 250,000 tons, and at the rate of only 3s. per ton from the Docks, it could not be done under 4s. 6d.; say, however, 4s., or 1s. per ton difference, making a saving of £12,500, or nearly the whole expense of the paving in one year. I think I am under the mark in all these figures.'

We have insensibly allowed the *operative* part of our subject to occupy so many of our pages, that we have left but little space for the legislative enactments which may be deemed expedient. The Committee professes to have confined its attention to *turnpike* roads. Its principal suggestions are.

1st. The appointment of county or district surveyors.

2d. The union of the several trusts within 10 miles of London.

3d. The combining into one general code or digest all the enactments relating to highways.

With respect to the first of these, the Committee recommends 'empowering the magistrates of every county, assembled at quarter-sessions, to appoint one or more surveyors-general, who shall have the superintendence and management of the turnpike roads within the county, under the authority and direction of the commissioners of the different trusts, to be paid 'by an uniform rate per mile upon all the roads within the county; to be fixed by the magistrates at quarter-sessions, and paid from the funds of their respective trusts.

In the next place, the Committee

'Express to the house their strong recommendation, that a special act of parliament be passed for uniting all the trusts within a distance of about ten miles round London under one set of commissioners. It is to these roads that the heaviest complaints made by the coachmasters

masters and the surveyor of mail-coaches principally apply; and whether an improvement is to be effected by the importation of flint, and other common materials, or by laying granite pavement in the centre or sides of the roads, it is evident that the measure, to be performed in an economical and efficient manner, must be done upon an extended scale; it must become one interest, directed by one select body of men, of weight, ability, and character.'—*Report*, p. 9.

Upon the plan of endeavouring to embody in one act of parliament all that is valuable in the old laws with the addition of such new regulations as are acknowledged to be desirable, (as suggested by the Committee of 1811,) the Committee do not hesitate to avow their opinion, 'that, unless this task, however arduous, be accomplished, the law relating to roads must remain in an incomplete, uncertain, and inconvenient state; they cannot doubt (they say) that the House will agree with them that the promotion of such a measure is deserving of legal assistance on the part of his Majesty's government, to those who are desirous to apply their time and attention to the undertaking.' These suggestions have our unqualified approbation; and we shall rejoice to see them carried into effect.

'A general commutation for statute labour,' recommended by the Committee as well as by Messrs. M'Adam, Edgeworth, and Walker would, we think, be a desirable measure in itself. Mr. M'Adam says that if it were commuted for even half the real value, it would still be a great advantage to the public. We doubt, however, whether it would not be regarded by the majority of the farmers, who have so many claims upon their purses already, in the light of a new tax.

The Committee, as we have seen, have hitherto confined their attention to turnpike roads; we sincerely hope that they will extend it to public highways of every description. We have, it is true, often cause to complain of the unskilfulness and negligence of surveyors on *turnpike* roads, but it is in the nature of things that these faults should be found in a still greater degree in the surveyors of parishes. Indeed we have little hesitation in affirming that it is to such neglect that one-third at least of the turnpike acts owe their existence. Mr. Walker, whose evidence throughout evinces a perfect knowledge of every thing connected with his profession, observes very properly,

'The case of parish roads is still worse, where the inhabitants are, without much regard to their habits of life, obliged in their turns to serve the annual office of surveyor of the highways. If such persons mean to signalize themselves during their being in office, the first step is often to undo what their predecessor has done, or has not perfected; and the love of self and of friends determines them to make sure while they have it in their power, that some favoured roads or lanes are put into

into proper order. If the surveyor is, on the contrary, an unwilling officer, or if the attention to his own affairs prevents him giving his time to the duties of the office, he avoids the fine by accepting the charge, pays the bills and wages without much knowledge of their nature and accuracy, and one of the labourers becomes in fact the road-surveyor; but in every case of annual nomination there is this evil, that, as soon as the surveyor has, by a year's apprenticeship, begun to know something of the nature of the business, his place is filled by another, who comes in for the same time to take lessons at the expense of the parish.'—*Evidence*, p. 51.

The surveyor is not unfrequently a man who makes his sense of public duty subordinate to private advantage, or to feelings of good neighbourhood. Consequently when the weather is too wet to allow of the ordinary operations of husbandry, the farmer's teams are sent to ruin the roads under pretence of repairing them; much of the time is wasted, and not unfrequently some portion of the stones dug and carted at the expense of the parish is shot down in the gateways—perhaps in the farm-yard—of the reluctant performer of statute-duty. The surveyor now and then complains: but, if the culprit is his friend, his courtesy prevents him from remedying the abuse; and if a village rival, he will not do it lest he should appear to be actuated by vindictive motives. For the redress of grievances arising from the remissness of parish surveyors, the public look to the rural guardians of the laws. These gentlemen perhaps expostulate and threaten; but their expostulations and threats are received with civility and promises of amendment, and then treated with neglect. Perhaps the justice is fond of the sports of the field, and fears that any strictness of *regime* on the subject of roads might tend to the destruction of foxes, or to the diminution of his stock of hares and pheasants; animals against which the farmer has no light cause of quarrel on other scores. Or he is a quiet and peaceable man, who cannot bring himself to incur, however undeservedly, the imputation of being an *agitator*; a disturber of the stagnant tranquillity of the neighbourhood. For these and similar reasons, we anxiously wish to see all the parish highways placed under the superintendence of a district surveyor of skill and integrity, free from the influence of local interests and local feelings.*

In the event of any new highway legislation, we would humbly suggest that some protection ought to be given to *footways* in parish

* It might be desirable to empower any petty sessions, acting for a division consisting of two or three hundreds, in case of the roads being much neglected, to appoint a surveyor for such district; remunerating him by proportional payments from the several parishes included in it, and giving him either the sole management of the roads, or merely a controlling power over the parish surveyors. An act to this effect was, we believe, all but passed in 1816. We trust that the promoters of the measure will not be discouraged.

roads. Many such have been recently formed either by the public spirit of individuals, or by parishes at a loss for employment for their poor; but they are out of the protection of the law, and at the mercy of every mischievous wight who thinks proper, in the insolence of his heart, to drive or ride upon them. Those by the side of turnpike roads are protected by pecuniary penalties; and we know not why a similar protection is not also extended to the parish footways.

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- ART. V.—1. *Proceedings in Parga, and the Ionian Islands, with a Series of Correspondence and other justificatory Documents.—By Lieut. Colonel C. P. de Bosset. 1819.*
2. *Exposé des Faits qui ont précédé et suivi la Cession de Parga; Ouvrage écrit originairement en Grec par un Parganiote, et traduit en Français par un de ses Compatriotes; publié par Amaury Duval, Membre de l'Institut Royal de France.—Paris. 1820.*

OF all the people on earth the English feel most sensibly any act of outrage or injustice committed, or supposed to be committed, by the government or its agents; and no other nation has so many facilities of giving scope to those feelings, and of making its indignation heard in every corner of the globe. The speeches in Parliament, the reports of them (not always correct) in the daily newspapers, and the comments of their editors, heightening or palliating the subjects, as may suit their own party-views, or the state of the public mind, rarely permit any act of the government to pass unnoticed. This is as it should be in a free state, and what a generous and highminded people have a right to expect; but it is not as it should be, to abuse the public feeling by garbled and incorrect statements, by misrepresenting facts, ascribing false motives, and, above all, by letting out part only of the truth, and suppressing the rest.

Few questions of minor importance have been more generally misrepresented and more completely misunderstood than that which relates to the measures adopted by the British government, in regard to the restoration of Parga to the Sublime Porte. That there should prevail on the part of our countrymen a strong feeling of regret at the necessity of a measure, which made the inhabitants of a little state abandon for ever their native place, is no more than might be looked for from them, in favour of the weak and unfortunate, without any knowledge of the particular merits of the case: but this amiable bias, however laudable in itself, has in the present instance been most grossly abused by a strange perversion of circumstances, from sheer malevolence on the one hand, (at least we

we can devise no other motives,) and political hostility on the other. The effect has been precisely that which was intended; and that conduct, which really was, and ought to have been viewed as a striking instance of the extent of British liberality, humanity and consideration for the unfortunate, has, with a singular degree of mischievous industry, both at home and abroad, been tortured into a breach of national faith, a dereliction of the true and established maxims of policy, and a wanton or thoughtless sacrifice of an innocent and meritorious people, to whom we were bound by every tie of justice and humanity.

A plain statement of the proceedings respecting Parga, collected from those officers on the spot, on whose honour and character we can fully rely, and from such official documents as have been made public, will, we are confident, convince every unprejudiced mind, that a feeling of kindness for the inhabitants of Parga influenced every measure of the British government; and that the same principle invariably guided the conduct of Sir Thomas Maitland, on whom devolved the difficult and delicate task of carrying these measures into execution.

When Sir Charles Monck opened that furious battery in the House of Commons, which had been charged and pointed for him by a foreigner resident in London,* or, as it is more delicately expressed below, by 'a person who was not a British subject,' the name of Parga vibrated for the first time perhaps on the ears of the greater part of the members of that august assembly.—In vain did they consult their Guthries and their Pinkertons—these geographers were profoundly silent on the subject of this barren rock, which had swollen at once into such importance.—But we must hasten to our subject. To bring the facts of the case under a clear and ample view, we shall first state the nature and origin of our connexion with Parga.

The present town of Parga had no existence before the irruption of the Mahommedans into Greece, which happened about the end of the fourteenth century, though it is pretended that its name was taken from some former town called *Hypargos*, on account of its dependance on Argos. According to Miletius, Paleo-Parga, or *old Parga*, contained a greater number of inhabitants than any other in the Thesprotian division of Epirus; but of this—*etiam*

* 'The Pargiots, who were now reduced to the greatest distress, sent over a statement of their case, with the necessary documents, to be laid before the British Parliament; but having addressed them to a person who was not a British subject, he did not think himself entitled to make any formal application in their name; though we have reason to believe, that the notice which has been taken of their case in Parliament originated in this communication.'—*Edinburgh Review*.

periere ruina. The history of the present Parganotes, however, can be traced only to the period of the invasion of Greece by Mahomet II., when the inhabitants of this part of the coast and the neighbouring villages fortified themselves, in the strongest position which their country afforded, against the Turks; and after the immediate danger had passed away, built the town on the rock where the fort now stands, and surrounded it with a wall. This rock juts into the Ionian sea, opposite the southern end of Corfu, or the northern extremity of Paxo, and is about 240 feet in height; on its summit stands a building which is usually called the citadel. The town consists of one street, and a few narrow lanes; the houses are extremely poor, but have a pretty appearance, from being perched on the sloping side of a hill.

The extent of the territory of Parga is about six miles along the coast, and generally about two in depth; the landscape is beautiful, and affords every where the most picturesque scenery. With the exception of the rock it may almost be said to consist of one continued olive grove, interspersed, however, with gardens, orchards of orange and lime-trees, and little cottages, which, with here and there a tall cypress towering above the rest, give a lively variety and a pleasing animation to the picture. The sides of the hills are planted with vineyards, and the open spaces produce a little wheat and Indian corn, sufficient for about four months consumption of the population; the remainder of their grain being partly purchased with the little returns of their oil, oranges, &c. from the Adriatic, and partly from the territories of Ali Pasha.

At the time above mentioned, the Lion of St. Mark defended the coast and islands of the Adriatic and Archipelago; and the Parganotes, to ensure their escape from the bondage of the Turks, placed themselves, in 1401, under the protection of the Venetians, by whose powerful aid they were enabled by degrees to extend their territory to its present boundary. This tract was, at that time, and till very lately, surrounded by hordes of marauders, held under no rule but that of adventitious circumstances, though nominally subject to Turkey. They were generally joined by parties from Parga, and, when closely pursued, found protection within its walls. This disturbed state of the district of Epirus, along the shores of the Ionian sea, suited the policy of the Venetian government. In fact, it could not possibly have held Parga and its other three principal stations, Butrinto, Vonitza, and Previsa, on the same coast, under any established government; it therefore cherished a system which placed a barrier between its continental possessions and the regular forces of the Turkish dominions. On the fall of that power, however, these rival sons of rapine, who infested every part of Albania, were gradually

gradually extirpated, or reduced to a state of obedience, by the ruling Pasha of that country.

In 1797, the French, after breaking up the Venetian republic, took possession of the Ionian Islands, and, at the same time, of the four positions above-mentioned; but in the following year, when a coalition was formed against France by England, Russia, and the Ottoman Porte, the Ionian Islands surrendered to the allied fleets of Russia and Turkey, under the command of Admirals Oksakoff and Katu Bey; and Butrinto, Vonitza and Previsa fell into the hands of Ali Pasha, who is said to have committed dreadful slaughter on the French, and on those Greeks and Albanians who had taken up arms, and joined the enemies of the Porte.* Parga, however, supported from without by the Sulliot robbers, and within by a French garrison, held out against the Pasha, until the inhabitants found an opportunity of throwing themselves into the power of the Russians, who sent a garrison for their protection.

In 1800 a treaty was concluded at Constantinople between Russia and the Sublime Porte, by which the Seven Islands were erected into an independent republic, under the sovereign protection of Russia; and Butrinto, Parga, Previsa and Vonitza, ceded to the Porte in sovereignty for ever, on certain conditions favourable to these four places, and guaranteed to them by Russia.† In consequence of this treaty Abdullah Bey was sent from Constantinople to govern them, and Previsa was immediately evacuated by Ali Pasha. The Parganotes, however, stubbornly refused submission to the Ottoman power, until the end of 1800, when, by the persuasion of the Russian ambassador at the Ionian Islands, they consented to receive the Bey, and continued, in quiet possession of all their privileges, under the Turkish dominion, for nearly six years.

In 1806 the war broke out between Russia and the Porte, and Veli Pasha, the son of Ali, seized upon Previsa, Vonitza and Butrinto by express orders from the Porte; confiscated the possessions of the Russians; planted there several Ottoman families; and drove the Christian inhabitants into the interior. The Parganotes complain that this was contrary to the stipulation of the treaty—and so indeed it was; but they choose to forget that the people of Previsa had, on a former occasion, joined their arms to the French, with

* If the details of cruelties, whether true or false, were not always disgusting, it would be curious to compare the accounts given on this occasion by Hobhouse, Pouqueville, Duval, and the Edinburgh Review; all so different in their nature and degree, as to raise considerable doubts of the truth of any one of them: those stated by Dr. Holland are entitled to credit.

† These were principally the free exercise of the laws, religion and usages of the country; the inhabitants were to be governed by a Mahomedan Bey, who alone should reside in the territory; and to be subject only to moderate taxes, such as they were accustomed to pay to the ex-Venetian republic.

whom

whom the Sultan was then at war, and bade him defiance. Parga, however, again escaped by calling from Corfu a Russian force for its protection; and when, by the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, the Ionian Islands were delivered up to France, and Berthier was sent as the Governor-General of Corfu, he threw into the place a garrison of three hundred Frenchmen. Ali Pasha, however, having information that the secret instructions of Berthier directed him to occupy the Ionian Islands *alone*, dispatched his effendi to Corfu, to insist on the French troops being withdrawn from Parga; and the general, satisfied of the justice of his demand, informed the Parganotes that he was about to cede the place to the Turkish government, to whom of right it belonged.

Had this determination been carried into effect, the Parganotes were aware, from their previous conduct, that they had little mercy to expect. The Primates therefore repaired in a body to Corfu, and throwing themselves at the general's feet, implored his compassion for their unfortunate countrymen, and besought him not to surrender them to certain destruction. Overcome by their earnest entreaties, the general recalled his orders, and permitted the garrison to remain for the protection of the place, which the French continued to hold as an appendage to the Ionian Islands.

In 1814 the star of Napoleon was visibly declining; and Ali, whom the circumstance did not escape, marched an army to the confines of Parga, and took possession of Aja, a village within the limits. A favourite nephew of the Pasha was shot, at the head of his troops, by a Parganote lying in ambush. No other person was killed on either side, yet the Parganotes boasted of a great victory, and even succeeded in persuading Lieutenant-Colonel De Bosset 'that they had fought desperately in their own defence, and repulsed the Turks;' and that 'the bey had fallen in the action with a great number of his men.*' It is amusing to observe how completely these people duped M. de Bosset, who for a time commanded the garrison, with stories of their warlike achievements.

In the month of March, 1814, when all the Ionian Islands had fallen into the possession of the English, except Corfu, between which and Parga, (then in possession of the French,) all intercourse had become not only difficult but nearly impracticable; and when the relief of the former place by French reinforcements was rendered almost impossible by the closeness of the blockade—the Parganotes, ever on the watch to avail themselves of passing events, and apprehensive that it was the intention of the French to deliver the fortress to Ali, (who, as we mentioned above, had taken possession of Aja,) sent a deputation to the English commandant of

* Proceedings in Parga, &c.

the island of Paxo, requesting the assistance of the British troops, and promising to give up the fortress to them. There was no summons on the part of the British for a surrender of the fort, as stated by the writer of the *Exposé*; the officer in command refused even to send a force to take possession of it, until a written declaration was brought from the principal inhabitants to shew there was no treachery. Two frigates, the *Bacchante* and the *Havannah*, then took on board a detachment of troops to form the garrison, and, on their landing with a party of marines, the French made little or no resistance; and the British troops occupied Parga.

The bravery of the Parganotes has been much vaunted on this occasion, and one of their agents ('who is not a British subject') has supplied the northern critics with a very pretty episode of an old woman smuggling the British flag under her petticoat into the fortress: unluckily, however, for the moral beauty and effect of this story, the flag was carried in by four stout fellows disguised in women's clothes, who overpowered the sentinel, killed a French commissary, and hoisted the English colours. This was the extent of their gallant bearing—but the act afforded them an opportunity of giving a practical commentary on their boasted good faith.*

To return, however, to our subject—no stipulations whatever were entered into by, or in behalf of, the British government with the Parganotes; no other promises made—no other assurances given, than such as held out to them generally a continuance of security and protection so long as the British flag should fly on their fort: and so far was General Campbell from accepting the offer 'to follow the fate of the Seven Islands,' with which they concluded their declaration,† or from giving any encouragement to the deputation of primates, who subsequently went to Corfu to implore him

* When Ali Pasha had got possession of Previsa, as above stated, he warped the Parganotes of the fate of that place, told them he had no desire to make war on them, and only asked a conference to settle the terms on which they should become fellow-subjects of his sovereign—'whatever form of government you wish for,' he added, 'I will grant to you.' The Parganotes, having a strong French garrison, treated this proposal with contempt, and returned no answer. He then wrote to desire they would send away or destroy the French garrison. To this they replied, very properly, that they neither could nor would do so,—'our country,' said they, 'has boasted her good faith for four centuries past, and in that time often vindicated it with her blood. How then shall we now sully that glory?—Never.' This *never* was not of long duration.—In less than eight years afterwards, finding the English the stronger party, they sent the deputation above-mentioned, betrayed the French into our hands, murdered a poor commissary, and would not, we incline to think, have greatly scrupled to destroy them all if we had been atrocious enough to ask it.

† 'We, the undersigned Primates of Parga, engage, on behalf of the population, that at the moment when the frigates of his Britannic Majesty shall appear before our fortress, we will subject our country and territories to the protection of the invincible arms of Great Britain, and will plant on the walls of our fortress her glorious flag; it being the determination of our country to follow the fate of the Ionian Islands, as we have always been under the same jurisdiction.' (Signed, &c.)

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' that the fate of Parga might be united for ever to that of the Ionian Islands,' (a condition which would not have been conclusive, even if he had accepted it,) that he told them in plain terms, (as Sir James Gordon had done before him,) that he could accede to no such condition; but that they might rely on the protection of the British flag, until their fate should be decided at a general peace. It is indeed perfectly obvious that no stipulation of this kind could be made, for Corfu was at the time in full possession of France; and no man would or could, under those circumstances, have been absurd enough to determine by implication that the revival of the Septinsular Republic would form a part of the ultimate arrangements of the allied powers.

General Sir James Campbell reported to his government the step which he had taken, and in which he had been guided by the double motive of humanity and policy;—of saving these unfortunate people from an unconditional surrender to Ali, and of obtaining a temporary possession of a spot which might assist in the effectual blockade of Corfu. The British government approved of his conduct, and directed him to continue to hold Parga *provisionally* in possession, as he already did several of the Ionian Islands, *until their final destination should be arranged at the conclusion of a general peace.* In these instructions from home no assurances whatever were held out to the Parganotes as to their future destination, nor, we repeat it, did General Campbell or any other officer, either at the first voluntary overture of this people, or at the time of surrender, or at any subsequent period, give them any other assurances than those we have mentioned.

It has been falsely asserted that Sir James Campbell verbally confirmed the wishes of the Parganote deputation. Sir James Campbell is dead—but we have before us a letter dictated by him, a few days before his death, in answer to a question put to him by a brother officer, in which he says, ' I can assure you most distinctly, that no officers were at any time authorized by me, *either verbally or otherwise*, to enter into any engagement on the part of the British government, or to give any assurances to the Parganotes, with respect to Parga remaining permanently under the protection of Great Britain.' We wish to direct the reader's attention particularly to this point, because it forms, in fact, the whole gist of the case, and because M. de Bosset has asserted what he had not the means of knowing, and what we know to be directly contrary to truth,—that Captain Hoste (now Sir William) promised the deputies ' they should be considered under the protection of Great Britain, and follow the fate of the Ionian Islands.'*

* *Proceedings in Parga, &c.*

The Parganotes, in reality, were so well aware that no agreement, either written or verbal, had been acceded to, which could unite 'their fate with that of the Ionian Islands;' and that, as a matter of right, they were subjects of the Ottoman Porte, that, having failed with General Campbell, they beset Sir Thomas Maitland, immediately after his arrival, with applications for a more intimate connection, pressing for answers, which of course he constantly resisted.

At the Congress of Vienna, and at Paris in 1815, the governments of Russia, Austria and Prussia, after much deliberation, offered to Great Britain the sovereign protection of the Ionian Republic; and in November of the same year, a treaty was signed, by which the Ionian Islands and their dependencies, *as described in the Treaty of 1800 between Russia and the Ottoman Porte*, were placed under the protection of England. The Parganotes, or their officious agents, affect to be surprized that Parga was not mentioned in the Treaty of Paris, though they cannot but know that every arrangement which related to Parga was comprehended in the Treaty between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, which was still in full force; and that it was only referred to in that of Paris for the sake of description.

By this treaty of 1800, the continental possessions of Parga, Previsa, Vonitza and Butrinto, were restored in full sovereignty to the Porte, and were no longer to form a part of the Ionian Republic, then placed under the sovereignty of Russia. In reference to it, the islands of Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cerigo and Paxo, with their dependencies, (but to the exclusion *by name* of the four places above-mentioned,) were erected into a free and independent state under the immediate protection of Great Britain. In the discussion that took place, the Treaty of 1800, which had been renewed and confirmed in 1812 by that of Bucharest, between Russia and the Porte, made it incumbent on the allied powers to respect the territorial rights of the Porte to the continental possessions of the late Venetian Republic; and they were excluded from the Septinsular Republic, of which, in fact, they had never constituted a part. Thus, when Great Britain was called, in 1815, to the protection of the Ionian Republic, *Parga formed no part of that Republic*. Parga, of course, followed the fate of the other three ex-Venetian states, and became, like them, united to the Turkish empire.

It does not follow that because, in the Treaty of Great Britain with the other powers of Europe in 1815, a reference is made to the Treaty between Russia and the Porte of 1800, for the purpose (and for no other) of determining the limits of the Ionian Republic, and because Parga had fallen by other means, and
by

by the seeking of the inhabitants, with a view to their own safety, into her provisional occupation;—it does not therefore follow, we say, that Great Britain was bound in the most distant manner to interfere, or to see that the conditions which had been stipulated by the Porte with Russia, and which are detailed in the Treaty of 1800, should be fulfilled towards the Parganotes. There is no article in the British Treaty of 1815 which confirms, or by which she takes upon herself, the conditions of 1800; they were perfectly foreign to her; they could not have been listened to for a moment; and that treaty was referred to, as we said before, merely as the means of defining the limits of the new territory to be placed under her protection. As far, therefore, as treaties, or engagements, or promises are concerned, Great Britain might have withdrawn her troops from Parga, and left it open at any time she pleased to the re-occupation of the Ottoman Porte.

But, to be more explicit.—There were three ways in which Great Britain might have acted with regard to Parga. 1st. She might (as we have just said) at once have withdrawn the garrison, and left the Parganotes to themselves. 2dly, She might have taken upon herself the Russian guarantee of 1800. 3dly, She might have kept possession of Parga as an appendage to the Seven Islands. The first would have been inhuman. The second equally so, if we may judge from what took place at Previsa, Vonitza, and Butrinto, under the immediate guarantee of Russia:—that guarantee had proved utterly unavailing to secure the inhabitants from every species of oppression and inhumanity, or against the infraction of every stipulation on the part of the Turks; how then could it be hoped, that Parga, which had given an equal or greater degree of offence than any of them, would escape the vengeance of an unfeeling and exasperated tyrant,—for so they themselves represented Ali Pasha, under whose immediate government they were to be placed?—How could it be hoped that those conditions would be better respected in the case of Parga, than in those of the three places abovementioned, which were equally included in the same treaty? On the contrary, the very act of their having called in a British garrison at the moment when Ali Pasha had made himself certain of obtaining possession of the town, would naturally add to that thirst of vengeance with which the Parganotes supposed him to be actuated against them for former disappointments which their intrigues had occasioned. To stipulate, therefore, with the Ottoman Porte for the fulfilment of these conditions, would have been, in fact, to deliver over the Parganotes to the unlimited fury of Ali Pasha; in whose territories they are situated, and who is supposed to manage the internal concerns of his government, without much consulting the pleasure of his master.

As to the third point;—on what possible pretence we could have kept possession of Parga, as an appendage to the Ionian Islands, (which was the first and only object of the Parganotes,) we confess our lack of ingenuity to discover. We have yet to learn on what principle of justice and good faith we could presume to hold forcible possession of an integral part of the continental dominions of a sovereign which had been restored to him by a solemn treaty concluded by the allied powers of Europe, and while we were holding out the most unequivocal professions of conciliation and amity.

The only real security then, which appeared possible to be found for the Parganotes, was precisely that which was insisted on by Great Britain, namely:—that an option should be given to such of the inhabitants as might wish to withdraw from the continent, with ample time to remove, and compensation from the Porte for the full value of the property which all, thus withdrawing themselves, might leave behind. These conditions, it will readily be supposed, were not obtained without much labour and difficulty; we had, in fact, no right to insist upon them. But it appears that we not only did insist, but uniformly refused to evacuate Parga until they were procured, and until the amount of the compensation should actually be paid into the hands of the British authorities. Nor did we stop here—the officer in command at Corfu was instructed generously to offer to the emigrating Parganotes a settlement in the Ionian Islands, by which they would be united with the people and government, with and under whom they had constantly expressed so eager a desire to live.

Unfortunately for the Parganotes, it happened that, during the delay unavoidably incurred by these gratuitous negotiations in their favour with the Ottoman Porte, certain officious agents in London and Paris, instigated by a few turbulent characters in Parga, found means to infect the minds of the rest of the community with a distrust of the intentions of the British government; as if that government could possibly have any other view than the interests of the Parganotes themselves; or any object to answer besides their advantage, in endeavouring to make for them the best terms that could be obtained. Great pains were taken to persuade them that as, by the treaty of 1815, Great Britain could have no pretensions to the territory of Parga, and as she did not choose to consider herself bound to see the stipulations of the treaty of 1800 fulfilled, she had nothing to do but to evacuate the place:—that she ought therefore to be desired to do so, and leave the Parganotes to defend their fortress—their miserable fortress, against the whole power of Ali Pasha backed by that of the Porte! We will do the Parganotes the justice to believe that they are neither so grossly ignorant, nor so credulous as not to perceive the absurdity of the impudent assertion
‘ that

' that a handful of men is sufficient to keep the place, and that, on the land side, thousands of troops would attempt in vain to take it by force.* These pernicious advisers knew well enough, that the mere attempt at resistance would have been nothing short of devoting the whole people of Parga to inevitable destruction, to be accomplished under every feeling of revenge which their obstinacy would have provoked in the breasts of their enemies ;—for the contest could not have been long, nor the issue of it doubtful. But their atrocious counsel was calculated to answer one of two base ends ; to bring indelible disgrace on the British nation, if it had been followed ; or, to afford the Parganotes an argument (though a bad one) in urging their unfounded claims on Great Britain.

To obviate so dreadful a catastrophe the British ambassador was authorized to announce to the Porte, that the British garrison would be withdrawn from Parga so soon as the Sultan should give his accession to the new settlement of the Ionian Islands, which circumstances, arising out of the war with France, had compelled the allied sovereigns to determine upon ; but not until he had further consented to provide a suitable indemnity for such of the Parganotes as might resolve, from motives of personal security, to remove. We pretend not to be acquainted with all the considerations which may have rendered this latter condition a preliminary of indispensable justice and generosity, as it appears to have been regarded, on the part of the British government ; but we are quite certain we shall be borne out in stating that we had not the shadow of a claim to demand such a concession.—We presume however that the conduct of the Parganotes in assisting to expel the enemy from the place, and the painful events that had previously occurred, in direct violation of every condition of the treaty of 1800, at Previsa, Vonitza, and Butrinto, were deemed to render this humane interference in favour of the inhabitants an imperative act of duty on the part of Great Britain.

But those inhabitants of Parga who might be disposed to remain were equally the objects of British solicitude. As the treaty was still in force between Russia and the Porte, (which the special conditions thus obtained in favour of such of the Parganotes as chose to withdraw, could not be considered as abrogating in any respect,) it was considered that the rights to be claimed under that treaty, by those who should stay behind, ought to be secured to them by the Ottoman Porte. To those rights they were clearly and unequivocally entitled, and to all the privileges thereby granted to them ; and it was competent for Russia at any time to claim the same for them. The British government, however, not being a di-

* Exposé des Faits, &c.

rect party to the treaty of 1800, had no such right of interference; she might endeavour to prevail on the Porte to grant them, without being considered as bound by any obligation to watch over their fulfilment:—and this step she appears to have taken. Having succeeded Russia in the character of protector of the Ionian Islands, and the immediate countenance of a Russian force being thus lost to the Parganotes, His Majesty's minister at the Congress, instead of being ignorant of the state of Parga, or forgetful of the Parganotes, as has been with equal ignorance and impertinence insinuated,* appears to have taken the deepest interest in the security of this little community: this is fully proved by the instructions given to the ambassador at Constantinople, to employ his good offices, in concert with the Russian minister, if necessary, to secure to those who might remain all the privileges to which they were solemnly entitled by the treaty in question.

But let us examine a little closer what would have been our situation with regard to the Ottoman Porte, and what the result, had we insisted on keeping possession of Parga as an appendage of the Ionian Islands, or taken upon us the Russian guarantee for the fulfilment of the conditions in favour, not of Parga alone, but of Previsa, Butrinto and Vonitza, every one of which had an equal claim on our protection in that character. We could have no right to separate the one from the other; for we are at a loss to discover on what principle we are left at liberty to fulfil only such parts of a treaty as may suit our purpose, and reject or violate the rest.

In the first case, we should have held it in direct breach of a solemn treaty concluded with the allied sovereigns of Europe; and contrary to every principle of justice towards its real sovereign; and as far as the political advantage of such a proceeding was concerned, all that was thus unjustly withheld would have amounted to a barren rock on the Ottoman territory,—without the means of resistance,—without funds to create such means,—without the possibility of its ever being of the smallest utility to us,—and with the certainty of generating a spirit of hostility and disgust on the part of our ally, the Porte.

That we might have been able to hold Parga against a Turkish force, is not meant to be denied; but we could have held it only as a military place,—as we hold Gibraltar. It must have been strongly fortified and garrisoned—it must have been held at the enormous expense of £60,000 or £80,000 a-year, besides an immediate outlay of double or triple that sum, to put it into a state of defence;—and even then, we could not have maintained a foot of ground

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXIV.

beyond the walls; for there is no natural boundary to the territory of Parga, which lies open on all sides for the entry of the Turk whenever he pleases. The fort is commanded on three sides by hills higher than itself, the nearest not more than 800 yards, and the farthest 1600 yards from it. Within the fort two small tanks of bad water afford a scanty supply for the garrison and about half of the population. The springs are all on the outside—the principal one a mile from the town—and might at any time be completely cut off by the Turks. What then becomes of the vapouring about ‘the brave Parganotes defending themselves’!—eight hundred undisciplined men, with a few honey-combed guns mounted on rotten carriages, and without a single article of provisions but what must be received from the enemy’s territory, or by sea, and without the means of purchasing any!—And yet we are told, with that ignorant confidence which ceases to surprize by frequent repetition, that to surrender it was most impolitic and injurious to our own interests, as possessors of the Ionian Islands; because—‘Parga was almost the only remaining channel *through which they could be supplied with provisions.*’*—‘Supplied’!—from a territory which scarcely affords *four months’* provisions even to its own inhabitants! Had our garrison depended on the Parganotes for provisions, it must very soon have been starved out. Every necessary of life was in fact received from the territories of Ali Pasha; and even the straw for the soldiers’ paliasses was sent from Santa Maura.

But there is another view of the subject which ought not to be lost sight of. We have taken upon ourselves, at the express desire of the Allied Sovereigns, the office of Protectors of the Ionian Republic. Now, though the occupation of Parga could have no political bearing on those islands, it must have had an intimate connexion with the British forces employed in the protection of them; and looking at it in this point of view, the occupation of Parga would not only have been not desirable, but attended with evils of the greatest magnitude—evils which would materially have interfered with the observance of the duties devolved on us as protectors of the Ionian people. We shall mention only the universal quarantine under which those islands have suffered most heavily, principally in consequence of communication with that useless ap-

* ‘We think it by no means unlikely that the noble lord (Castlereagh) was actually ignorant of the compact made between our officers and the Pargiots, and are almost certain that he was not at all aware of the vast importance of that *place*’ (the Pargiots!) ‘for the *viactualling* of the Islands which we were to retain.’—*Edin. Rev.* No. LXIV. p. 286.

The Northern Seers have for once opined rightly—the noble lord was equally ignorant of any such ‘compact,’ and of the ‘*viactualling* resources’ of Parga.

pendage.

pendage. To relieve 200,000 Ionians from this penalty, is one of the most desirable circumstances that could possibly take place.

The circumstances of the case would be very little different, except in point of expense, had Great Britain adopted the alternative of taking upon herself the guarantee given by Russia in her treaty of 1800 with the Turks. Considering the temper and disposition of the two parties, scenes of irritation, if not of bloodshed, would perpetually have occurred; and, instead of being the friend and ally of the Porte, as it is our interest to be, we should have been transformed at once into its natural and dreaded enemy. In such a state of things, can any one, who reflects on the fate of Previsa, doubt for a moment what would have been that of Parga? and what the disgrace, which, by such a catastrophe, its nominal protectors would have incurred?

In either case, had our negotiators been carried away by the romantic feelings of some, or the morbid humanity of others, Great Britain would have been placed, in respect to the Mahommedan government of Turkey, pretty much in the situation in which we formerly stood in regard to the Mahommedan powers in India; and one in which we could scarcely hope, with all imaginable caution and moderation, not to put to hazard the preservation of peace on the continent of Europe,—a peace which it is certainly neither our interest nor our policy to disturb.

And for whom were these sacrifices to be made?—for the Parganotes, it will be answered,—‘for the independent and virtuous Parganotes, whose men are all brave, and whose women are all chaste and unwatched.’ The inhabitants of Parga, like those of the other Venetian colonies, were a mixture of Greeks, Albanians, and Italians, and, like them too, once possessed, in an eminent degree, all the rude virtues and all the gross vices of these several people. The love of independence, courage, and hospitality, might then be reckoned among the best qualities of a horde of depredators, subject to no regular government: a restless and intriguing disposition, a proneness to quarrel and revenge, a spirit of lawless enterprize and plunder were among their bad ones; and these the Parganotes possessed in common with the rest of the Epirotes, whose character seems to have been justly estimated by Pyrrhus of old, when he bequeathed them to that son of his who ‘wore the sharpest sword.’ It is true, the system of plunder and robbery, so common among most of the Grecian states, and which by some has been softened down under the name of petty warfare, was not considered in any part of Greece in that criminal light in which it is viewed in the more established governments of Europe; but the Epirotes were proverbially ferocious. Though we are not altogether prepared to assert with Mr. Hobhouse, that ‘the character of the Parganotes is amongst

amongst the *worst* of the Albanians,' we see no reason to conclude that it was at all better, at least while the country behind it remained unsettled: for some years past, indeed, the tranquil state of the neighbouring territory has necessarily kept them at home.

The character of a people is long preserved in their national songs. All that were sung by those Albanians of the coast, who accompanied Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse, 'were relations of some robbing exploits;' and 'one of them,' says Mr. Hobhouse, began thus:—"When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us," and the burden was—

'Κλαψις, πῶς Πάργα,
Κλαψις, πῶς Πάργα.'
'Robbers all at Parga,
Robbers all at Parga.'

Much stress has been laid on these people being Christians; as if all the Albanian robbers were not Christians, and had not their *papas*, as well as the Parganotes and the rest of the Greeks;—these are said to be not more strict in their conduct than enlightened in their understandings. 'In most of the crimes committed,' says an intelligent traveller, 'during my stay at Athens, a *papas* was discovered as an accessory; and a gang of robbers, or a boat of pirates, is seldom without its chaplain.* The *papas* of the Parganotes are of the very lowest kind. With respect to the Christianity of either priests or people, it consists merely of a few external ceremonies more senseless than those of the Roman Catholics, and the observance of superstitions more childish and absurd.

The boasted independence and magnanimity of the Parganotes may be estimated from the single circumstance of Parga being held as a Venetian colony and garrisoned with Venetian troops for several centuries. It never defended nor even attempted to defend itself, after the fall of that power; but was always ready to supplicate support from every nation in succession whom it thought the strongest, and to place its feeble fortress in their hands. To the Venetians it merely served as a link in the chain of their continental possessions, now swallowed up in the territory of the Ottoman Porte; in other respects, so conscious were they of its imbecility, and so satisfied of its total want of importance, either in a military or commercial point of view, that they endeavoured from time to time to keep down the population, by withdrawing its inhabitants from the place, and encouraging them to settle in Corfu.

With regard to the superior virtues of the Parganotes, none of our officers, who, from long residence, ought to know them best, discovered any of them except Lieut. Colonel de Bosset. Insulated

* Douglas's *Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greeks*.

indeed,

indeed, as they were, they could not be expected to display either virtues or vices to any remarkable extent; in whatever degree of either they might once have excelled, their scope during the existing generation has been extremely limited. The priests seemed to possess not only the same degree of influence over them that the Romish priests exercise over the peasantry of Ireland, but they were generally (as we have seen) at the bottom of every intrigue. About thirty families of the primates had acquired nearly all the property of the place, by taking advantage of the distresses of the rest, and lending them money at an exorbitant interest. The greatest proportion of the people were wretchedly poor, and obtained their subsistence by labouring in the vineyards and olive groves, in boat-building, and in fishing, at which they were notoriously inexpert. The most respectable part of the population of the town were petty shopkeepers; but the very best of these did not scruple to cheat a soldier out of a penny whenever an opportunity occurred. Money is the soul of a Parganote; and matters of the most trifling amount are the objects of vexatious and clamorous disputes:—their petty courts were thronged with perpetual litigants; and to obtain a dollar a Parganote pleader would harangue through half the day.

For acuteness, low cunning and intrigue, they are quite 'as notorious as the Turks of Negropont, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens;—in a word, like the Græculus esuriens of the satirist, they are

‘ A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all.’

But this and more, say the advocates of the Parganotes, is re-deemed by the ‘bravery of the men and the chastity of the women.’ All robbers must be brave; but since there has been little to do *on the road*, and less in the way of piracy *on the water*, the only instances which we have been able to discover of the bravery of the Parganotes are the two exploits already noticed. We are not disposed to bear hard on the frailties of the fair sex, and are willing to admit that the women of Parga may be chaste, when they have few opportunities, though ‘unwatched,’ of being otherwise: we think too that the awkward custom, mentioned by Colonel de Bosset, of their being lent out on trial before marriage, is an impeachment rather of their parents’ delicacy than of their own. Had M. de Bosset, however, been disposed to tell the whole truth, he might have related, from his own knowledge, that any young Parganote girl was to be purchased *for time*; and he might also have informed his readers, that the daughter of one of the first families in Parga, so beautiful as to be known by the name of the ‘Queen of Parga,’

Parga', was literally transferred by her own father to an officer, who, after a certain period, returned her to his care with the sum of 500 dollars for the usufruct.

The women of Parga are 'handsome,' and, as far as the bust goes, finely shaped; but the whole figure is short, clumsy and ill put together; the men are well made, active, but not 'industrious.' Both sexes are good-humoured and have a winning address. When our troops first entered the town, men, women, and children turned out to greet them; but the story of the inhabitants receiving them 'under arms' is untrue.

We have not made these observations for the sake of detraction, but in the spirit of truth, and for the detection of imposture. The vices of the Parganotes are no more necessary to be held forth than their virtues, in vindication of the measures which have been pursued with regard to them; but they require to be mentioned in order to expose that system of deception which has been practised with such successful assiduity, not only in England, but over the whole continent of Europe, to the prejudice of the honour and character of the British nation; and which M. Duval has the audacity to quote and enforce as 'a proof, which must be added to so many others, of its Machiavelism, avarice, and perfidy.' Had the English officers adopted the same atrocious means of getting rid of the Parganotes, which an infamous French colonel did with regard to the unfortunate Albanians, who had fled for protection to the island of Cerigo, then under his command, *by poisoning the wells*,* M. Duval might have transferred a share of French 'perfidy' to Englishmen:—but the libel to which this 'Member of the Royal Institute' has lent his name is every way worthy of its patron.

But the person to whom the Parganotes were to be delivered affords to their advocates so grand a display of eloquence on crosses and crescents, Christianity and Mahomedanism, that one would think nothing short of another crusade was on the eve of being undertaken against the infidel Albanians for the restoration of 'Christian Parga.' Ali Pasha, under whose immediate government Parga is situated, whom the Parganotes have frequently insulted and irritated, and of whom, therefore, they stand naturally in awe, has been described as a monster of cruelty. We have no desire or intention to come forward as his champions; but be the means what they may, which he has employed to acquire the ascendancy that he now enjoys, he has certainly succeeded in bringing into

* 'I was under the necessity,' says this wretch, whose name was *Pocris*, 'of poisoning their wells, which destroyed numbers of them; this alarming and unexpected event obliged the remainder to fly'—and for what did he resort to this horrible deed? because 'their abode in this island is likely to produce some discussions with our neighbours of European Turkey.'—*Quart. Rev.* No. VI.

complete order a very important tract of country, which was little more than one vast den of robbers; and, as Gibbon remarks, 'though within sight of Italy, less known than the interior of America:'—a country which, before the pashalic of Ali, no traveller could pass through with the slightest probability of escaping from robbery or murder, or both; but in which there is now more facility, and a greater safety in travelling, with better accommodation, than in any other part of the Mahommedan empire. We are told by a traveller, who is not sparing in the exhibition of the Pasha's numerous crimes, that, by his vigorous measures, he has rendered those parts of the country perfectly accessible that were before overrun by robbers, and bettered the condition of his subjects; that 'he has built bridges over the rivers, raised causeways across the marshes, laid out frequent roads, adorned the country and the towns with new buildings, and by many wholesome regulations has acted the part of a good and great prince.* To the same effect we have the testimony of Doctor Holland, who resided at his court for some time, and attended him in a medical capacity; from him we learn that Ioannina is the residence of the most valuable part of the population of Greece, the wealthiest of their merchants, the most respectable of their tradesmen: there (he says) are to be found the best society, the men of learning and science—in short, it appears that the capital of Ali Pasha is as much superior to modern Athens, as London is to Dublin or Edinburgh. Whether the Greeks bear any affection to their Turkish ruler we cannot take upon ourselves to determine; but they are always glad to betake themselves to his dominions, as being more certain of protection there than elsewhere; and why the Parganotes do not choose to trust to that protection is best known to themselves.

But however indefensible the conduct of this chief may have been on many occasions, we are not sure that it is either advantageous to our interests, or (what is more important) to those of the people whom he rules by delegation, that we, in England, should invidiously inquire into all the circumstances of his life, and exhibit his character in the most odious colours, while most of his accusers have been supplied with all their knowledge, and gained all their information, from the extended civilization which he has effected, and from the personal civility which they have received at his hands. To this reprehensible conduct Lord Byron is no party. 'I have,' says his lordship, 'no complaint to make, but am indebted for many civilities, (I might almost say for friendship,) and much hospitality, to Ali Pasha.'

* Hobhouse—*Journey through Albania.*

It was not, however, *with* Ali Pasha that the negotiations respecting Parga were conducted, nor *to* Ali Pasha that it was to be surrendered. The whole arrangement was made, as we have already stated, by our ambassador at Constantinople. The compensation was to be paid by, and the place delivered up to, the Ottoman Porte;—nor was Ali Pasha even consulted until regularly deputed by the Sultan to take possession of the place and to pay the stipulated indemnity.

But the mode in which this arrangement was carried into execution is made another ground of complaint: we shall shew, however, that it was marked throughout by a spirit of justice and fair dealing towards both parties, and of humane consideration towards the unfortunate Parganotes, (for so they may be deemed, though the alternative so much deplored was of their own choice,) such as became the character of a powerful and generous nation.

As soon as the negotiations for giving up Parga were concluded at Constantinople, the Sultan appointed Hadji Khan Hamed Bey his commissioner to take possession of the place, and at the same time to deliver his accession to the treaty, relative to the Ionian Islands. To meet this commissioner, and to arrange matters respecting the valuation of the property, General Maitland nominated Mr. Cartwright, (then British consul at Patras and now consul-general at Constantinople,) as a person who, from his habits of business and his official situation, appeared to be the best qualified for the delicate and difficult task of steering between two conflicting and dissatisfied parties. Mr. Cartwright proceeded to Ioannina, whence Hamed Bey had written to announce his arrival. To give confidence to the Parganotes, on the approach of the commissioners, the Commander in Chief of the Ionian Islands thought fit to reinforce the garrison to three hundred men, and to appoint at the same time Lieutenant-Colonel de Bosset commandant of the place;—a most unfortunate appointment! as it proved the immediate source of all the clamour which has been excited against Great Britain. The weakness of this officer's intellects, which is abundantly conspicuous in every part of his silly book, is a poor excuse for the mischief it occasioned; and a still poorer one for the libel which a sense of decency should have prevented him from publishing on the British government and his brother-officers. That he should give vent to his spleen against Sir Thomas Maitland does not surprise us, as the general soon found it absolutely necessary to remove him from his command. But leaving this; we must observe that Colonel de Bosset's statement with regard to Parga, and especially the share which he assigns (whether through malice, or ignorance, we care not) to Ali Pasha, is utterly

destitute of foundation, and at variance with all the facts of the case.

Without entering into a detailed refutation of this blundering foreigner's representation, and his total misconception of the relation in which Parga stood with regard to Great Britain, it may be sufficient to observe on his conduct that, from the moment he entered Parga, he seems to have kept the inhabitants in a constant state of ferment by encouraging the idea of their being unconditionally given up to Ali Pasha; and while Sir Thomas Maitland, through Commissioner Cartwright, had definitively arranged with Hamed Bey, the Commissioner of the Porte at Ioannina, that the place should not be ceded on any consideration, until the full indemnity for every one's property had actually been received, Colonel de Bosset appears to have countenanced the most idle and absurd reports,—one day taking depositions of certain Parganotes that Ali Pasha was on the frontier; another, that he was assembling an army; another, collecting gunpowder, &c.; while he was quietly residing at Ioannina: so haunted indeed was this officer with the idea of the Pasha's atrocities, that he took it at last into his head that he had formed a plan to poison the bread and water destined for the use of the garrison! While these unfounded alarms were perpetually renewed by his credulity among the poor people of Parga, it could surprise no one but Lieut. Colonel de Bosset that they ceased from following their usual occupations. In fact, he appears to have shared the alarm which he had created, so far that, when the two commissioners arrived on the frontier of Parga, though he had upwards of 300 English soldiers under his command, besides 'the brave Parganotes, who,' according to his own statement, 'were able to defend themselves against the whole power of Ali Pasha,' he was actually so terrified at the idea of Hamed Bey and his *forty unarmed followers*, that he first refused to admit them, and afterwards endeavoured to throw every impediment in the way of their proceeding to the business on which they were specially sent. His officious and unauthorized interference, hampering them in the execution of their duties, produced on the minds of both the commissioners so strong a feeling of disgust, that General Maitland was compelled, as we have seen, to supersede him in the command of the place. Hamed Bey, indeed, distinctly stated that, on calling the inhabitants before him, he found the determination of the *whole* of them to remove had been brought about by the efforts and intrigues of this officer. The cession was thus delayed for a whole year, as Hamed Bey, not prepared for such an event, had to send for fresh instructions to Constantinople.

Displeased as we understand the Sultan was with this unnecessary waste of time, he was at length persuaded to let the whole property of

of Parga be valued, and to consent to pay the compensation :—but here again a source of mischief was discovered arising out of the imbecility and indiscretion of Lieut. Colonel de Bosset. Mr. Cartwright, while at Ioannina, had written to this officer (of whom he knew nothing but his rank) to give him privately some idea of what might be the whole value of the fixed property of Parga ; and how did the colonel set about this confidential and delicate commission?—Just as might be expected : he employed the Parganotes themselves to draw up an estimate of the amount of their own property ! which, as might have been foretold, was nearly thrice as much as it was worth. Can it then occasion any surprize that, on finding the real valuation fall so far short of that which they themselves had given in, the Parganotes should feel or affect considerable dissatisfaction, and raise an outcry against the proceedings of the commissioners ?

The persons appointed by the General to make the valuation on the part of the Parganotes were four gentlemen of respectability on the island of Corfu. With singular care, and after long and continued labour, they took an accurate schedule of the property of every individual within the territory, on which they put the same value that a similar property would be worth on that island. They found the number of houses and cottages to amount to 852, and the number of inhabitants, men, women and children, to 2700, of which 200 were Albanians ;* the number of olive-trees was 80,447 ; of wild olives, 9,486 ; of orange and citron-trees, 23,082 ; of other fruit trees, 13,012 ; and of Valonia oaks, 513 ; besides vineyards and cultivable grounds, all of which were measured. The value of this property, which the Parganotes had stated at 500,000*l.*, was estimated by the Corfu commissioners at 280,000*l.* ; but by those on the part of the Sultan at 56,756*l.* only.

Here then the two parties were again at issue, though not so much as might appear at first sight ; the Corfu commissioners having fixed the value as if the property had been at Corfu, and without any deduction for prompt cash payment ; the first of which, it seems, admits of an abatement of one-third part by the rule in force even under the Venetian government, and the latter, of one-fourth. These deductions therefore would reduce their valuation to about 140,000*l.*

Still, however, the difference was so great between the two valuations as to leave little hopes of coming to any speedy adjustment ; but the perseverance of Sir Thomas Maitland finally succeeded in obtaining for the Parganotes 150,000*l.* (666,000 dollars,)

* * Parga contained a population of about five thousand souls ?—*Edinburgh Review*. This is of a piece with all the rest.

nearly three times the sum estimated by the officers of the Porte. But here again a difficulty occurred. Hamed Bey had provided the payment in Turkish piastres, a miserably debased coin. Had these been accepted, so vast a sum carried into the Ionian Islands would at once have so depreciated the value, as to cause a very considerable loss to the Parganotes, and detriment to the money circulation of the Ionian republic. The voluntary liberality of Hamed Bey, however, smoothed this point of difficulty, and at the expense of 33,000 dollars he procured from Constantinople Spanish and Imperial dollars to the whole amount.

The moment this indemnity was received, the result was publicly proclaimed in specific terms; every inhabitant was explicitly informed of the sum he was to receive, of the amount of the valuation originally made of his respective property, and the diminution in consequence of the subsequent arrangements: and every one was again distinctly told that it was entirely at his own option either to remove or stay. To prevent any mistake, each received a ticket, stating the amount of his individual share; and the result of the whole proceeding was, that, instead of making any objections to the fairness of the valuation, the Parganotes all expressed their satisfaction at what had been done for them, in the strongest and most unequivocal manner; as that excellent officer, Lieut. Colonel Gubbins, their civil governor, who had no small share of trouble on the occasion, will, we are quite sure, be ready to testify.

We should have added that, on the delivery of the tickets, each individual was again informed, that he was still perfectly at liberty to remain, or to accept what had been considered as a fair equivalent for the property which he was about to leave.* They had all, however, made up their minds to quit the place, except one family; and they quitted it accordingly: one of the primates returned the following day, and was kindly received by Hamed Bey, and also by Ali Pasha, who visited the place three days after its evacuation.

On the arrival of the Parganotes at Corfu, it was settled with the Ionian government, that they should be at once, by an act of the legislature, acknowledged as naturalized subjects, and indulged in their anxious wish 'to follow the fate of the Ionian Islands;' giving them, at the same time, permission to settle in any of the Seven without the least restriction on their free agency, other than the obligation imposed on each individual, that, having once made his

* Hamed Bey made known by public proclamation the sentiments of the Porte on this occasion. 'I engage,' says he, 'on behalf of the Sublime Porte, that all those, who from attachment to their beloved country, may remain behind, shall enjoy liberty of every kind, and every thing which regards their religion, without hindrance or molestation, together with every security, and in the most profound tranquillity in all that concerns their condition, their honour, and the respect due to each.'

choice,

choice, he should declare it to the local government of that island on which he had resolved to reside.

Every disposition was manifested on the part of the general (now Lord High Commissioner) to make the situation of the Parganotes comfortable. He offered them lands; to build them a church, a market-place, a court-house, and such other public buildings as might be necessary; to grant the lands on one spot, if they chose it, on which they might erect a *Parga nova*; and he endeavoured, by many other kind offices, to convince them of the deep interest which His Majesty's government had invariably felt for their present comfort, and their ultimate and permanent advantage. The large sums of money, which many of the families had received, enabled them to enter on a more extensive scale of trade than they had hitherto been able to exercise while cooped up in Parga: some fixed themselves in small shops; others had recourse to the carrying trade and to fishing, and few or no complaints were heard among them.

The mischief however, that had been hatching, shortly manifested itself. An account of the speech of Sir Charles Monck, in which all their grievances were stated, with many others of which they had never dreamt, reached Corfu; and we need hardly observe that, however satisfied people in their situation might be, it would be too much to expect they should remain so, or continue to think themselves well treated, when they found persons of distinction in the parliament of Great Britain roundly asserting the contrary, and not only deprecating their lot, but wantonly abusing the government for its cruelty and injustice towards them.*

Without affecting the puling cant of humanity, (so fashionable at the present day,) we can feel what it is for a whole people to abandon a spot to which they had long been riveted by habit, by affection,* by the recollection of pleasures and enjoyments of which they are called upon for ever to take leave—to fly from a country endeared by those early ties, and numerous associations which every hill and rock and rivulet has power to awaken—and to leave behind those roofs which have been the scene of the strongest passions which agitate the human mind—these, in truth, are no slight evils; but when imperious necessity demands the sacrifice, and when

* • When publications in England and in France teem with misrepresentations in their behalf, tending to persuade them of the bad conduct of the British government and of its officers, it can be no matter of surprise that so shrewd a people should be tempted to fabricate new claims and to set up the most exaggerated pretensions. It would be well, however, for the Parganotes, to consider whether the officious meddling of their hot-headed partizans is likely to dispose those, who alone can benefit them, to continue to act in their favour. At all events we are quite sure that the arrogant and bullying tone assumed by M. Duval is not likely to produce that end. Every page of this rancorous pamphlet (which we have reason to believe was manufactured in London) contains a falsehood which the next page frequently detects.

every possible assistance is given to alleviate the less, and to ward off the greater calamity, generosity as well as justice should prevent them from calumniating their benefactors. In justice to the Parganotes, however, it must be added that they were at least resigned to their fate, until they learned the clamour that was raised in their behalf.

After all that has happened, it must be confessed that we are a singular people. The mist through which we look at distant objects has often a wonderful effect in distorting their shape and enlarging their dimensions; and the same things which occur at home without creating an unusual sensation, may fill us with horror if the Atlantic or the Indian ocean chance to roll between. Recent events might furnish more than one striking example of this anomaly, had we leisure to pursue the subject; but we are straitened for time, and our decreasing limits warn us to hasten to a conclusion.

At any rate the degree of compassion which has been excited for the Parganotes is extravagant. If we compare the full and prompt indemnity procured for them, with the slow and scanty pittance granted to that numerous body of American loyalists, to whom we were pledged by every tie that ancient connection and recent devotion and attachment could enforce, we shall find that the balance, we will not say of justice, but of liberality, will preponderate considerably in favour of the former. Of the Americans, many of those, we fear, whose small properties were swept away by the issue of that disastrous contest, received no compensation for their losses, while the very meanest of the Parganotes received the full value of all that he possessed.

What indemnification was granted, we would ask, or what stipulations were made in favour of the great proprietors of any of the French West India islands ceded at the treaty of Amiens? In what way did we interfere to secure either the persons or properties of the numerous French landholders who adhered to their sovereign or his cause, from the tyranny of Buonaparte? But leaving this,—we would gladly learn in what Treaty, for a cession of territory, made by any of the powers of Europe, was any other favourable condition ever granted to the inhabitants of that territory, except that of settling a term, within which those who either belonged to it or were attached to the power who ceded it, should have a right to dispose of their property in the best manner they were able.

Parga alone offers an honourable exemption from this rule; and the paying to the inhabitants the absolute value of the property which they voluntarily relinquished, within the short space of four months, in which all their litigations, conflicting titles, and numerous claims of great variety and complexity were adjusted, does no less

less credit to the active and impartial interference of the British government, than to its disinterested consideration for those who confided in its justice and power.

Here, then we pause—happy in being enabled, at the close, for the gratification of those ex-official agents who profess to have the interests of the Parganotes so deeply at heart, to lay before them the concluding paragraph of a letter which we have just received from Corfu :—

‘ We perceive, by Sir Charles Monck’s speech, that there are 4,000 Parganotes (*high-minded* Parganotes, but, in truth, very great rogues), actually starving in some of those islands: there never were more than 2700 of these people, and they are almost all here, very fat, well fed, and rich. They own that their property has been disposed of most advantageously; and their ready money, in a country where it is very scarce, enables them to strut and domineer, and to take a very considerable share of the little trade, which the Corfiotes enjoyed, out of their hands; the latter, of course, are discontented, but the Parganotes laugh at every body, and absolutely chuckle at the labours of their zealous advocates in England.’

We cannot dismiss the subject, however, without exhibiting one brief specimen of that extraordinary system of delusion with which the public feelings have been abused on this occasion. We quote the moving *spectacle* entire from the *Edinburgh Review*.—‘ Mark now, how I will raise the waters!’—*Launcelot*.

‘ As soon as this notice was given, every family marched solemnly out of its dwelling, without tears or lamentations; and the men, preceded by their priests, and followed by their sons, proceeded to the sepulchres of their fathers, and silently unearthed and collected their remains,—which they placed upon a huge pile of wood which they had previously erected before one of their churches. They then took their arms in their hands, and, setting fire to the pile, stood motionless and silent around it, till the whole was consumed. During this melancholy ceremony, some of Ali’s troops, impatient for possession, approached the gates of the town; upon which a deputation of the citizens was sent to inform our governor, that if a single infidel was admitted before the remains of their ancestors were secured from profanation, and they themselves, with their families, fairly embarked, they would all instantly put to death their wives and children,—and die with their arms in their hands,—and not without a bloody revenge on those who had bought and sold their country. Such a remonstrance, at such a moment, was felt and respected, as it ought by those to whom it was addressed. General Adam succeeded in stopping the march of the Mussulmans. The pile burnt out—and the people embarked in silence;—and Free and Christian Parga is now a stronghold of ruffians, renegadoes, and slaves!’—No. LXIV. p. 293.

Such is the affecting and heart-rending scene, which is represented to have closed what the writer is pleased to call ‘ the tragedy of

of Parga!"—with what deep pathos it is expressed! how appropriate the machinery! how admirable the grouping!—and if one circumstance had not been wanting, the drama would have been quite perfect:—To M. Duval, to the ex-official agents of the Parganotes, and to those who have been concerned in getting up this afflicting catastrophe, the circumstance we allude to may not be considered of much importance—it is simply this: THAT THERE IS NOT ONE WORD OF TRUTH IN IT FROM BEGINNING TO END, AND THAT THE WHOLE IS A FABRICATION. Yes, gentle reader! The families marching out—the priests preceding—the sons following—the procession to the sepulchres—the disinterment of the bones—the *huge* pyre of wood—the firing of it in solemn silence—the troops of Ali, and the deputation of the citizens—the threat of putting to death their wives and children, and dying with arms in their hands—the success of General Adam in stopping the march of the Mussulmans—the burning out of the pile—and the silent embarkation—ALL, ALL THIS MACHINERY AND EVERY PART OF IT, we most positively and unequivocally assert,—and pledge ourselves for the truth of the assertion,—to be an absolute and positive falsehood: and we do not hesitate to appeal, for the truth of our statement, to Major General Sir Frederick Adam, and to Lieut. Colonel Gubbins, who delivered up the place; the latter of whom had been eight months commandant of the garrison and civil governor of the town, and remained in Parga three days after its occupation by the Turkish troops.

Nothing but a determined and premeditated spirit of malivolence could have fabricated a story so utterly destitute of truth. Whether it was wholly imagined, or built on some trifling circumstance, is not material to inquire; but, in either case, it furnishes a criterion by which we may estimate the value of all the other calumnies which have gone forth on this subject. In the statement now submitted to our readers, we are not aware that we have omitted any part of the case, suppressed any fact, or misrepresented any circumstance respecting the restoration of a place, which has been so unworthily raised into importance, and so mischievously thrust forward into public notice.

ART. VI.—'Ελληνική Βιβλιοθήκη. *With Observations relating to the modern Greek Language.* By M. Coray. 8 vols. 8vo. 1819. Paris.

IN comparing the languages of Ancient and Modern Greece, we observe that a very large class of words belonging to the former, is to be found also in the Romaic tongue; and in pursuing our investigation, we discover that various terms and phrases which have been

been generally considered as of recent introduction, occur in writers who preceded the Christian era, or lived in the centuries immediately following it. The Byzantines, by continued study of the works of their predecessors, must, without question, have preserved, to a late period, the knowledge and use of many words of the ancient language: they composed in it, we find, with facility and purity; they collected and transcribed manuscripts, and illustrated the productions of the best authors with *Scholia* and *Commentaries*. The dispute relating to the comparative merits of Aristotle and Plato, in which Bessario, Pletho, Gennadius, Theodore Gaza, George of Trebizond, and other Greeks were engaged, is a proof of the popularity of the works of those philosophers in the fifteenth century. Constantinople continued, until its capture by the Turks, to be frequented by the Latins, who were distinguished for their love of literature. 'The same reputation,' says Æneas Sylvius, 'which Athens had in the days of ancient Rome, does Constantinople appear to possess in our time.'

But the language, in the course of succession, had sustained various alterations in its syntax, in the termination of nouns, in the loss of tenses and cases, in orthography, and accentuation. Two questions, therefore, arise which offer a subject of curious and not uninteresting inquiry: First—to what circumstances the preservation of the Greek tongue, for so long a period, are to be attributed? Secondly, what were the causes which led to the corruption of the modern idiom, and of what nature were the changes introduced, either by the ignorance and barbarism of the Greeks themselves, or by their intercourse with other nations? The discussion of these points will, we conceive, throw considerable light on the history and formation of the Romaic tongue.

The Macedonians, by their conquests, carried the language of Greece to the most remote districts of the East. Many cities in Lesser and Upper Asia were founded by them; among which we may mention Synnada in Phrygia, Stratonice in Caria, and Thyatira in Mysia. They built also towns in the vicinity of Sardes; and various parts of Armenia and Mesopotamia were peopled by them. The terms Syro-Macedones and Syro-Hellenes prove the establishment of their language in Syria; and some of the coins of the sovereigns of the Macedonian dynasty in this country bear Phœnician and Greek characters. The influence of the Greeks, their commercial activity, and their numbers, contributed to preserve the use of the language throughout the East: it is seen on the coins of Daretas and the Abgari, on those of the Parthian monarchs; it is united with the Samaritan on the money of the Asmonean princes; and it occurs in the inscriptions of Palmyra.

Under the reign of some of the kings of Pergamus and Alexandria,

dria, valuable libraries were formed in those cities; they rivalled one another, says Bentley, in the magnificence and copiousness of them; and the protection afforded to literature by the Ptolemies is without example in the history of the world. In the civil wars which followed the death of Alexander, and in the revolutions of Greece and Asia during the progress of the Roman arms, Alexandria was frequented by men of letters from all parts of Greece; they were liberally entertained by the Ptolemies, from whom many of them received annual pensions; and in the *Museum* they were able to prosecute their studies without obstruction. These princes spared no expense in procuring the most valuable copies of the writers of Greece; and the varied erudition which so strongly characterizes the works of some of the poets of the times was in a great measure derived from the valuable library preserved at Bruchion. The sciences of physic, mathematics, astronomy, were cultivated with great ardour by the Greeks of Alexandria; and to the same school belong the grammarians and glossographi. The Ptolemies themselves were authors; the son of Lagus wrote the life of Alexander; Euergetes II. left twenty-four books of Commentaries. The language of Egypt was not neglected; but the Greek tongue seems to have been predominant: it was used in matters of business and commerce, and it is found in the public monuments of the country, sometimes by itself, sometimes associated with that of Egypt.*

The study of the Greek language formed a necessary part of the education of the children of the Romans. After they had received some instruction from a Greek rhetorician, they were sent to complete their studies at Rhodes, Mitylene, Apollonia (ad mare), and at Athens. Every well-educated Roman was conversant with the Greek language, and wrote in it with facility. On the other hand, Rome was crowded with physicians and artists, who came from the states of Magna Græcia, or the neighbouring continent. Philosophers, sophists, grammarians, received the protection of many of the Emperors, who had themselves been instructed by Greeks. Athenodorus of Tarsus and Apollodorus of Pergamus were two of the preceptors of Augustus; Theodore of Gadara, who wrote on the Dialects, was the tutor of Tiberius; Herodian, the son of Apollonius Dyscolus, was patronized by Marcus Antoninus, and dedicated to him his *προσωνδία καθολική*.

The New Testament, as Jortin observes, being written in Greek, 'caused Christians to apply themselves to the study of that most copious and beautiful language.' In consequence of the various readings and alterations in the text introduced by the negligence

* See the Rosetta stone, and the Ptolemaic inscriptions in Hamilton's *Egyptiaca*.

or ignorance of transcribers, a critical examination of the different copies became necessary; and without a considerable acquaintance with pagan literature, the Greek fathers would have been unable to defend themselves against the attacks of their adversaries. Origen, Eusebius, Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory of Nazianzum had diligently perused the authors of ancient Greece, and marks of imitation are frequently discernible in their works; the writings of Plato in particular were familiar to the Greek fathers: the lofty speculations of that philosopher relating to the Deity and to the immortality of the soul had excited their admiration; and many of them had belonged to the Academy before they came into the church of Christ.

In fact, no author of ancient Greece was more studied by the Greeks who wrote in the decline of the Roman, and in the first periods of the Byzantine empire, than Plato; and Ruhnken has remarked, as a singular proof of it, that many passages in Plutarch, Maximus Tyrius, Synesius, Libanius, may be still corrected after the labours of learned commentators by a reference to his works. The pupils of the different sophists also derived from him many expressions to ornament their *Ἱεροποιίαι*, and *Μελέται*, or Declamations; though it must be confessed that, in their imitations, either from want of judgment in the selection of their words, or from an abuse of Attic phraseology, they frequently exposed themselves to ridicule. The letters of Alciphron are an example of the mode adopted by the sophists in teaching Greek: these epistles were probably composed for the sake of shewing his scholars how the language might be written with purity and facility; hence 'his ploughmen and fishermen are made to talk as correctly as Demosthenes and Lysias.' The knowledge of the ancient language enabled the sophists to practise their literary forgeries with some success; and they probably made those additions which are occasionally met with in Greek writers. A great part of the *Myriobiblon* of Photius did not come from the pen of that patriarch; and Heyne discovered in a cursory reading of Manetho more than fifty insititious verses.

The compilation of Dictionaries and Glossaries, and the collection of different Scholia, and of observations relating to the Dialects, assisted the Greeks of the Roman and Byzantine empires in their study of the ancient authors. Some valuable explanatory works had been written by the Alexandrian critics; and from these, succeeding grammarians drew many of their best remarks. In consequence of the change of the language, it became impossible to understand some parts of the Attic writers without consulting them. 'The *γλῶσσαι* of Plato,' says Timæus* in his address to

* *Lexicon*, p. 3.

Gentianus, 'are not only obscure to you Romans, but also to most of the Greeks.'

From the first to the fifth century many cities in the East were crowded with students who attended the lessons of professors in rhetoric and theology. Tarsus, Berytus, and Antioch were celebrated places of instruction. The anniversary of the birth-day of Plato was commemorated at Athens, where a school, supported by rents* from land bequeathed by different persons, long flourished under the superintendence of some of the Platonists. Philosophers and sophists travelled through the provinces, and delivered, publicly, essays or declamations. Various specimens of their ingenuity have reached us; and though, in their extemporaneous discourses, they appear inaccurate in their quotations and inconclusive in their arguments, yet they may be considered as having contributed to preserve and diffuse the knowledge of the language.

After the schools of Athens were suppressed by order of Justinian, and Alexandria was taken by the Saracens, in the seventh century, Thessalonica and Constantinople were the only cities in which any attention was paid to literary pursuits. In the former, according to the testimony of John Cameniates, law, music, eloquence, and the liberal arts were taught in the tenth century. The Byzantine emperors afforded occasionally some protection to letters; this praise is particularly due to Bardas, Leo the philosopher, Constantine Porphyrogenetus, the Comneni, and Manuel Palæologus. Under their patronage, and in the quiet retreat of the monasteries, many copies of the most valuable works of ancient Greece were transcribed. It might be supposed that ecclesiastical writings would particularly engage the attention of the later Greeks; and accordingly we find that the manuscripts of Chrysostom are very numerous; the prose and metrical works of Gregory of Nazianzum were also exceedingly popular; and his namesake, the Bishop of Corinth, in speaking of the Attic dialect, cites, to our surprise, the testimony of that Father; but there is no reason to believe that the poets, orators, and philosophers of antiquity were neglected. From the colophon of the copy of Plato brought to England by Dr. Clarke, we learn that it was written in the ninth century; the Scholia on the Iliad, edited by Villosion, were transcribed in the tenth; in the twelfth, Eustathius wrote his commentaries on Pindar and Homer; and in the fifteenth, Arsenius, Archbishop of Monembasia, collected Scholia on the plays of Euripides.

In addition to the circumstances already mentioned, which contributed to promote a knowledge of the Greek tongue, we must not omit to point out the assistance derived from innumerable in-

* Habebat hæc schola redditus annuos non mediocres. Vales. in Euseb. H. E. x. 142.
scriptions

scriptions which might be found in all parts of Greece, in Asia Minor, and the Greek islands. Many of these preserved remarkable forms of the ancient language, and idioms peculiar to the dialects of different provinces; some were seen in Italy so late as the time of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Pliny; others at Byzantium in the sixth century; and the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius had probably perused the characters on the Sigean stone.

Having stated the causes which preserved the language for so many centuries, we proceed to point out some of the changes introduced between the period when it began to decline in Greece, and received its last corruption under the Byzantines.

The first alteration was effected by the Macedonians about the time of Alexander. The expressions, phrases, and idioms of that people became *nationalized* at Athens.* They were used by Menander and other writers; and perhaps some of the vulgarisms which were remarked in the style of Epicurus may be attributed to the mixture of Attic and Macedonic. The different states of Greece, after their subjection to the Macedonians, were blended into one large community; and the idiotisms and peculiarities hitherto employed in separate provinces yielded to the *communis lingua* which began gradually to prevail, and continued to be the language in general use. The Attic writers were indeed still read and studied with great attention; Ionic and Doric idioms were employed also to a late period; Philopomen uses his native language; and Mandricidas answers Pyrrhus in Laconian. We learn from Strabo that Doric with a mixture of Æolic was spoken in Peloponnesus during the reign of Augustus; a passage in the Scholia of Diomed on Dionysius Thrax mentions the use of ΣΔ for Ζ by the Dorians of his time; in the age of Pausanias the purest Doric of the Peloponnesus was used by the Messenians, and this idiom was preserved so late as the days of Eustathius. To these, other examples might be added, to shew the local prevalence of the dialects; but the general language of composition in use from the time of Alexander was the *Communis Lingua*.†

The highest degree of purity and correctness of style, as Salmasius has observed, is to be found in writers who preceded the age of Demosthenes, or were contemporary with him. After that time, the alteration in the language is very perceptible. In the works of the Alexandrian scholars, we meet with a polished and beautiful diction; but there are also idioms and innovations ori-

* *Μακεδονίζοντας οὐκ πολλοὺς τῶν Ἀττικῶν διὰ τὴν ἐπιμίξιν.* Athenæus, p. 122. A.

† 'That general manner of speech, says Bentley, called *Κοινὴ Διάλεκτος*, the common dialect, which the writers after Alexander's time commonly used, was never, at any time or in any place, the popular idiom; but perfectly a language of the learned, almost as the Latin is now.' Phalaris, 406.

ginating in their own refinements, and deriving no authority from the better ages of Greek literature.* The Septuagint version and various inscriptions discovered in Syria and Egypt present us with singular forms of speech. 'Επολέμησα χώρας, 'I subdued countries,' (where πολεμέω is followed by an accusative case in an unusual manner,) is found in the Adulitan monument of the time of Evergetes; and in Isaiah xxxvi. Psalm cxxviii. Jeremiah xlviii.† Cilician words are also found in the Septuagint: and the common speech of the inhabitants of that city seem to have been a mixture of Macedonic, Jewish, and Ægyptian.

In explaining the phraseology of the Septuagint and the New Testament, critics have frequently drawn their examples from Greek writers who lived under the Lagidæ and Seleucidæ; and as some of these monarchs had invited the Jews to settle in the cities which they built, and others had encouraged them to reside in Egypt, the intercourse between the Jews and Greeks was very great in all commercial towns, and many of the latter became acquainted with the Hebrew idioms. 'Dudum est (says Ernesti) cum docti quidam viri observarunt, Polybium, imprimis, multa habere cum oratione sacrorum scriptorum convenientia.'

The language of the Romans was introduced with their conquests, and corrupted the Greek in many countries where the latter was the vernacular idiom. A remarkable passage in Valerius Maximus‡ shews the attention which the Romans paid to the preservation of their own tongue; and the general diffusion of it in the time of Plutarch is evident from the words used by that writer, Ρωμαίων λόγῳ νῦν ὁμοῦ τι πάντες ἄνθρωποι χρᾶνται. Roman colonists and merchants were established in Greece and Asia Minor; and many inscriptions found in those countries prove the common use of the two idioms. Latin was familiar to the people of Syria; for, in different parts of the New Testament, we not only meet with words of that language, but also with Latin phraseology. When the seat of empire was removed by Constantine, Latin was more commonly spoken at his court than Greek, as French was preferred to English under the Norman conquerors. The speeches of Constantine were composed in that tongue, and then translated into Greek. The coins of the empire, until the reign of Basil the Macedonian, bear Latin legends; and as the language was used by those who were in authority, Libanius expresses some apprehensions lest the Greek tongue should be entirely forgotten.

* See Knight, Proleg. ad Homerum, sec. 172. and Elmsley, ad Aristoph. Acharn. Museum Criticum, ii. p. 205.

† There is a correspondence between some of the expressions in the Sigean decree of the year 278 B. C. and those which occur in the Maccabees. Hebraisms have been observed in the Rosetta and Adulitan inscriptions.

‡ L. ii. c. 2.

The Alexandrian dialect had a great influence on the language of the Greeks of the East. The termination of verbs in *αν*, as *ἵπαν*, *παρήλθον*, and other similar forms, is common in neoteric Greek; and *ἤρσαν*, *ἐκρίνον*, *ἐλαμβάνον*, *ἐφαίνον*, *ἐτίθον*, *ἠγάγον*, *καθείλον*, *ἡμάρτον*, *ἴδον*, *ἀπεθάνον*, *ἐλάβον*, occur in the Septuagint version. No work was more familiar to the Christians of the different provinces than this translation; it was read in the churches of Syria; it was studied throughout the empire in the copies of Hesychius, Origen, and the Martyr Lucian; and was quoted by those who expounded the Scriptures to the lower order of the people.* The influence of this version upon the language of the Greeks was, as Villosion has remarked, similar to that which was produced on the writings of the middle ages by the Latin Vulgate, and on the German tongue by the translation of Luther. The other part of the volume of the sacred Scriptures was equally studied by all the Christians of the empire; and we find some of the Fathers admitting that the purity of their language was affected by their familiarity with the plain and unpolished idiom of the Greek of the New Testament.

The impossibility of rendering some of the Hebrew forms by any corresponding one in Greek, introduced new words into the Septuagint; and the doctrines, rites and usages of Christianity affixed new meanings to those already in use. *Πίστις*, *Δικαίω*, *Ῥύσταις*, *Σάξ*, *Δαιμονιζόμενος*, *Ἀνάθεμα*, and many other phrases have a meaning very different from that which they bear in the writings of ancient Greece. *Θυσιαστήριον*, says Mede, is an expression not known to any pagan writer; it is an ecclesiastical term first employed by the Septuagint writers, as we learn from Philo, to denote a Hebrew word, and to distinguish the altar of the God of Israel from the altars of the idol gods of the Gentiles. *Ἀσυνωμολία* occurs in Aristotle, Pol. l. ii. but in ecclesiastical Greek it means a suspension of the Holy Sacraments; it is found in this sense in the 29th canon of the African church. Compound words of a new form are used by Dionysius the Areopagite, as *ἐξουσιοποιός*, *ἐξουσιαρχία*, *ὑπεράρχιος*, and the Saviour is called *ὁ Θεαρχικώτατος Νους*.

The grammarians who lived in the first ages of the Christian era have noticed some of the alterations introduced in their time. Words used in various senses by the classical writers of Greece were confounded in the second century; obsolete and antiquated modes of speech were employed by some authors who thus became almost unintelligible to their contemporaries. The style of Aelian is full of aniptoses, pleonasms, and an idle use of *ἀλλά γε*, *ἀλλὰ γάρ*, *καὶ*

* Euseb. E. H. Vales. 115.

οὖν καί, καί γὰρ οὖν. Expressions of declining Hellenism have been observed in Strabo; and ἀχοιτίς, a poetical word, is used in prose in the time of Diocletian. In the age of Lucian, the language was scarcely to be found any where in its purity; that author himself is not free from affectation, one of the faults of his contemporaries. The ignorance of Nonnus has been exposed by Heinsius; in the reign of Justinian many words appear with new meanings; αἵρεσις signifying *conditio*, and ἀπειθής, *dissidens*, are peculiar to the Theodosian age. In Epiphanius, ἀφαντοῦσθαι is used for ἀφαντος γιγνέσθαι; πατρίς for *regio*; φορτοῦν for *vexare*, ἡκέναι, for *venisse*, ἀνείκαστος for *non congruens*; and the plural feminine is joined with a verb singular, ὁρᾷ πῶς ἔχει αἰ τῆς ἀληθείας φράσεις. As we advance, the alteration of the language and the decline of good taste become more evident; words of a plebeian stamp, used sparingly by the ancients, occur in Libanius, Themistius, Theodore, Agathias, and Theophylact. Between the sixth and ninth centuries, we find the following changes in the meaning of words; Ἀθλήσις is *monasterium*; ἀμιξία *pugna, tumultus*; ἀναγινώσκειν, *literis erudior*; ἄνθρωποι, *militēs*; ἄρμα, *exercitus*; ἀσπράγαλος, *manus digitus*; ἀξίωσιν ποιεῖν, *actionem contra aliquem intendere*; διαφέρειν τινι, *opponi alicui*, and ὁμιλία, *concio*. Forced metaphors, absurd comparisons, hybridous, and semibarbarous words vitiate the compositions of writers of the sixth and following centuries. Solæcisms; neglect of the laws of metre and rules of accentuation, ignorance of the ancient forms of the language, occur in the poets, lexicographers, and grammarians; while Greek and Latin words are mixed together in a work containing phrases borrowed from Herodotus and Thucydides.

As many expressions occurred in the ancient writers which were difficult to be understood, because they were not in common use, or were peculiar to the dialects, they were changed for others. Eutocius has discarded the Dorisms from Archimedes; the Ionisms of Anacreon have been altered; in some of the odes of Pindar, words of a more recent date are substituted for those of the poet: this is the reason, according to Vizzanius and Bentley, why Ocellus Lucanus, though by birth a Dorian, and though Stobæus quotes some passages of his writings in the Doric dialect, now appears, from his book *De Natura Universi* which is still extant, to have composed it in Attic. Plato had written διανέκεῖ λόγῳ in the Hippias; the first word has been changed into διηνεκεῖ; in the same writer ἀνιδροῦν has been substituted for ἰδέειν, διώκω for διακάθω, ὑπείκω for ὑπεικάθω, and the old form ἐγγχεῖ has given place to ἐγγχεῖμπετ. In Thucydides, (l. vi. c. 22.) instead of the original word κάγχευς, we now read the explanation κριθαὶ πεφυγμέναι; and the glosses in the margin

gin of Hippocrates have often passed into the text. As the ignorance of the ancient language increased, a more popular and simple form of composition was necessary for the generality of readers; the Alexiads of Anna Comnena were translated into the vulgar speech; and the same idiom was adopted by Nicetas, who had written his history at first in ancient Greek.*

The intercourse with those nations which at different times invaded the empire, or settled in parts of it, introduced many new words and expressions, and changed the form of the Greek tongue. In the seventh century the Saracens established themselves in Asia Minor, and Iconium became the capital of their new kingdom; they also subdued Syria, and both Syriac and Greek yielded to the language of the conquerors. In the ninth century, the Venetians traded with the Byzantines, and in the reign of Alexius Comnenus they settled in the city and intermarried with some of the noble families. From the ninth to the eleventh centuries, the Bulgarians were engaged in commerce with the Greeks; and the Hungarians succeeded them in the countries which lie between Constantinople and Germany. In the tenth century the Turks extended their conquests from Persia to the Hellespont; and in the eleventh the empire was attacked in the west by Roger the Norman.

Vulgarisms of various kinds had infected the Greek tongue before the sixth century; but as many manuscripts have been destroyed, we are not able to trace the progress of this corruption. Some of the volumes contained what Photius calls λέξεις πεπατημένες, ἀγοραίους, ἐκ τριόδου. The Romans brought with them many new words and peculiarities of sound and idiom; but the changes were chiefly derived from the neglect and inattention of the Greeks themselves. In some districts of the empire, as we learn from an epigram of Palladas, a practice prevailed of *clipping*, or shortening the final syllables of words.

Τὸν θά, καὶ τὰς κή, τὰν τ' ἄσπιδα καὶ δρυ, καὶ κρα,
Γορδοπεριλάριος αἶθετο Τιμοδίου.†

The compositions of the vulgar poets, in the later ages of the Byzantine empire, influenced the pronunciation of their countrymen; for, according to the measures of their verses, they used, ἔλεγον or ἔλεγασι, λέγεις or λές, λέγει or λέ, λέγομεν or λέμεν, λέγετε or λέτε, λέγουσιν or λέγουν.

The origin of different *Italian* idioms, the use of auxiliaries, and the termination of various words have been traced by Maffei to Latin modes of speech. *Tantum de cartis for tanta carta* occurs

* Gronovii Observ. Liber Novus. Salmas. F. L. H. 208.

† The words are θέγαλα, κημιδας, κρήνος. See Anthol. Pal. t. iii. part 1. p. 142. Notes.

in Vopiscus; the vulgar, as Salmasius has remarked, were accustomed to say *caput de aquila*, 'the head of the eagle.' Volusiano and Gallo are found on coins, as *nominatives*, instead of Volusianus and Gallus; Satis jam dictum habeo (*ho già detto abbastanza*); de Cæsare habeo dictum; habere cognitum Scævola (*aver cognosciuto*); cognitum habeo insulas; habere notata; conductos haberet; are cited by Maffei from Plautus, Cicero, Pliny. De Davo audiui (*l'ho inteso da Davo*), de nocte abiit (*partì di notte*), are in Plautus and Terence. *Hunc* Theatrum, *hunc* prodigium,* and other solœcisms were introduced before the invasion of Italy by the Goths; and a singular document of the time of Justinian proves the corruption which had already taken place.† The *Romaic* language likewise contains many forms of ancient date; some, as Coray has shewn, are remains of the dialects. The changes and the omission of letters were probably frequent at an early period among the lower orders; καλό, κακό, for καλόν, κακόν, were familiar at least to the contemporaries of Aristophanes, though not perhaps adopted by them; as, in one of his Comedies, a Scythian uses, καλό, γλυκερό, πανουργό. (Thesm. 1112, 1187.)

This mode of terminating similar adjectives in *o* instead of *ov* may have been common with the barbarian settlers in the empire; and from them, perhaps, the natives derived this vicious pronunciation. With respect, however, to the word ἔχω, so frequently employed as an auxiliary in *Romaic*, it is not necessary to adopt the opinion of those who think it was particularly used by the ignorant invaders of the empire unable to follow the Greek inflections of the verbs; when we find the Greeks themselves acquainted with such forms as θαυμάσας ἔχω, ἔχεις δουλάσας, ἀτιμάσας ἔχει, γήμας ἔχει, οὐτήσας ἔχεις, βεβουλευκώς ἔχει.‡ Among other idioms which may be traced back to a distant time, we may mention the practice of adding ἵνα to the subjunctive, instead of using the infinitive. We read in Plutarch, Πείθωμεν τὴν Τελεσίπικαν ἵνα μένῃ μεθ' ἡμῶν, where; says his last learned editor, ἵνα μένῃ is used for μένειν; and in Leo, the author of an epigram in the Anthologia, we meet with the same form, Εἰπὲ κασιγνήτῃ κρατεροῦς ἵνα θῆρας ἐγείρῃ, *ut excitet, excitare*. It deserves to be remarked that the same mode of expression is in use among the inhabitants of part of France. Jamais en Anjou dans le Craonnais et dans les autres districts de cette province on ne dit *je voudrais faire, je voudrais aller, mais, comme le Grec moderne, je voudrais que je ferois, je voudrais que j'irois*.§

* Barthii Adversaria, l. iii.

† Quoted in Morhof. de Pat. Liviana.

‡ Herod. i. 27. Eurip. Med. 33. Soph. Œd. T. 577. ib. 699. Œd. C. 701. This form, as Mr. Knight observes, is not found in Homer: 'et Atticorum venia dixerim, recentiorum magis barbariem, quam veterum elegantiam sapit.' Prol. sec. 148.

§ Zalikoglu, Dict. Grec. et François.

The use of *Ας in the sense of 'let' so common in Romaic, occurs in Theophanes, a writer of the ninth century, and in Constantine Porphyrogenetus who lived in the tenth.* Other Romaic words and expressions are found in the same work of Theophanes; as, σάραντα, 'forty,' πιάνω 'I take,' καλοκαίριον, 'summer,' σημεισεύ for ημισείας, ευφήμουν for ευφημοῦσι, and the termination in ιν, for ιον, as μανδύλιν, παιδίιν, θυσιαστήριιν. In Constantine we find the Romaic ἦτον for ἦν, βασιλέα the accusative used instead of the nominative βασιλεύς, σικάνειν, ferre, ἀρχοντόπουλοι filii archontum, καινουργεῖν, novum facere.

It appears, therefore, from these instances that the barbarisms of the language were not confined to the lower orders; but were employed in writing even by persons of rank and education. The treatise 'De Administrando Imperio,' from which some of the preceding vulgarisms are selected, was addressed by Constantine, one of the most learned of the Greek emperors, to his son. The two best scholars of the last days of the Byzantine monarchy, Constantine Lascaris and Bessario used the same depraved idiom; the epistle of the latter to the preceptor of the sons of Thomas Palæologus is written entirely in modern Greek. Philelphus, indeed, assures us, that the courtiers and ladies of rank at Byzantium spoke the ancient language with purity and elegance; but we also know that they likewise employed the vulgar idiom of their times, differing very little from that which is still in use.

It is, however, owing to the cultivation of the language, which was continued to the late period mentioned by Philelphus, that the affinity of the Romaic to the Hellenic is much greater than that of the Italian to the Latin. Amidst the corruptions of the neoteric Greek, we observe in almost every sentence words strictly *Hellenic*, many of which are recognised by every reader as in use among the best writers of the language, and still retaining their form unaltered; there are also others of frequent occurrence in later Greek writers and in Romaic, the date of which is more ancient than is commonly supposed. This part of the subject might be illustrated by many curious examples: a few are subjoined.

Νερό, Νηρό, 'water.' No other word is ever used in Romaic to denote 'water.' Ἐν νηροῖς μυχοῖς, 'in humidis recessibus,' occurs in Lycophron; and Νηρεύς, Νηρίον, Νηρηίδες, Νηρίτης, have

* See the work, De Administrando Imperio, edited by Meursius. From one of the Prefaces of Coray now before us, we select the following instances, shewing how ἵνα, θέλω, ἔχω, *Ας are used in Romaic. Ἐλπίζω ὅτι θέλει εὐρεθῆ ὅστις μέλλει νὰ καθαρίσῃ. 'I hope that some one will be found, who is about to cleanse.'—Ὅταν ἡ γλῶσσα παρήμαζεν, ἡ εἶχεν ἤδη παρήμασαι. 'When the language was declining, or had already declined.' Ἀς με συγχωρήσῃ ὁ φίλος Γαζής νὰ σημειώσω. 'Let Gazi allow me to remark.' *Ας or *Αφς is corrupted from *Αφς. *Αφς ἴδωμεν in St. Matthew, would be Ας ἴδωμεν in Romaic.

all significations referring to the same thing. Salmasius and Hemsterhuys assign a great antiquity to the word. 'In vulgari profecto lingua,' says the latter, 'non pauca sunt ab ultima retro antiquitate repetenda; sicuti cum *aquam* appellant *Nepō*: de qua voce vide sis Hesychium.'

'Ἄλογο, 'a horse.' It is found in Diogenes Laertius, a writer of the third century, applied to a 'beast of burthen.' In the Scholiast on the Ajax Mastigophorus of Sophocles, it bears the signification of 'horse.'

Πολλὰ τὰ ἔτη, is the ordinary salutation in the present day in Greece. It was used in the acclamations of the Greek councils; and ἔτη πολλὰ, Ἰουστινιανέ, is the cry of one of the factions at Byzantium. In convoking the ecclesiastical synods, the emperors employed the phrases τὴν ἡμετέραν Θεϊότητα, τῇ ἡμετέρᾳ ἡμερότητι. Similar formulæ occur in neoteric Greek.

Διάλεγμα in Romaic signifies Ἐκλογή, *selectio*. It was used in the same sense, thirteen centuries ago, by Stephanus Byzantinus.

Γύρος, 'circle,' in Romaic: employed also with the same meaning by Menander and the Alexandrians.

*Ἀσπροι, 'money,' a word derived by the Byzantines from the Latin. Good money was called 'probum et asperum.' In probro et aspero solvere, occurs in Seneca.

Πορνοκόπος is used by Menander; and many words, according to Coray, are formed in Romaic in a similar manner, as Μεθοκόπος, Χαροκόπος, Στενοκόπος, Σταυροκοπῶ.

Ὀροφιαῖος was lately discovered by Hase in a writer of the twelfth century; it is, he remarks, *insolita vox*; but it occurs in an Athenian inscription published by Chandler and Wilkins, the date of which precedes the archonship of Euclid.

Γάμος is used by the Byzantines and modern Greeks in the sense of *συνουσία*. It bore a similar meaning in ancient times. (Villoison, Proleg. ad Hom. xxxviii.)

Σκόροδα. This word is always written and pronounced in Romaic Σκόρδα. It occurs in the same form in the Septuagint, Num. x. 15. and in the Geoponica: and in the compounds, ὀφιοσχορδον σχορδόπρασον in Dioscorides.

Κατέχω is used in Athenæus in the sense of 'I know.' Hodiernis Græcis, maxime Cretensibus, κατέχω est plane synonymum verborum οἶδα, γινώσκω. (Coray, in Athen.)

Ἰδῖωμα, 'dignity, gravity, respectability of appearance,' in modern Greek. In the poem of Erotocritus,* we read,

Πιζοὶ μὲ ζάλα μετρητὰ καὶ διῶμα πορπατοῦσαν,

'Pedestres pedetentim et cum gravitate incedebant.' The word

* This poem, as Col. Leake says, is one of the most esteemed in Romaic. It is certainly one of the longest: it consists of 10,000 lines.

ἰδιωμα, according to Coray, was used also in a similar sense by Theopompus.

Ψάρι, 'fish,' in Romaic. *Ὀψάριον*, 'a small fish,' is found in St. John's Gospel, vi. v. 9.

Πάντα is used now for *πάντοτε*; it occurs in Lucian in this sense twice.

The ancient Greeks applied *χειρομάχαν πληθὺν* to those who obtained their living by their own hands. The Greeks now use *χειρομάχος*.

Ψαμί, the common word for 'bread' in Romaic. In the Septuagint version of Job, *ψαμὸς* has the same meaning.—c. xxiii. v. 7.

Ἀσήμι, 'silver,' in Romaic. The word occurs in Eusebius, E. H. l. 1. *καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα προσέταξε δοθῆναι αὐτῷ χρυσὸν καὶ ἀσημον.*

Χρόνος, 'a year,' in modern Greek. The use of it, instead of *ἐνιαυτός*, is found also in the same work of Eusebius.

Κρασί, 'wine,' in Romaic. *Κράμα*, a word of the same meaning, was used in the time of Justin Martyr for 'wine.' *Ὑδατος καὶ κραμάτος*, 'Aquæ et vini.' Apol. 2. 'et Græci recentiores *κρασί*, et *κρασίον* pro vino simpliciter dicunt.' Gataker Adv. Post. c. v. p. 452.

Ἀναστροφή, in ancient Greek, has the sense of the French word *cercle*, and the Italian, *conversazione*. 'Neo-Græci,' says Coray, '*συναναστροφήν* eodem usurpant sensu.'

Ἀλύπητα has the signification in modern Greek of *ἀφειδῶς*. In the passage of Æschylus,

Ἐφ' οὗ μηδὲ λυπηθῆς πύρι,

μηδὲ λυπηθῆς, declarandum est ex Neogræcorum lingua, *Ne parce*. (Coray in Athen. l. ix. c. 17.)

Σπαθὴ is the usual word to express a sword in Romaic. *Σπάθη* autem vox pura Græca est. (See Jul. Pollux. 10, 31. Fabroti, Gloss. Cedreni.)

Καράβι, the common term in Romaic to denote a ship or vessel. 'Scaphæ a Græcis jurisconsultis *κάραβοι* dicuntur.' (Heinsii Ex. Sacræ in Act. Apos. 320.)

There are two subjects connected with the present inquiry, namely, the pronunciation of the letters of the language, and the accentual mode of reading and speaking, on which we shall beg leave to offer a few concluding remarks.

I. AI and E are pronounced alike by the modern Greeks; Villoison has shewn that they were confounded in the time of Augustus; and, in an epigram of Callimachus, *ἔχει* answers in echo to *ναίχι*. The similarity of sound prevailed at a much earlier period; we find AAKMEΩΝΙΑΗΣ on the Sandwich marble; and in an ancient

cient inscription copied by Spon; and the following line is quoted from Timocles in Athenæus,

‘Ο παῖν δι’ μακρῶς Ἀλαμίν’ ἐκτίφατο.

The same sound is given to EI and I by the modern Greeks. These letters were frequently confounded in former times. ANAKTEI occurs in a very ancient inscription found by Colonel Leake in Asia Minor; EIDIAN on the Heracleian Tables; ΔΙΕΙΤΠΕΦΕΣ on a marble of Attica of remote date. EI and I, as Valckenaer has remarked, were pronounced alike in the time of Ammonius, or in the beginning of the second century: and *τίμην, πόλιν, γινώσκόμενος* are written with *ει* in the letter of Mark Anthony to the Aphrodisians, A. U. 720.

Λ is pronounced in some words in Romaic instead of Π; as *ἀχλάδια* for *ἀχράδια*. One of the most learned of the ancient commentators, the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius says, *συγγενὲς τὸ Λ τῷ Π*; and adds, *Ἀχράδας* was sounded as *Ἀχλάδας*; and we find from another grammarian, that the Greeks said *ὕδρηοί, ἐμπολός, Δάμαλις*, instead of *ὕδρηοί, ἐμπορός, Δάμαρις*.

T is now pronounced in Romaic, in some words, as Δ. This is not a modern innovation; it appears from an inscription, published by Gruter, that *διὰ πάντων* was written in Latin, *DIA PAN-DON*. (Scalig. Anim. in Euseb. Chron. p. 118.)

EI and H have the same sound in modern Greek. ‘Singularis locus est apud Aristophanem in Vespis, de confusa et valde affini jam tum permutatione τῶν *ει* et *ή*, ubi ait Poëta

ἢ ἐξίχῃ
εἴλη κατ’ ἄρθρον, ἡλιάσει πρὸς ἡλίον. v. 771.

ludit in similitudine vocum *εἴλη*, et *ἡλιος* et *ἡλιάζων*.—*Casauboniana*, p. 49.

The sound of no letter has been so much the subject of debate as that of B. It is pronounced in Romaic like the English V. The following illustration of the power of this letter by Chishull will lead us to doubt whether it had always that sound. In the third century before Christ, we find, he says, the letter N changed into M as often as it precedes a word beginning with either of the labials B or Π, or Μ; as *τὴν βασιλείαν, τῶν πραγμάτων, τὴν μὲν. ἰσρείαν*; in the compounds we read, *ἐμβάλλω, ἐμπίπτω, ἐμμένω*; in Latin, *imbibo, improbo, immuto*. This mode was introduced on account of the easier prolation of the sound; the two cognate letters being expressed by one motion of the mouth. ‘Hinc vera illa et antiqua elementi B, compressis labris, pronuntiatio, hoc saltem loco et tempore demonstratur.’ (*Ant. Asiat.* p. 54.)

The same sound is now given to Υ and Ι, that of our English *ee*. But Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in his treatise *De Compos.*, plainly marks the distinction between the two letters. ‘There is,’

is,' he says, 'a considerable contraction of the lips in sounding Υ ; but the lips give no effect to the sound of I ; the breath is driven against the teeth, and the mouth is open a little.' From the representation of the note of the cuckoo, in the Birds of Aristophanes, we cannot suppose that the letter Υ had the modern sound of *ee*. $\chi\alpha\pi\theta\delta\ \delta\ \kappa\acute{\omicron}\kappa\upsilon\chi\ \epsilon\acute{\iota}\pi\omicron\iota\ \kappa\omicron\kappa\upsilon\kappa\acute{\upsilon}$.—v. 505.

Γ is sometimes pronounced soft as I ; thus $\gamma\upsilon\alpha\iota\kappa\alpha$ becomes *Yeenaka*. At what period this practice was first introduced, we have not been able to ascertain; but the copyist of Ammonius must have given to γ the sound of I , as he writes $\epsilon\rho\gamma\omicron\upsilon$ for $\epsilon\rho\iota\upsilon$. *Id ex pronuntiandi ratione ortum*, says Valckenaer.

OI and I have been confounded in pronunciation for many centuries. In the inscriptions relating to the Christian martyrs of Nubia, we find ΓENITO , $\text{KO}\Lambda\text{ΠΙΣ}$, for ΓENOITO , $\text{KO}\Lambda\text{ΠΙΟΙΣ}$. They also give I for ei , as $\epsilon\tau\epsilon\lambda\iota\acute{\omega}\theta\eta$ for $\epsilon\tau\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\iota\acute{\omega}\theta\eta$ —'he suffered martyrdom.'

It is easy to imagine that innumerable errors must have arisen in consequence of the same sound being given to AI and E , to OI , H , Υ , I ,* EI . In transcribing manuscripts the copyist often wrote from dictation, and, misled by the sound, substituted one word for another. The mistakes originating in this confusion were so great, that Theognotus, a grammarian of the ninth century, delivered a number of rules pointing out in what cases AI and E should be written, and in what OI and Υ .

II. In the common practice of reading the Greek language the accent is disregarded, because it is found almost impossible to apply it, and to give at the same time to different words their proper quantity; though it does not always happen that the latter is preserved according to this mode. With the modern Greeks the accent is employed; but the syllable over which it is placed has, in consequence, a *lengthened* sound. The pronunciation of Οὐλομένην , as Mr. Knight has remarked, will exemplify the faults of the two systems; in Romaic the word evidently becomes Ουλομένην ; and, according to the common practice, Ουλόμμενην .

This misapplication of the acute accent, according to the mode practised by the modern Greeks, is of early date. $\Phi\alpha\delta\rho\alpha\mu\omicron\varsigma$ is a dactyl in Plautus; and the middle syllable of $\Phi\iota\lambda\iota\pi\pi\omicron\varsigma$ is shortened in the same writer. The three last syllables of *Orionis* ($\text{Ο}\rho\iota\omega\upsilon\omicron\varsigma$) form a dactyl instead of an anti-bacchius in Ovid; *strictumque Orionis ense*. The unaccented syllables in these instances seem to have been pronounced rapidly, while a stress was laid on those

* While this article is going through the press, we observe in some inscriptions copied in Nubia, apparently with great accuracy, by Mr. Burckhardt, a curious instance of the change of H for Υ ; it is also of considerable antiquity. ΜΗΤΡΟΝΗΜΟΤ ΙΕΙΔΟC , p. 124, is ΜΥΤΡΩΝΗΜΟΤ Ι . In another, p. 101, we have $\text{ΤΗΝ . . . ΠΙΩΝΤΜΟΝ ΕΙCΙΝ}$.

which are accented. The Asiatic Greeks committed similar errors; Philostratus mentions a Cappadocian sophist, Pausanias, who, when he spoke, 'lengthened short syllables, and shortened long ones.' Αἴγινα, the name of the island Ægina, and Μάχινα are dactyls in the Anthologia. In the age of Ausonius, Prudentius and Sidonius we find the accent used with a power similar to that which it had among the vulgar in the days of Plautus; εἶδωλα is *idōla*, and Ἀρατος, the middle syllable of which is long, becomes Ἀραῖτος; the ω in τρίγωνος is shortened by Ausonius; Ἐυριπίδης has the penultimate long in Sidonius; the second syllables of ἔρημος and ποιήσις are shortened by Prudentius. It has been contended that these Latin writers would not have employed the accent with a lengthening power, unless a similar mode of speaking had been familiar to the Greeks of their own time. It probably prevailed at first among the lower orders of Romans; and the more they mixed with the Greeks in their conquests of different countries of the east, the wider the corruption would be diffused. According to the neoteric Greeks the acute had a lengthening power; the scholiast on Hephæstion* says that the ο in ὄφιν, in Homer, is long from the position of this accent; and Eustathius thinks the acute is the *θεράπεια*, or 'restorative medicine,' in the following verse of the same poet.

Βῆν' εἰς Αἰόλου κλυτὰ δῦματα.

If we find in the poems of Gregory of Nazianzum, a violation of the rules of metre, and a prolongation of short syllables bearing the acute accent, we may properly conclude that the same errors were general in his time, or at least were committed by those less learned than himself. In different parts of the works of this Father the following lines have occurred to us, each of which contains a false quantity.

Καὶ σὺ Γευργίῳ φίλοι δίμας.

*Ω φοβερὰὶ ψυχῶν μάστιγις οὐχ ὀσίων.

*Αἰρα φέροντα πάσης Καισάρει σοφίης.

Τὸ τρίτον αὖ σίπλισσι ἄηρ καὶ γαῖα καλόφθη.

Ἐνθάδε Βασιλίῳ Βασίλειοι ἀρχιερεῖα.

We have in our own language verses written in the 13th century with the same cadence as the Στίχοι Πολίτικοι of the Greeks; and Heinsius has observed that a measure of a similar kind was employed by the ancient Hebrews. It was used by the Byzantines at an earlier period than is generally supposed; and we find it regularly formed in Simeon Metaphrastes, a writer of the ninth or tenth century.

*Αναλογίζου ταπεινὴ ψυχὴ μου παιναθλία.

* See Gaisford's Hephæstio, p. 181.

In the eleventh, the same measure is employed by Michael Psel-lus, in some lines addressed to the Emperor Constantine Mono-machus, and by Philippus Solitarius in his *Dioptra*; in the twelfth, Constantine Manasses composed his *Chronicle*, and the *Loves of Aristander and Callithea* in Political verses: they were used about the same time by Theodorus Prodrumus and Nicetas Eugenianus.

The verses written in this measure are thought by Heinsius to have been formed from the iambic tetrameter catalectic; but Leo Allatius describes them as trochaic; and if we read the following line of Aristophanes with the accentual cadence alone, we have a complete 'Versus Politicus.'

Εἰ δὲ τυγχάν τις ἡμῶν δραπέτης ἰστιγμῆρος.

It is unnecessary to pursue the changes of the language any farther. The capture of Byzantium drove the scholars of Greece into Italy, and interrupted the study of the ancient language; but no alterations have been made since that time in the neoteric idiom, except such as have arisen from the introduction of Turkish and Italian words. The works which appeared in the three centuries following the capture of Constantinople, possess little or no interest; they consist of homilies,* romances, and bad translations.

Before that event took place, the copying of manuscripts afforded employment to numerous scribes. Many of these volumes were fortunately carried into Italy by the exiles; and the liberal exertions of princes and private individuals have since removed others, from the obscurity in which they were buried, to the different libraries of Europe. When Villoison was in Patmos, he was informed by the monks, that they had been obliged to burn a great number of manuscripts in consequence of the injury they had received from worms, and the damp situation in which they had been placed. We do not think that a similar instance of neglect and barbarism will again occur. Enlightened and opulent Greeks are diffusing among their countrymen the advantages of education; and they will be taught to attach a proper value to the literary treasures which may be still in their possession.

In closing these remarks, we cannot help adverting to the different fate of the two languages which have arisen on the ruins of those of Greece and Rome. The Italians who wrote as early as the year 1300 are considered at this moment by their countrymen as models in respect of purity and correctness of diction. But the

* We take this opportunity of noticing an error of a somewhat ludicrous kind in War-ton's *History of English Poetry*, i. 350. 'The story of Arthur,' he says, 'was also reduced into modern Greek. M. Crusius relates that his friends who studied at Padua sent him in the year 1565, together with Homer's *Iliad*, *Διδαχὰς Regis Arthuri*.' The words in Crusius are 'Διδαχὰς Rarthuri.' The *homilies* of this writer are well known to the modern Greeks.

Romaic has now been spoken for many centuries, and cannot yet boast of any work of genius, or original production, which can be referred to as a standard of taste or style. It is not difficult to explain the causes of this difference. The continued study of the writings of ancient Greece by the learned Byzantines, and their habits of composition in Hellenic, prevented them from paying any attention to the formation of the vulgar language. They were obliged indeed to use it occasionally in the common intercourse of life; but they always considered it as a depraved and vitiated idiom. And since the establishment of the Ottoman power, it is not easy to name a country, removed in any degree from barbarism, where the great body of the people is placed in a situation more unfavourable to the development of intellect, more hostile to improvement of every kind, than the Christian part of European Turkey. On the other hand, the literature of Italy was advanced at an early period by a concurrence of very remarkable circumstances. The immediate causes were—the conquest of Constantinople, the arrival of the scholars of Greece, the recent discovery of printing, the formation of libraries, the establishment of academies, and, above all, the protection which men of letters received from the Dukes of Milan and Ferrara, the houses of Medici and Sforza, the Kings of Naples, and the Republic of Venice.

ART. VII.—*Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet, pendant un Séjour de Six Mois à Cirey, par l'Auteur des Lettres Péruviennes—Suivie de cinquante Lettres inédites en vers et en prose de Voltaire.*—Paris, 1820. pp. 460.

FROM the catchpenny style of this title-page, one might almost be led to suppose that an author of some reputation had undertaken to write a formal history of six months of the private life of this celebrated pair. The simple fact, however, is, that a certain Madame de Graigny passed about two months, in 1733, at Cirey, the joint residence of M. and Madame du Châtelet and Voltaire: in the first three weeks she wrote ten letters to a friend at Nancy, giving a gossiping account of the modes of life at Cirey; and a few more, relating to herself, in the last month of her stay.

But though these letters do not fulfil the pompous promise of the title, they are still an amusing and, we may even say, an interesting work. They give, at least, a sketch of the private life of these celebrated people, and they give somewhat more than a sketch of their hearts; and it will not be uninteresting to observe how the apparent amiability and good taste of their society, concealed, under a very thin varnish, the profligacy, the cruelty, the miseries which they inflicted on their dependants, and on each other.

other. They carry on too a kind of connected story, exciting in its progress a lively degree of curiosity which is, at last, satisfied by a natural, but very striking denouement.

The editor presumes, we suppose, that the author of the *Peruvian Letters* is so well known all over Europe, that he not only omits her name in the title, but has not taken the pains of making the most ordinary communications as to her history; indeed his whole biography consists in a short note (p. 129.) copied verbatim from the first lines of a brief mention of Madame de Grafigny in one of the most common and compendious biographical indexes.

Frances d'Issimbourgh d'Happoncourt was born at Nanci, in Lorraine, about the year 1694; she was the daughter of a Major in the Duke of Lorraine's troops, by a grand-niece of the famous Callot. She was married, or, as her indulgent friends used to say, *sacrificed* to Francis Count de Grafigny, chamberlain of the ducal court. He certainly was of a brutal temper; for, after many years of suffering, his wife was juridically separated from him, and he himself died afterwards in a prison, to which, it is said, his own violence of temper had conducted him. It must, however, be confessed that M. de Grafigny appears to have had some grounds for his ill-humour, though they were of a nature which the society in which he mixed would not admit to be any excuse whatsoever. Madame, it would seem, found consolation for the brutality of her husband in the tenderness of, at least, one lover, and though we have not sought to pierce into the obscurity that involves the family quarrels of this couple, (now a century gone by,) enough has met our view to create a suspicion that, even if the husband gave the *first* provocation, the lady eventually took the *last* revenge. The lord of her heart at the time of this visit was a lieutenant of cavalry, of the name of Desmarets, the son of a celebrated musician; and, in addition to some other miseries which she suffered at Cirey, we learn that she had the mortification to hear from the lips of the inconstant himself, who had followed her thither, 'le tendre aveu qu'il ne m'aime plus, et qu'il ne veut plus m'aimer.' (p. 281.) This candour, of course, 'desoles' the lady, but she makes up her mind to bear it with an equanimity and courage which would be more touching, if the deserted nymph had not attained the mature and reflecting age of forty-four.

It seems to have been just after her legal separation from her husband that Madame de Grafigny, now reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon the hospitality of her friends, arrived at Cirey on the 4th of December, 1738; on what invitation does not clearly appear: but it would seem as if her friendship with St. Lambert, Desmarets, and a Monsieur Devaux, reader to King Stanislaus,

Stanislaus, and a worshipper of Voltaire, had recommended her to the notice of him and Madame de Châtelet. They certainly did not know much of her history; for in one of her early letters she describes the affectionate and melting sympathy in which these compassionate and virtuous souls heard her tale of woe. Nor does it appear that Madame du Grafigny had predetermined how long her visit was to last. It was brought to a termination by a circumstance which she had not anticipated.

The ménage at Cirey was one which, to the antiquated ideas of an Englishman, must seem extraordinary, and it would in this country have been thought the last place where a woman of feeling and character would have sought refuge—but Madame de Grafigny had no such troublesome inmates.

As Madame du Châtelet plays so distinguished a part in Madame de Grafigny's drama, we shall be forgiven for recalling to our reader's recollection Voltaire's own account of his *liaison* with that lady:—

‘I was tired of the idle and turbulent life of Paris, the crowd of fools, the shoals of bad books, all published “avec approbation et privilège du roi,” the cabals and jealousies of literary men, and the base tricks of scribblers, who disgraced the name of literature. I became acquainted, in 1733, with a young lady who thought pretty much as I did, and who resolved to retire for several years into the country, to avoid the world and cultivate her understanding. It was the Marchioness du Châtelet, the woman in France who had the greatest disposition for scientific pursuits.

‘Her father, the Baron of Breteuil, had taught her Latin, which she knew as well as Madame Dacier, but her predominant taste was for mathematics. She united in a high degree good sense and good taste, with a great desire of improvement, but she did not the less enjoy the pleasures of society, and the amusements of her age and sex. Nevertheless she abandoned all to go and bury herself in an old half-ruined chateau, on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, in a detestable part of the country. She however improved, I might say embellished this residence with tolerably agreeable grounds. I built a gallery and made a very fine collection of philosophical instruments, &c. We had an extensive library. Some learned men used to come and philosophize in our retreat: for two years we had the celebrated Kœnig: Maupertuis, and John Bernoulli came afterwards, and from that hour Maupertuis, the man in the world most prone to *envy*, selected me as the object of this agreeable passion.

‘I taught Madame du Châtelet English, and in three months she knew it as well as I did,’ (*we believe it*) ‘and read with me Locke, Newton, and Pope; she learnt Italian quite as quick, and we read together the whole of Tasso and Ariosto.

‘We thought of nothing but mutual instruction in this delicious retirement, and never even inquired what the rest of the world were about! Our greatest

greatest business was to decide between Leibnitz and Newton. Madame du Châtelet at first declared for Leibnitz, and wrote a dissertation to explain his system. She did not attempt to enliven this philosophical work with the extraneous graces of style; her masculine and candid character was above this kind of affectation: clearness, precision, and elegance, were the marks of her style. If it were possible to make any thing of Leibnitz and his system, this book would have done it; but we begin now-a-days to care mighty little about Leibnitz and his theories.

‘Born for truth, she soon cast away all these systems and gave herself up to the discoveries of the great Newton. She translated his great work of the *Principia* into French, and subsequently, as she improved her mathematical knowledge, she added to this work, which few people are in a condition to understand, an algebraical commentary still more abstruse.

‘After we had passed six years in this retirement, we were obliged to go to Brussels, on account of an old and eternal law-suit which the family of Du Châtelet had with the house of Honsbrouk. I had the rare satisfaction of reconciling the parties who had been for sixty years ruining one another in costs; and I procured for Madame du Châtelet’s husband 220,000 livres in full of all his claims.’

Such is Voltaire’s sketch of his life and his companion—for though the poor husband lived in the house, he was taken as little notice of by his guests as by Voltaire in this extract; indeed, he is never seen but by accident, nor ever mentioned, except ‘*par parenthèse*.’ Let us now hear Madame de Graigny’s account; and first of her reception—

‘At last I arrived; the nymph (Madame du Châtelet) received me very well. I staid a moment in her apartment and then hastened to rest myself in my own; when lo, who comes—your *idol* (Voltaire) with a little taper in his hand, like a monk. He was overjoyed, transported to see me; kissed my hands ten times over, and inquired about me with the tenderest interest; his next question was after you, then he spoke of Desmarests and St. Lambert, and then he retired and left me to write to you.

‘You are surprised that I say so drily that the nymph received me well—why, ’tis all I have to say. No, I forget; the first thing she did was to talk to me of her law-suit, sans cérémonie; her *clack* is astonishing; I had forgotten it; she speaks extremely fast, and as I do when I take off a “*Française*”—You see I have corrected this word, it would be high treason here to spell it with an *o. She talks like an angel; *that* I confess; she had on a chintz gown, and an apron of black taffety; her hair is of deep black and very long, it is gathered up behind to the crown of her head and curled like a child’s, which becomes her very much. As I have as yet seen nothing but her dress, I can tell

* Voltaire introduced this natural and sensible system of orthography, which, however, even yet is not universally established.

you of nothing but her dress. As for your *idol*, I know not whether he powdered himself in honour of me, but he is as fine as he could be in Paris. The *good-man* (the husband) sets off to-morrow for Brussels; so that we shall be a trio, and nobody sorry for it—this is mutual secret which we have already told one another.—p. 5.

The next letter gives us some description of the house, and particularly of Voltaire's gallery.

'Voltaire's apartment is in a wing attached to the old house, he has a little anti-room the size of one's hand; next comes his bed-chamber, which is small, low, and hung with crimson velvet, the **niche* the same velvet with gold fringe: this is the winter furniture. There is little tapestry, but a great deal of wainscot, with delightful pictures; great glasses; corner tables of admirable Boule—China—mandarins; a clock, supported on strange Indian figures;—in short, an infinity of things of this kind—*dear, recherchées*—and above all, every thing so neat that one might kiss the floor; an open case with a complete service in silver of all those *superfluities* which are so absolutely *necessary*,—such silver,—such workmanship! there is one case with twelve rings of intaglio, besides two of diamond. Thence we go into his little gallery, which is from 30 to 40 feet long. Between the windows are two very pretty little statues on pedestals of japan varnish, one is the Venus Farnese, and the other the Hercules; beyond the windows are two cases, the one for books, the other for philosophical instruments, between them a stove in the wall which gives the room the temperature of spring; in front of it is a large pedestal, with a statue, of considerable size, of Cupid† discharging an arrow, but this is not yet complete. They are now making a niche for the Cupid, who is to conceal all appearance of the stove. The gallery is wainscoted, and painted in light yellow: clock, tables, desks, nothing is wanting. Two rooms beyond are still unfinished, one of which is for the instruments, which are therefore at present in the gallery. There is but one sofa, and no easy chairs; that is to say, what are there are good of their kind, but they are not comfortable; bodily ease is, it seems, not Voltaire's luxury. The pannels of the wainscoting are of the most beautiful Indian paper; the skreens of the same; there are writing-tables and China in all corners, and every thing indeed, and all in the best taste: there is a door in the middle which opens to the garden.—p. 16.

Such was the gentleman's apartment; and making allowances for Madame de Grafigny's provincial wonderment (she had not been yet at Paris,) the scene appears to be more splendid, and in a higher style than we should have expected, either from the situation, the times, or the *pecuniary means* of the parties: in truth,

* French beds stand generally in niches in the bed-rooms.

† This was the Cupid under which Voltaire wrote the well-known inscription—

Qui que tu sois, tu vois ton maître
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être!

Who'er thou art, thy master see!
He is, or was, or soon shall be!

we may here observe, en passant, that Voltaire's early, and ever-increasing affluence, appears to us an enigma which none of his biographers have satisfactorily explained.

The lady's apartment, *comme de raison*, is still finer:—

' Her own room is wainscoted, and painted in a pale yellow varnish, with mouldings of light blue; the niche has the same mouldings, but is lined with the most beautiful Indian paper; the bed itself is of watered blue silk, and the whole is so matched that every thing, chairs, desks, writing-tables, stands, down to the basket for her little dog, is pale yellow and light blue; the mirrors are in silver frames, and of dazzling splendour: a great glass door—of plate glass, observe—leads to the library, which is not yet finished: it is carved like a snuff-box, nothing is so handsome; there are to be large glasses, pictures by Paul Veronese, &c. On one side of the niche is a little boudoir, where one is ready to kneel down and worship; the walls are blue, and the ceiling painted by a pupil of Mantins; on the pannels are eight pictures by Watteau; ah, such pictures, &c.'—p. 20.

' After having visited her apartment, we sat chatting; she told me the whole history of her law-suit, from its origin, eighty years ago, down to the present day. This little talk lasted an hour and a half, yet, wonderful to tell, did not tire me. She talks so well that ennui has not time to get in. She shewed me her jewel-box; it is more magnificent than the Duchess of Richelieu's. I cannot recover from my astonishment; for when I knew her, at Craon, not long ago, she had not even a tortoiseshell snuff box, and now she has twenty of plain gold, or with jewels, or lacquered, or enamelled, which latter is a new and very costly fashion; shuttles* of the same material each richer than the other; watches set round with diamonds; rings upon rings of all the precious stones in the world, and trinkets without end and of all kinds.—In short I do not comprehend it, for they never were rich.'—pp. 19, 20.

Here the editor interferes, and gravely asks, in a note, whether it is not possible that all this *étalage* was the result of Voltaire's gallantry?—Who doubts it?—but we would have thanked him if he had told us whence Voltaire was enabled to meet these boundless expenses. He had little or no patrimony—no visible means of gain but his writings, and even about them he was always, *it is said*, singularly generous; but even supposing that he did at last grow rich by authorship, he had at this time not published the most popular and profitable of his works:—like Madame de Graigny, we do not comprehend it.

But while the hosts themselves were so splendidly lodged and equipped, their guests saw the other side of the picture.

' My room,' says Madame de Graigny, shivering with cold, ' my room is for height a perfect hall, through which all the winds of heaven

* *For knotting.* A fashionable apology for employment among the ladies of those days.

disport themselves, finding entrance from a thousand cracks round the window, which however, if heaven spares me life, I shall surely stop. This wilderness of a room has but one window, divided into three in the old fashion, without either curtain or blind, but instead of these conveniencies three pair of bare shutters. The ceiling is fortunately whitewashed, which contributes a little to light the room which is almost masked by the approach of a rocky hill to the window. The tapestry represents, doubtless, some great personages, to me unknown and not worth inquiring after. The niche is adorned with the trimmings of old clothes, very magnificent no doubt, but ill-matched and rather out of place. A chimney so wide that you could turn a coach and six—It devours I know not what quantities of wood, but never thinks of giving the least little heat in return. The furniture is of a piece with the room itself: some old arm-chairs; a commode; one night table, the only thing like a table, by the way, in the room—nothing more; a closet and a dressing-room, (through the walls of which I can see the sky,) to match the rest. To all this you climb by a very fine looking staircase, which however is, on account of its antiquity, not easy of ascent; and, finally, every thing that does not belong to the lady's own apartment, or Voltaire's, is of the most disgusting filth.'—p. 23.

Now for a view of their occupations.

'About half-past ten or eleven o'clock we are summoned to coffee, (breakfast,) which is always served in Voltaire's gallery; that lasts till twelve or one, according as we have assembled earlier or later. At noon precisely, the *coachmen*, to use their own phrase, go to dinner. These coachmen are the Lord of the castle, the fat lady, (*Madame de Chambonin, a cousin and spy of Voltaire's*), and her son, Voltaire's amanuensis, who never appears but to copy. We—that is, the Lady, Voltaire and I—stay together about half an hour, when he makes us a low bow and dismisses us. About four we lunch. I seldom come on this occasion unless sent for, which does not always happen. At nine we sit down to supper, and remain at table till midnight.—Good heaven, what suppers! Every kind of pleasure is collected; but the shortness of the time and the necessity of separating is the sword of Damocles. The Lord of the Castle (M. du Châtelet) sits down to table, eats nothing, but sleeps, and consequently does not talk much, and disappears with the dishes.'—p. 83.

In the intervals between these meetings Voltaire gave his fair friend, from time to time, several of his unpublished works to read. Some evenings he read to them parts of the *Pucelle d'Orléans*, and Madame de Grafigny listened with delight, and *even repeats to her friend with enthusiasm the outline of one canto of the piece*, which we are confident no Englishman would sit by and hear read. By this act of indiscretion and bad taste, Madame de Grafigny, as we shall see by and bye, lost the comforts of Cirey and the friendship of its owners; and here we must observe, that this sprightly lady's notions and expressions are, on many occasions,

sions, of no very nice delicacy : she talks a language which, in these times, would not be tolerated in a housemaid ; and there are passages in her letters, her letters to a man, which are wholly unfit to be read.

But the most important of their amusements was rehearsing and acting Voltaire's own plays ; and indeed it was not improbable to some theatrical talent that Madame de Grafigny chiefly owed her welcome ; but she was punctual in paying for her entertainment in another and more current coin. As no flattery was too gross for Voltaire's appetite, so no slight was so trivial as not to call down his vengeance ; and Madame de Grafigny seems to have suspected that the morbid appetites of Voltaire and his mistress induced them to descend to the incredible meanness of prying into the letters which their guests sent or received, for the purpose of discovering what was said about them. She never fails to desire her correspondent to be cautious what he writes ; to be sure to answer her in *the same tone* which she uses ; to slip into all his letters little compliments to the gentleman and the lady ; for God's sake not to mention a word of what she writes, and, above all, to ask no questions. On one occasion M. Devaux had sent her a little piece of his own composition. Madame de Grafigny dared not show it at Cirey till she had interpolated it with a couple of dozen of wretched verses of her own making, in praise of the *idol* ; and these saved the piece. Sometimes, however, in spite of her idolatry she lets us see, though obscurely, the personal bigotry, the persecuting jealousy, the cruel and tyrannical vanity of this great enemy of bigotry, persecution, and tyranny ; and it is not, as we have already hinted, the least instructive part of her work which shows that the bad passions—all that Voltaire in his rage or his pleasantry attributes to priests and kings—actually raged in his own breast, and were limited only by his power of vengeance, whenever his personal vanity or personal interests were affected.

In his inordinate presumption, Voltaire seems to aspire at even more than literary despotism ; and he exacted something like royal respect from his attendants.

‘ His own valet never quits his chair at table, and the other servants hand to him whatever the master wants, *just as the king's pages do to the king's gentlemen* ; but all this is done naturally, and without any air of grandeur ; *so true is it* that good sense always knows how to maintain its proper dignity without subjecting itself to the ridicule of affectation.’—p. 145.

So true is it that easy impudence often appears to do things quite naturally, which are in the abstract ridiculously impertinent ; and *so true it is*, that poor Madame de Grafigny was under the hard necessity of thinking, or at least of representing every thing that

Voltaire said or did, *côleur de rose*. It must, however, be admitted, that—in spite of her dependent and precarious circumstances, her natural wish not to offend, and the real ascendancy which such a man as Voltaire must have had over her mind—her good taste often leads her

‘To hint a fault and hesitate dislike;’

and though her language is every where scrupulously deferential, she sometimes (as in the passage just quoted) drops an expression which awakens attention to the foibles of the *Idol*, or the *Idol's* idol, though even then she takes care to disguise a little her meaning—

‘How I pity (she says) this poor Nicomede (Voltaire), since he and Dorothea (Madame du Châtelet) cannot agree! Ah! my friend, there is then no happiness on earth, and we are for ever deceived by appearances. We believed them the happiest couple in the world, when we saw them seldom and at a distance; but when one has gotten close to them, we find, alas! that *hell is every where*!’—p. 100.

Thus the guilty paradise of these shameless adulterers, which seemed so gay, so splendid, and so luxurious, turns out, on the testimony of its own admirers and partakers, to be nothing but *a hell*!

The tyranny which Voltaire exercised over others, the tender Emilie exercised over him; and whatever torments of jealousy or indignation the poor *Good-man* may have felt, St. Lambert, Clairault, Desmarests, and many other young gentlemen who visited the house, inflicted upon Voltaire. In truth this learned lady was at least as much the votary of Venus as of Minerva, and Voltaire had no better simile to describe the succession of lovers, whose presence he was obliged to bear, than that of ‘one nail driving out another!’ We dare not pursue this subject farther; our language cannot express, and our feelings would revolt at some of the *gentillesses* of this nest of deists, atheists, and strumpets.

But however little Madame de Graigny enlivened her circumspection by touches of descriptive pleasantry or criticism in the first ten letters, we find in the eleventh, written on the 1st of January, 1739, three weeks after her arrival at Cirey, a total alteration of style; the circumspection of the former becomes a complete taciturnity; what was only cautious before is now cold; and the cold rapidly increases to an absolute frost:—no more stories, no more jokes, no more of Nicomède and Dorothea, no more even of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet. She begins to talk of the end of her visit; she arranges her plans for going into a nunnery; she is ill of all kinds of disorders; and, in short, Cirey is become intolerable, because—it is such a paradise!—they pay her such attentions that leave them she must—the continuance of such

such extatic bliss would render it at last so painful to part, that she must go to save herself from that cruel moment of going; and then—ton Idole! ah! ton Idole, est le meilleur des hommes!— (p. 177.)

Then we find that all the letters she receives are delayed, and when at last they arrive, they bear all the marks of having been opened, and impudently closed again with little care. This audacious cruelty, this worst violation of individual liberty, this most odious treachery, she attributes to the post-office; and, to be sure, it was a natural conjecture. The French post-office has always been proverbially and disgracefully faithless. Louis XV. knew nothing of the interior of his kingdom but by the gossip which his post-master general pilfered from the intercepted confidence of his subjects. Napoleon the Great (G— save the Emperor!) was equally curious; and the noble Lavalette, and all his predecessors in this honourable station, are said to have pandered to the tyrant's depraved appetite with the most shameless audacity.

But for once the French post-office was innocent, or, at least, was not alone guilty. Madame du Châtelet and Voltaire opened the letters of their guests; and these exalted persons—these philosophers, these disciples of Locke and Newton, these regenerators of mankind, these scourgers of tyranny, these apostles of universal liberty and toleration—amused their idleness, or solaced their vanity, or exercised their jealousy in the baseness of reading the letters of the unhappy dupes whom they betrayed into their philosophic retreat.

During the whole month of January, during nineteen short letters, Madame de Grafigny languishes in a most unaccountable way; and the eternal complaints of the irregularities of the post and of the indiscretion of her correspondent are really wearisome;—at last her life becomes so miserable that she is forced to fly from this garden of Eden, and it is not till she is beyond its limits that she ventures to write her real sentiments, and then we learn (in the last letter of the Collection) the secret of her misery, and we have opened to us the whole horrors of the kind of society into which she had been inveigled; the extract will be somewhat long, but cannot be uninteresting.

‘I have not dared till now, my dear friend, to allow my dreadful story to escape from my pen. I was so ill that I was afraid I was dying, and I was unwilling to leave behind me the frightful tale of the degradation which I have suffered. I am, however, better now, and by Desmarests, or some other safe hand, I shall continue to have my letters conveyed to the post-office. Ah, the wretch! what has she not inflicted upon me!

‘On the 29th December, the post arrived as usual, but there were, no
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they said, no letters for me—supper went off as usual, and nothing announced the storm which was brewing. I went to my room, and was about to seal a letter to you when, in about half an hour, I saw—you guess who—coming in. I was extremely surprized, for he (Voltaire) never before came into my room, and least of all was he to be expected at this hour; but still more was I surprized when he exclaimed, “that he was undone—that his life was in my hands.” Good God, I exclaimed, and how? “How?” he answered, “there are an hundred copies of a canto of the Pucelle abroad. I am off this instant; I shall fly to Holland—to the end of the world—to—I not where! M. de Châtelet is going off post to Luneville. You must write to Panpan (her correspondent) to help him in recalling these copies—he cannot refuse to do that.”

‘I, poor simpleton, assured him that you would do all that you could to help him. Write, then, said Voltaire, write, and write with your whole heart. Willingly, I exclaimed; how happy am I to have an opportunity of shewing you my affection! and I added some words of regret at the necessity which obliged him to ask my assistance: he started up like a fury, and exclaimed, “No prevarication, Madam; it is you, you yourself, who have circulated it.” I was astonished—I assured him that I had never read or written a line of it. “On the contrary,” he exclaimed, “You copied it—you sent it to Devaux, and he published it.” I, in all the confusion of a surprize, but with all the vivacity of truth, denied it: he insisted with increased violence, and added that *you* had read it to Desmarests at an assembly—given copies to every body, and that Mde. de Châtelet had *the proof all in her pocket*.

‘What could I say or do? I did not, as you may believe, understand what he meant, but I was not the less frightened. At last he insisted that I should sit down and write to you to send me the original, which I had sent you, and all the copies you had made. I humbly submitted, and began to write; but, as you can well conceive, I could not ask you to return what never was sent, and which, I believed, never existed: he read my letter, and threw it down in disgust. “For shame,” Madam, he cried, “a little honesty is at least due to a poor wretch whom you have ruined;” and then redoubled cries, redoubled violence, till at last, as all my protestations only rendered him more intolerable, I was reduced to silence: this frightful torture lasted a full hour, but it was nothing; it was reserved to the *lady* to make it still more frightful. She rushed in, screaming like a *Fury*, upbraiding me in the same way, which I received in the same silence; at last she pulled a letter out of her pocket, and, stuffing it almost into my mouth, “There,” said she, “there is the proof of your infamy; you are the most abandoned of creatures; you are a monster that I received here, not out of regard, for I never had any, but out of pity, because you did not know where else to go, and you have had the infamy to betray us—to stab us—to steal from my desk a work, to copy it, to circulate it.” Ah, my poor friend, where were you?—a thunderbolt would have astonished me less. That’s all I remember of the flood of abuse with which she overwhelmed me.

I was

I was so lost that I could neither see nor hear, but she said a thousand things worse, and, but for Voltaire, she would have beaten me—he seized her round the waist, and dragged her away from me; for all this was said with fists clenched in my face, ready at every word to strike me. But in vain would he drag her away; she returned whenever she could get loose, screaming against my infamy—my infamous treachery, and all this in the hearing of my servant. I was a great while without being able to speak; at last I begged to see the letter—"you shan't have it," she screamed; but at length I was allowed to look at a passage of it: it was a letter of your's, in which you say, *the canto of Joan is charming*; this unhappy phrase brought the whole affair to my recollection, and I remembered my innocent account of the canto which I had heard read. I told them so, and to do him justice, Voltaire believed me at once, and begged pardon for his cruel suspicion and violence. This dreadful trial lasted till five o'clock in the morning.'

We have not patience to go on with this story; the mean tricks and attempts at reconciliation, or rather oblivion, which these people played off, are even more disgusting than their original treachery and violence. The unhappy Madame de Grafigny was so poor that she had not the means of quitting the hell into which she had been betrayed; and they, afraid of exposure, were unwilling to let her go till they had secured her silence. Then came the tender Voltaire, weeping; then came the dishonoured husband, sympathising; then came the *grosse dame*, advising; then came the *Fury* equivocating; and an act of such open brutality was followed by successive scenes of the basest perfidy. At last the letter which had given rise to the unlucky answer was recalled; it proved Madame de Grafigny's innocence; it contained not a line of the poem, and only, as we have already stated, a mere outline of the plot of one canto; but it was too late—the whole mystery of iniquity was discovered—she could no longer remain amongst such devils—'the word *infamy* stuck in her throat;' and to crown all, Desmarests made her the 'tendre aveu' already quoted. The poor woman borrowed or begged a little money somewhere, and made her escape to Paris, where the liveliness of her conversation, and the ease of her manners, procured her a ready admission into society, and she became a regular blue-stock-ing:—publishing two or three works which were suspected not to be her own—keeping Voltaire in check by the fear of disclosing his brutality, and finally dying, much regretted by her intimates, in the year 1756, at the age of about sixty-six.

The latter half of the volume contains some unpublished letters of Voltaire, of no kind of interest. They are addressed to the President de Hainault, M. de Richelieu and M. D'Argental, in the same style of smart flummery which characterizes the letters to these persons which are already known. We have not met in

them a passage worth quoting; and as we have already given more space to this Article than the subject perhaps deserves, we are unwilling to occupy any time in dishing up again the 'crambe recoc'ta' of this verbose, vain and wearisome correspondence. Voltaire was a man of astonishing quickness, extent and versatility of talents; he had a great deal of wordly sense and of literary acuteness; and in individual cases, where his personal vanity (his ruling passion) was not compromised, he would sometimes be friendly and generous; but his total want of all principle, moral or religious; his impudent audacity; his filthy sensuality; his persecuting envy; his base adulation; his unwearied treachery; his tyranny; his cruelty; his profligacy; his hypocrisy, will render him for ever the *scorn*, as his unbounded powers will the *wonder* of mankind.

ART. VIII.—*Poems, descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery.* By John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant. Second Edition, cr. 8vo. London. 1820. pp. 213.

WE had nearly overlooked, amidst the bulkier works which incessantly solicit our attention, this interesting little volume; which bears indubitable evidence of being composed altogether from the impulses of the writer's mind, as excited by external objects and internal sensations. Here are no tawdry and feeble paraphrases of former poets, no attempts at describing what the author *might* have become acquainted with in his limited reading: the woods, the vales, the brooks—

‘the crimson spots
I’ the bottom of a cowslip,—’

or the loftier phenomena of the heavens, contemplated through the alternations of hope and despondency, are the principal sources whence the youth, whose adverse circumstances and resignation; under them extort our sympathy, drew the faithful and vivid pictures before us.

Examples of minds, highly gifted by nature, struggling with and breaking through the bondage of adversity, are not rare in this country; but privation is not destitution; and the instance before us is, perhaps, one of the most striking, of patient and persevering talent existing and enduring in the most forlorn and seemingly hopeless condition, that literature has at any time exhibited.

Clare, the youth of whom we speak, was born at Helpstone, a village most unpoetically situated where the easternmost point of Northamptonshire indents the Lincolnshire fens. His father and mother are parish-paupers; the former, from constant exposure to the inclemency of the seasons, being prematurely decrepit,

crepit, the latter, his cheerful companion in youth, has become, as they totter down the hill of life, his natural and constant nurse. If this condition of the parents enabled them to afford small indulgence to the son, the example of conjugal affection, we may hope, will not be lost upon a heart very susceptible of kind impressions. Our author, who is the elder of twins, was born in July, 1793;—the sister, who died immediately after the birth, was, to use his mother's figure of speech, 'a bouncing girl, while John might have gone into a pint pot;' indicating a delicacy of frame under which he has always laboured. His education necessarily squared with the limited means of his parents. Of the dame, who in every village wields the 'tway birchen twigs' to the terror of the surrounding urchins, he learnt to spell and put two syllables together; and before he was six years old, was able, his mother says, to read a chapter in the Bible. As soon, however, as he was able to lead the fore-horse of the harvest team, he was set to work, and returning one evening from the field thus occupied, had the misfortune of seeing the loader fall from the waggon, and break his neck: this fatal accident threw him into fits, from which he did not recover till after a considerable lapse of time, nor without much anxiety and expense to his parents: even at this day he is not wholly free from apprehensions of their return. At the age of twelve, he assisted in the laborious employment of thrashing; the boy, in his father's own words, was weak but willing, and the good old man made a flail for him somewhat suitable to his strength. When his share of the day's toil was over, he eagerly ran to the village school under the belfry, and in this desultory and casual manner gathered his imperfect knowledge of language, and skill in writing. At the early period of which we are speaking, Clare felt the poetic æstrum. He relates, that twice or thrice in the winter weeks it was his office to fetch a bag of flour from the village of Maxey, and darkness often came on before he could return. The state of his nerves corresponded with his slender frame. The tales of terror with which his mother's memory shortened the long nights returned freshly to his fancy the next day, and to beguile the way and dissipate his fears, he used to walk back with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, revolving in his mind some adventure 'without a ghost in it,' which he turned into verse; and thus, he adds, he reached the village of Helpstone often before he was aware of his approach.

'The fate of Amy' is one of those stories with which every village, more especially every secluded village, abounds; and the pool, from her catastrophe named the haunted pool, is still shewn, while the mound at the head of it attests the place of her interment.

ment. We do not propose to institute a very rigid criticism on these poems, but we must not omit to notice the delicacy with which the circumstances of this inartificial tale are suggested, rather than disclosed; indeed it may be remarked generally that, though associating necessarily with the meanest and most uneducated of society, the poet's homeliest stories have nothing of coarseness and vulgarity in their construction. Some of his ballad stanzas rival the native simplicity of Tickel or Mallett.

'The flowers the sultry summer kills,
Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who loved no more admire,
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall,
That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity,
Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloom'd,
A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where canker-worms assail,
So droops the bud upon the stem,
Beneath the sickly gale.'—p. 26.

For the boisterous sports and amusements which form the usual delight of village youth, Clare had neither strength nor relish; his mother found it necessary to drive him from the chimney corner to exercise and to play, whence he quickly returned, contemplative and silent. His parents—we speak from knowledge—were apprehensive for his mind as well as his health; not knowing how to interpret, or to what cause to refer these habits so opposite to those of other boys of his condition; and when, a few years later, they found him hourly employed in writing,—and writing verses too,—‘the gear was not mended’ in their estimation. ‘When he was fourteen or fifteen,’ says Dame Clare, ‘he would shew me a piece of paper, printed sometimes on one side, and scrawled all over on the other, and he would say, Mother, this is worth so much; and I used to say to him, Aye, boy, it looks as if it warr!—but I thought he was wasting his time.’ Clare’s history, for a few succeeding years, is composed in two words, spare diet and hard labour, cheered by visions of fancy which promised him happier days: there is an amusing mixture of earnestness and coquetry in his invocation ‘to Hope,’ the deceitful sustainer, time immemorial, of poets and lovers.

‘Come,

'Come, flattering Hope! now woes distress me,
 Thy flattery I desire again;
 Again rely on thee to bless me,
 To find thy vainness doubly vain.
 Though disappointments vex and fetter,
 And jeering whisper, thou art vain,
 Still must I rest on thee for better,
 Still hope—and be deceived again.'—p. 122.

The eccentricities of genius, as we gently phrase its most reprehensible excesses, contribute no interest to the biography of Clare. We cannot, however, regret this. Once, it seems, 'visions of glory' crowded on his sight, and, he enlisted at Peterboro' in the local militia. He still speaks of the short period passed in his new character, with evident satisfaction. After a while, he took the bounty for extended service, and marched to Oundle; where, at the conclusion of a bloodless campaign, his corps was disbanded and he was constrained to return to Helpstone, to the dreary abode of poverty and sickness. His novel occupation does not appear to have excited any martial poetry; we need not therefore 'unsphere the spirit of Plato,' adequately to celebrate the warlike strains of the modern Tyrtæus.

The clouds which had hung so heavily over the youth of Clare, far from dispersing, grew denser and darker as he advanced towards manhood. His father, who had been the constant associate of his labours, became more and more infirm, and he was constrained to toil alone, and far beyond his strength, to obtain a mere subsistence. It was at this cheerless moment, he composed 'What is Life?' in which he has treated a common subject with an earnestness, a solemnity, and an originality deserving of all praise: some of the lines have a terseness of expression and a nervous freedom of versification not unworthy of Drummond, or of Cowley.

'And what is Life?—An hour-glass on the run,
 A mist, reatreating from the morning sun,
 A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream,—
 Its length?—A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
 And happiness?—A bubble on the stream,
 That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.
 And what is Hope?—the puffing gale of morn,
 That robs each floweret of its gem,—and dies;
 A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
 Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.
 And what is Death?—Is still the cause unfound?
 That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound?
 A long and lingering sleep, the weary crave.
 And peace?—Where can its happiness abound?
 No where at all, save Heaven, and the grave.

Then what is Life?—When stripp'd of its disguise,
 A thing to be desir'd it cannot be;
 Since every thing that meets our foolish eyes,
 Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
 'Tis but a trial all must undergo;
 To teach unthankful mortal how to prize
 That happiness vain man's denied to know,
 Until he's call'd to claim it in the skies.'

That the author of such verses (and there are abundance of them) should have continued till the age of twenty-five unfriended and unknown, is less calculated perhaps to excite astonishment, than that devotedness to his art, which could sustain him under the pressure of such evils, and that modesty which shrunk from obtruding his writings on the world. Once, indeed, and once only, he appears to have made an effort to emerge from this cheerless obscurity, by submitting his verses to a neighbour, who, it seems, enjoyed a reputation for knowledge 'in such matters.' Even here his ill-fortune awaited him; and his muse met not only with discouragement but rebuke. The circumstance is however valuable, since it serves to illustrate the natural gentleness of the poet's disposition. Instead of venting his spleen against this rustic Aristarch, he only cleaves to his favourite with greater fondness.

'Still must my rudeness pluck the flower
 That's pluck'd, alas! in evil hour;
 And poor, and vain, and sunk beneath
 Oppression's scorn although I be,
 Still will I bind my simple wreath,
 Still will I love thee, Poesy.'—p. 124.

'Though need make many poets,' it was not need that excited Clare to write poetry, though its importunity finally drove him 'to trust his little bark to the waves.' Without a shilling in his pocket, with a father and mother aged and decrepit at home, who rather required his aid than contributed to alleviate his condition, with a frame so feeble by nature, as to sink under the toil to which he had all his life submitted, he at length—and on the impulse of the moment—bethought himself of endeavouring to obtain some small advantage from those mental labours which had at various seasons so deeply engaged his mind. 'I was working alone in the lime-pits, at Ryhall, in the dead of winter, 1818,' these are his own words, 'when knowing it impossible for me to pay a shoemaker's bill of more than three pounds, having only eighteen-pence to receive at night, I resolved upon publishing proposals for printing a little volume of poems by subscription; and at dinner-time I wrote a prospectus, with a pencil, and

and walked over to Stamford at night, to send it by the post to Mr. Hanson, a printer at Market Deeping.' Mr. Hanson had seen some of these poems in manuscript; and it is due to him to say that he was the first who expressed a favourable opinion of their merits, and thus induced Clare to venture upon this formidable measure. This prospectus was accordingly published, together with the following 'Address,' which we give as a sort of literary curiosity.

'The Public are requested to observe, that the TRIFLES humbly offered for their candid perusal, can lay no claim to eloquence of poetical composition, (whoever thinks so will be deceived,) the greater part of them being juvenile productions, and those of a later date offsprings of those leisure intervals which the short remittance from hard and manual labour sparingly afforded to compose them. It is hoped that the humble situation which distinguishes their author will be some excuse in their favour, and serve to make an atonement for the many inaccuracies and imperfections that will be found in them. The least touch from the iron hand of *criticism* is able to crush them to nothing. May they be allowed to live their little day, and give satisfaction to those who may chuse to honour them with a perusal, they will gain the end for which they were designed, and their author's wishes will be gratified.'

Booksellers, whether metropolitan or provincial, are, it has been said, rarely deficient in shrewdness. The proposals fell into the hands of one of the fraternity in Stamford, and suggested to him the probability of the publication affording a profitable speculation. No time was lost in visiting Helpstone; and, for the immediate deposit of a few pounds to meet his present need, and the expectation of receiving a few more at a distant period, Clare was content to abandon his subscription and to part from the volume before us. The original chapman soon transferred his bargain to the actual publishers, by whom the poems have been given to the world in a manner creditable to themselves, and liberal, we have reason to believe, as to the author.

Looking back upon what we have written, we find we have not accomplished our intention of interspersing with our narrative such extracts as might convey a general character of Clare's poetry,—we have used only such as assorted with the accidents of the poet's life, and the tone of them has necessarily been somewhat gloomy. The volume, however, offers abundant proofs of the author's possessing a cheerful disposition, a mind delighting in the charms of natural scenery, and a heart not to be subdued by the frowns of fortune; though the advantages which he might have derived from these endowments have been checked by the sad realities which hourly reminded him of his unpromising condition.

dition. Misery herself cannot, however, keep incessant watch over her victims; and it must have been in a happy interval of abstraction from troublesome feelings that Clare composed 'the Summer Morning,' the result, we believe, of a sabbath-day walk; the lively pictures of rural occupation being introduced from the recollections of yesterday, and the anticipations of the morrow. We have only room for a few stanzas of this little poem, which is gay, and graceful, possessing the true features of descriptive poetry, in which every object is distinct and appropriate.

'The cocks have now the morn foretold,
 The sun again begins to peep,
 The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
 Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
 O'er pathless plains at early hours
 The sleepy rustic sloomy goes;
 The dews, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
 Bemoistening sop his hardened shoes;
 While every leaf that forms a shade,
 And every floweret's silken top,
 And every shivering bent and blade,
 Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.
 But soon shall fly those diamond drops,
 The red round sun advances higher,
 And stretching o'er the mountain tops
 Is gilding sweet the village-spire.
 'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze
 Or list the giggling of the brook;
 Or, stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
 Peruse and pause on Nature's book,
 When Nature ev'ry sweet prepares
 To entertain our wish'd delay,—
 The images which morning wears,
 The wakening charms of early day!
 Now let me tread the meadow paths
 While glittering dew the ground illumines,
 As, sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
 Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
 And hear the beetle sound his horn;
 And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
 Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
 A hailing minstrel in the sky.—

It will have appeared, in some measure, from our specimens, that Clare is rather the creature of feeling than of fancy. He looks abroad with the eye of a poet, and with the minuteness of a naturalist, but the intelligence which he gains is always referred to the heart; it is thus that the falling leaves become admonishers and

and friends, the idlest weed has its resemblance in his own lowly lot, and the opening primrose of spring suggests the promise that his own long winter of neglect and obscurity will yet be succeeded by a summer's sun of happier fortune. The volume, we believe, scarcely contains a poem in which this process is not adopted; nor one in which imagination is excited without some corresponding tone of tenderness, or morality. When the discouraging circumstances under which the bulk of it was composed are considered, it is really astonishing that so few examples should be found of querulousness and impatience, none of envy or despair.

The humble origin of Clare may suggest a comparison with Burns and Bloomfield, which a closer examination will scarcely warrant. Burns was, indeed, as he expresses it, 'born to the plough,' but when in his riper years he held the plough it was rather as a master than as a menial. He was neither destitute nor uneducated. Secure from poverty, supported by his kindred, and surrounded by grand and exciting scenery, his lot was lofty and his advantages numerous compared with those of the youth before us. There is almost as little resemblance in their minds. To the pointed wit, the bitter sarcasm, the acute discrimination of character, and the powerful pathos of Burns, Clare cannot make pretension; but he has much of his tender feeling in his serious poetry, and an animation, a vivacity, and a delicacy in describing rural scenery, which the mountain bard has not often surpassed. In all the circumstances of his life, the author of the 'Farmer's Boy' was far more fortunate than Clare. Though his father was dead, Bloomfield had brothers who were always at his side to cheer and sustain him, while an early residence in the metropolis contributed largely to the extension of his knowledge. To want and poverty he was ever a stranger. Clare never knew a brother; it was his fortune to continue till his twenty-fifth year, without education, without hearing the voice of a friend, constrained to follow the most laborious and revolting occupations to obtain the bare necessities of life. The poetical compositions of the two have few points of contact. The 'Farmer's Boy' is the result of careful observations made on the occupations and habits, with few references to the passions of rural life. Clare writes frequently from the same suggestions; but his subject is always enlivened by picturesque and minute description of the landscape around him, and deepened, as we have said, with a powerful reference to emotions within. The one is descriptive, the other contemplative.

A friend of Clare has expressed a doubt of his capacity for the composition of a long poem:—we have no wish that he should make the experiment; but we have an earnest desire that he should be respectable and happy; that he should support a fair name in poetry,

poetry, and that his condition in life should be ameliorated. It is with this feeling that we counsel—that we entreat him to continue something of his present occupations;—to attach himself to a few in the sincerity of whose friendship he can confide, and to suffer no temptations of the idle and the dissolute to seduce him from the quiet scenes of his youth—scenes so congenial to his taste,—to the hollow and heartless society of cities; to the haunts of men who would court and flatter him while his name was new, and who, when they had contributed to distract his attention and impair his health, would cast him off unceremoniously to seek some other novelty. Of his again encountering the difficulties and privations he lately experienced, there is no danger. Report speaks of honourable and noble friends already secured: with the aid of these, the cultivation of his own excellent talents, and a meek but firm reliance on that GOOD POWER by whom these were bestowed, he may, without presumption, anticipate a rich reward in the future for the evils endured in the morning of his life.

ART. IX. 1. *De l'Angleterre*. Par Monsieur Rubichon. Vol. I. 8vo. Paris.

2. *De l'Angleterre*. Par Monsieur Rubichon. Vol. II. 1819.

OF all the materials for book-making, it might be thought that those collected in travelling were the most easily obtained. Let a person of plain good sense, improved by a liberal education, and with an unprejudiced mind, set out to ramble over any tract of country inhabited by human creatures; and the probability seems to be, that he will return home with such a store of observations as shall not fail to be instructive and beneficial, and to add to the common stock of truth by which alone the progress of mankind can be made certain.

But, when we consider that those qualities, though far removed from the highest endowment of intellect, are by no means so frequently met with as might be supposed, and that the majority of travellers have a different end in view from the study and observation of men, it will be less surprising that so little real advantage has accrued from their strictures upon the characters of the nations among whom they have resided.

The most important end of travel, however, that to which all other considerations should converge, is to acquire a knowledge of human beings, and of the modes and institutions by which they have been rendered wiser, happier, and better. Unfortunately, it is not in those parts of the world in which men and their institutions are the most worthy of observation, that they have

have met with the greatest attention, and it is more common for the explorers of Asia, Africa, or the South Seas, to give a picture of manners, customs, and characters, than for those who visit the countries of Europe, to bestow upon them the labour and investigation to which so high a degree of culture has entitled them.

One of the causes which very much diminishes the value of travels in general, is the rapidity with which their authors (though they may be very sensible men, and very conversant with mankind at home) judge of habits and manners that are new to them. The effect of novelty upon the mind is always to produce emotion, to raise it out of the tranquil condition, in which alone sound judgment can be exercised, and to place it in a state of excitement, approaching to enthusiasm. Whether this enthusiasm tends to raise or depreciate in our estimation the object which is new to us, depends upon a variety of circumstances; but upon none so much as its relation to our own habits and dispositions; to those causes which have produced our prejudices. To form a just estimate how far the descriptions of a traveller are exact, we should, in some measure, be acquainted with the state of his mind; in order that we may be enabled to supply the deficiencies, and to lop off the redundancies of his praise or censure.

We meant, at first, to treat somewhat fully on this point; and indeed its importance, at a period when the mania of travelling is epidemic among us, and the country is annually drained of nearly eight millions sterling by British absentees, would justify our enlarging upon the subject—but opportunities will occur for returning to it with advantage. We shall therefore content ourselves with adding here, that we shall neither regret this extraordinary emigration; nor think these eight millions sterling during a few years, unhappily expended, if our countrymen return home loaded with the spoils of wholesome travel, and enriched with the kindly fruit of observation and enlarged virtue.

The press, in every part of Europe, has teemed of late with publications upon England and France. But the art of observing nations and their characters has been so long suspended, that it is, in some measure, lost. They who travel now are the children of those who travelled before the interruption. Every thing is new to them, except their own fire-sides. Other ideas too have filled the chasm which the sword had opened in European civilization. Other passions have agitated the minds of men. No two nations exist, who have not waged war with each other; who have not mixed their banners in fight, alternately friends and foes. To the want of peaceful communication, have been joined the habit of suspicion and the instability of every social tie.

tie. For these reasons it is more necessary than ever, that the enlightened of all nations should be brought into contact with each other; and that every man who has become acquainted with any of the countries which compose the most civilized portion of our globe, should contribute his mite to make them better known to each other; in the hope of repairing the breach which the fourth part of a century, spent in war and devastation, has made in mutual courtesy.

Beside the impediments which prevent men in general from soundly judging of nations not their own, particular causes may interfere to prevent the natives of some countries more especially from forming just ideas upon others. Without stopping to consider every case of this kind that might be found in Europe, we shall confine ourselves to what is suggested by the two volumes before us, as the most interesting to Englishmen, and to the history of the times in which we have lived; and speak of two countries, one of which has caused all the trouble and turmoil of our younger years, and the other has constantly sought to quell them; of France, the most attached of nations to physical refinement and luxury, and by whom the happiness of mankind was most bitterly warred against; and of England, the foremost in moral and intellectual civilization, by whom it has been still more successfully defended and secured.

In perusing the accounts which Frenchmen have given of England, upon a short acquaintance with it, we have often had occasion to remark how much more unfavourable and virulent they are, than the pictures which Englishmen, under similar circumstances, have drawn of France; and we have frequently been tempted to inquire into the causes which occasion such a disparity of mutual toleration. Before we enter upon the merits of Mr. Rubichon, then, we shall examine this question: Whether the opinions which Frenchmen pronounce upon England, or those which Englishmen pronounce upon France, are most likely to be just and competent; and state some of the causes which may contribute to warp the judgment of either with regard to the opposite party.

And here we must beg pardon of our readers for indulging in such homely topics as the first we must discuss; but we cannot help it. For many reasons we cannot avoid speaking of the physical inconveniences which English and French must feel on visiting each other's country, so different from their own. All men are, in some measure, governed by their physical perceptions; and we agree with an adage of our neighbours, which says, that a *parterre assis juge avec plus d'indulgence qu'un parterre debout*. But of all the unplumed bipeds who pretend to reason,
none

none is so much the slave of his sensations as the Frenchman ; and it would be presenting a mutilated account of his mode of judging, if we did not duly allow for their influence upon his mind.

A Frenchman, then, upon arriving in England, is assailed by the want of many enjoyments to which he is familiarized by the more agreeable climate of his own country ; and his first impressions are received, while his physical feelings are in a state of indisposition to all that surrounds him. Our cloudy sky makes him fretful. The damp and variations of our atmosphere, unchanging only in perpetual fogs, are uncongenial with his vivacity ; and every thing he sees at first, depresses his constitutional buoyancy. The first inn he enters presents him with a coal fire, which is neither so lively nor so sparkling as the wood one which he left at Calais ; though the hearth be somewhat cleaner. He sits down generally without silver forks, or napkins, so common in every filthy inn in France, to a dinner of the simplest fare, without ragouts, or entremets or desserts ; and the only substitute which he can obtain for the wines of Burgundy is some execrable black or yellow brandy, sold under the insidious names of Port and Sherry. The same misery pursues him throughout every scene of the eventful day and night after his landing. For this bad fare and hard lodging too, he is the next morning presented with a bill of costs, the amount of which would have maintained him at home, on soups and consommé and Champagne, for several days. All that his sensations can perceive are displeasing to him ; and as to moral reflections, he is not inclined to pursue any such.

When an Englishman arrives upon the continent, the first wound he receives is in his comforts ; and the chiefest of these is cleanliness. A long time elapses before he can overcome his disgust, but habit at length dulls the edge of his perception. He is courted too by a livelier climate, and amused by the contortions of a populace grinning in misery. He meets with many things to charm away his ennui ; and he discovers, that, with a hempen harness in lieu of a leathern one, and horses quite unlike all he had ever seen before, he can travel at the rate of nearly five English miles, or one French post per hour. He is accosted with more apparent civility, more specious varnishings of complacency on the countenances of men ; and he jogs on, tickled into a mingled smile of pity, and contempt, and ridicule, and dislike, and curiosity, and gratification, and conscious superiority,—the sum total of which however is most assuredly good humour ; and the pleasurable impression prevails over the unsocial.

No sooner has the English traveller reached Paris, than the gratification of his long-expectant curiosity spreads a day of

cheerfulness around him. There is in his mind a stimulus, which to a Frenchman is not so powerful—the desire of acquiring knowledge, of seeing with his own eyes what other nations are; of learning by his own experience what good or evil exists in foreign countries; and of collecting materials for future thought and meditation. The sight of unknown objects is a satisfaction to him; and his intellect is soothed by the admission of any new truth. The gaudy capital of France has collected within its walls, whatever can excite and gratify the sensual tastes of men; and the very motley of the scenes, so new to all who are accustomed to regularity, excites a curiosity which is indescribable. Every thing which can please—except upon reflection—is united there; and even the abundant filth is not without its interest, when opposed to the splendour it contains. The loftiness of the houses contrasted with the narrowness of the streets, which gives them the appearance of lanes cut in quarries of freestone, where some sprite or demon has alternately hewn out a palace and a pigstye; the magnificent residence of the Bourbons, the work of many monarchs, extending along the meagre banks of the Seine, till at length it is lost in the crowds of stalls, and booths, and slop-shops, and shoeblacks' stands which bound the prospect towards the Place de Grève,—that scene of many massacres, both old and new,—create an emotion in the mind of an Englishman, which he would in vain attempt to repay in kind, by any sight which London can afford a foreigner. The great characteristic of England is uniformity, with but few striking exceptions, few contrasts, few wretched hovels interspersed among the few palaces she possesses; few beggars imploring alms, and acting as a foil to luxury at the side of gaudy equipages. Paris is replete with lively contrasts, and wretched extremes; and London with tranquil monotony and happy order. We once heard a Frenchman, who certainly did not intend to pay a compliment to the country, say, that '*l'Angleterre étoit uniformément et ennuyeusement belle.*'

It is a speculation among the French, both in finances and vanity, to make their capital the abode and the admiration of strangers; and when any thing offers, which promises a harvest for either, they do the honours of it with peculiar effect, except, indeed, when they have been out-gloried into a fit of ill humour. The whole country becomes a theatre, in which foreigners are the audience; and Frenchmen laugh, dance, and tumble, to put them in good spirits. It is a part of this system, that all public establishments, and all the institutions of the arts and sciences are of such easy access; that all their learned men are so eager to show politeness to those whose opinion they hope to captivate, either for themselves or their nation. An Englishman has an elevation
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of mind which makes him reluctant to attract, by petty artifices, the passing plaudits of a mob of persons with whom he is unacquainted; and London is perhaps the capital of Europe in which a short residence is the least likely to captivate. The least engaging moments which strangers spend in the society of the English, are the first; for we require time to feel, and great occasion to show an attachment. We have no petty interests or passions which induce us to pay court to a stranger. We seek not the money he spends to increase our national prosperity. To speculate upon vanity we do not condescend. We scorn to caress any person whom we do not esteem; we cannot esteem any whom we do not know; and, when we do esteem, we think it beneath us to flatter. The first impressions then which Paris produces upon an Englishman are, upon the whole, more pleasing than those produced by London upon a Frenchman.

The account we have given of English travellers in France does not, we know, suit the whole nation; while the picture of Frenchmen in England is of more general application. The inhabitants of France, both in their minds and manners, compose a very homogeneous mass; and there is hardly any distinction but that of rank. Whoever has seen one *militaire*, or one robin of the ancient régime, has seen them all. The different epochs of the revolution, indeed, have introduced some shades of education, and persons who have paid attention to them, can distinguish a pupil of the Robespierrian from one of the Directorial, or Buonapartean school of ruffians. But we now speak of France not at any particular moment, but in the long era of her historical existence; and we assert that the contrasts she contains are not dependant upon a diversity of thoughts and opinions, but upon the extremes of want and luxury, with but little that is intermediate, and the impervious barrier which separates nobility from plebeians. England on the contrary, more uniform in some respects, presents a very varied picture of thoughts and opinions; and, to give a description of the nation at large would be impossible, except by saying it is infinitely varied. The most numerous class of English travellers, however, is, we fear, that which we have described. As to the pure John Bull, who is discontented with every thing abroad, he is very much changed both as to the intensity and the quality of his feelings; and we see but too many of our grumbling countrymen softened down, by the epicurean luxuries and elegant frivolities of France, into her very devoted humble servants and admirers. *Bullism* is a worthy honest sentiment; one which we would not see effaced. It is a prejudice of the heart, and honours him who owns it; and, since international relations among imperfect beings promise

eternal duration to prejudices, may this too be eternal! May no particle of it ever be exchanged for aught that can be found in that country, from which no Englishman ever yet returned with the addition of a single virtue.

So much, then, for the prepossessions induced by the physical impressions. We shall now proceed to some other inquiries, which we hope are more refined and more intellectual.

A Frenchman, on account of his natural levity, is more disposed to pronounce sentence without *connaissance de cause*, than an Englishman. Very slight information satisfies his curiosity; and he finds that he advances more rapidly by imagining consequences from doubtful premises, than by deducing them from laborious investigations. He has one prodigious advantage over Englishmen in the art of making impromptu observations. He has been taught to dance. He *glissees en avant* to explore, and *chassees* back again into his place, to ruminate. To stop him by facts would be as easy as to entangle St. Vitus in a cobweb; and he shuffles right and left through a chain of ratiocination, with as much dexterity as if it had been the *chaine Anglaise*. A pirouette is to him a fund of ineffable knowledge; for, while performing a revolution on his axis, his eyes are successively turned to all the corners of the land, and he has learned every recondite good it holds. But an Englishman has none of these advantages. He moves more slowly, and, if you will, more heavily. He does not slide along and determine all things at a glance. In short, the Frenchman surely beats him at the outset, *ma, chi va piano, va sano*.

In addition to his having learned to dance, a Frenchman possesses another advantage, equally conducive to the nimble processes of reasoning: he has not learned logic. Nothing is so cumbrous to an agile mind as gradations in disputation. He who can jump or stride across a river, disdains the aid of stepping stones, and he who can skip from the premises to the conclusion of an argument, will never stop to syllogize. Of all things on earth logic would be the most troublesome to a Frenchman; we do not mean the heavy formulas, the *Barbara celarent darii ferio baralipon* of the schools, but the natural progressions and paths which lead from one truth to another. It would make a new being of him. It would impede the volatility and the versatility of his perceptions. It would *trammel up his consequences*; and chain him, like Prometheus, to a rock, with impatience gnawing at his liver. But an Englishman is encumbered with a certain goutiness of mind, which makes him lean on every syllogistic staff; and he hobbles on, generally however to tolerably

tolerably sound results, wrapped up in the dialectic flannels of Aristotle and Bacon.

But if an Englishman, as many there are, has not studied logic, still the laxity of his inferences is straitened by a strong affection for truth, both intellectual and moral. When he travels (we except the class to which Major-General Lord Blaney belongs,) he looks for knowledge; and he holds that error is still worse than ignorance. He is fearful of drawing conclusions hastily; and the principal reproach that can be made to him is that too often under the influence of party feelings, he allows them to interfere where they should not be admitted. He has an intellectual conscience which he endeavours to satisfy, an interest which is more than curiosity, an end in view the uniform tendency of which is utility. All these considerations have but little weight with a Frenchman; and he is habituated to consider truth merely as an idol, old, antiquated, and awkward, which may be figured and disguised in a thousand sophistical shapes; nay, which it sometimes becomes a duty to deform. To own that any thing out of France can be superior to any thing that is in it, would be derogatory to the honour of his country and the glory of his sovereign.

It is not then surprizing that the first labour of a Frenchman is directed to mislead foreigners, and to give them too favourable ideas of France. He acts upon this principle: 'say all the good you can of yourself, there is always some one among the crowd who will believe you;' and by his plausible loquacity he often succeeds in gaining credit from a guileless Englishman. An Englishman, on the contrary, descants to the full as largely on the vices as upon the virtues of his country, and is too well aware that weakness is the lot of human nature to be shocked when some slight imperfections are laid to his account; though, in his mind, more than in the mind of a Frenchman, vice forms the exception not the rule of human conduct. But a Frenchman is not contented with dubbing himself the first of human creatures; he considers himself as a privileged being upon earth, exempt from all the defects of his species; a demigod, for whose pleasure the world was created, and who does its author infinite honour in appearing to be satisfied.

The intellectual endowments of the two nations are also of a different complexion, and we do not hesitate to advance that the average is very much in favour of England. The French have a quick and lively perception of all that immediately strikes the senses; and of the modifications of society which are taken in by the eye, and caught, as it were, by a glance of the mind. But, when sound conclusions are to be drawn, their understand-

ings are in default ; and the faculty by which ideas are combined, is more defective, than that by which they are received. The perceptive powers of an Englishman may not be so prompt ; or, to speak more correctly, the things he wishes to perceive cannot be so hastily observed ; while the quickness of a Frenchman, in a great measure, results from the futile nature of the objects which attract him. But at all events, the former excels in combination and induction, and in the habit of generalizing. The very best advantages of his country are derived from his power of reasoning justly ; and, without it, the stupendous fabric of British prosperity must crumble. The education of all classes in Great Britain is more solid than that of analogous classes in France ; and useful knowledge is spread over a much greater portion of the population. The peasantry in France inherit the mere ploughshare instincts of their fathers ; the bourgeois have never heard of any town except their own and Paris. Before the revolution—and most assuredly the elevation of corporals and laundresses to the ducal dignity has not diminished the defect—it was rare to see a well spelt letter from a nobleman ; and the ladies knew more of the eloquence du billet than of orthography. The ignorance of the upper ranks has at all times been deplorable in a country which holds so high a situation in Europe ; and the more so as, except among a few who courted science as a fashion, real knowledge was rather a title of exclusion among those who called themselves the best society.

There is, in the constitution of English and French intellect, a quality well deserving our attention, as it has a considerable influence upon their mode of judging. The English have been placed, by their natural position, in a situation which has roused the best energies of the species, and called into action all the great and general principles of human nature. It is upon these that our countrymen have always thought and acted ; and, by them, that their understandings have been formed. The security of property, the certainty of peaceably enjoying the fruit of labour, of not being deprived of our rights or liberty, while innocent, must be among the universal principles of social existence, because they tend to its uniform advantage. They are, so to speak, the instincts of rationality, and the primary impulses of civilized beings. Now it is to these, and to every feeling of the same description, that the English have paid their constant adoration. But to none of them have the French shown any due regard. Their natural situation, too favourable to thoughtlessness, has allowed their minds to run riot, as it were, in a series of false positions, which are not those of general nature ; and has fed their intellects with sentiments which are exceptions to the common inclinations

inclinations of reflecting men. In every instance, their attachment to things which reason holds most dear gives place to factitious passions. To the sure and peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, they prefer the precarious pleasures which unsteady wealth can purchase while it lasts; and, upon all occasions, set a higher value on the flowers than on the fruit of life; and, with an improvidence which must be unnatural, because it is destructive, they pluck the green ear of their corn, to regale their senses with the fragrance of its blossom.

The moral portrait of the French contains but few of the great features of our nature. Their character, if what is immaterial in us could admit of a substantial likeness, might be compared to a rough hewn statue of the human being, to which no soul had ever been destined; and whose surface had been polished, before its form was finished. Their feelings, sentiments, and passions, are but slight sketches of those which are prevalent among men; and we should look, in vain, for any of the strong lineaments which speak the deepest impressions of the heart, and proclaim its most energetic affections. Notwithstanding this, however, their existence is passed in extremes; and the susceptibility of their minds endeavours to compensate for the want of true sensibility. Impelled by an imagination rather physical than intellectual, which is guided by little reason, and rarely bent upon any solid pursuit, every Frenchman is alternately gigantic and dwarfish; and few can keep the middle stature; which is the assimilating characteristic of mankind. Their emotions are not the less violent for having originated in their imaginations, and for being subject to all its variations; but they have no reference to any thing except themselves and the impulse or pleasure of the passing hour.

With feelings so flimsy, and affections so futile, a nation might be supposed to have escaped the extreme of every passion; and to be incapable of profound and lasting animosities. But the violent fancies of light minds, though giddy foundations of benevolence, are powerful incitements to hatred; and it matters little whether they are permanent or not, provided they can be excited in such rapid succession, as leaves no sensible interruption in their existence. The most extravagant transports of rage have, at all times, been succeeded, in France, by excesses still more deplorable, and excited by the most paltry causes; and he who reads the history of that country, is perpetually astonished that such extreme unmeaning violence should have been so lasting. In frivolous minds too, there is no check upon outrageous caprices, no test to try their legitimacy; and the sentiments of mercy and benevolence, together with religion, are proportionally weak. In such ill-governed characters then, the virtues of humanity seldom

interpose, or interpose but feebly, to calm their frenzies; and it is more easy to argue down a tempest of the heart, than to subdue the malignant and erroneous passions which have their seat in the imagination.

In the national character of the English, all that, in the French, is outline is filled up; the sketch is finished, and the form completed, although the surface may in some parts be left unpolished. Every essential feature of the great image of man has been perfected; and every faculty and function kept distinct and separate. Our affections do not reside in our imaginations; neither, when buoyed up by the passions of fancy, do we become gigantic, or dwarfish when they desert us. Our whole moral nature is under the guidance of reason. Our religion is deep seated in our hearts, and if our passions wake, it wakes too, ready to oppose its counterpoise against their bad suggestions. We have reflection which seldom permits our virtues quite to slumber; and which, even when our pride swells highest, teaches us to ask, with more humility than the French have ever felt in the midst of degradation, if all were judged according to the strict letter of perfection, what would be our doom?

Upon dispositions thus previously biassed, many national events have erected a superstructure of love or hatred, which must also be taken into account. The British empire began the world with smaller means and fewer natural advantages than France. Some of these difficulties it was in the power of man to correct, or to counterpoise; but some of them no human ingenuity could remove. Yet, by ably taking advantage of what it was impossible to turn to profit, and by opposing greater energies of intellect, and stronger virtues to the obstacles they could not overcome, the natives of Britain have raised their country to a height of power, happiness, and glory, which does not appear to have been enjoyed by any other people upon earth. To do this assertion justice, is much beyond our space and powers; yet we must attempt a rapid sketch.

The historical events of both nations, whenever England and France have come in contact with each other, are such as to leave a long balance of success and glory to the credit of the former. During the six centuries which succeeded the Norman conquest—an event in which the French had no share—the whole tide of fortune was without interruption in our favour. We remained masters of one-third of France during nearly four centuries: we won, over the natives in the very heart of their natural dominions, and with forces not more than one to five, the three most memorable battles recorded in the history of either nation, beside a crowd of lesser days. One of our monarchs was crowned king of
France

France in their capital, and one of their's was led captive into ours. Henry VIII. poised the destinies of Francis and Charles, and Elizabeth helped to place upon the throne of France the most national monarch that ever sat upon it—a benefit too great to be acknowledged. As a counterpoise to these, and many other bitter advantages, we failed, in later times, in our attempts to oppose the Spanish succession, and the French succeeded in helping our colonies to become independent. But the former event added more to the vanity of the Bourbon family, than to the power of France; and the latter was a natural consequence of the prosperity and of the principles which we ourselves had planted among our American descendants, much more than a result of French interference. When universal terror, twice in one hundred years, hung over Europe, Britain alone remained undaunted, and held out, in one hand, a shield to the oppressed, and in the other a scourge to the wicked. We accomplished all this by a series of victories, most galling to them; by effacing their flag from every sea, and, in later times, by driving their armies before us, over the whole space of ground which separates the capitals of Belgium and Lusitania, the distance between Thoulouse and the banks of the Loire excepted. In every age, and in every clime, the Genius of France has been rebuked under us; and, if she has sometimes triumphed over the rest of Europe, it has only been that we might become the ultimate heirs and depositaries of all her glory, purged of all its crimes.

From the remotest period to which history can reach, down to the present day, the internal state of the two countries has been such as to create more envy on the one side, than on the other. With every natural advantage which can conduce to national prosperity, much greater than in Britain, still France has remained our inferior in all the grand results of happiness, nay even of genuine splendour; and a fair comparison between the two countries cannot fail to impress upon men the conviction that the bounty of nature is often more generously shown in what she refuses, than in what she prodigally bestows. If we compare the benefits which each nation derives from its territorial resources, with those resources themselves, we shall find that England has done much more, and that, at this present moment, the balance which her industry, her perseverance, in a word, which the use of her moral faculties has created, taking an average of population, wealth, power, intellect, is about five to one in her favour; in virtue and happiness much higher. And let not the word wealth alarm the men of any party. What we advance we can prove. If since the day when our present debt began, we had had recourse to the same means which the French have employed, during

during the same period, that is to say, bankruptcies, fraudulent and rapacious; violent breaches of national faith; foreign and domestic plunder, confiscations, &c. the government of this country, instead of owing £800,000,000 sterling, would now have at least thrice that sum at its disposal. But then it would have been, like that of France, dishonest; and we could not then assert, as we now do, that should any public emergency create a sudden demand for money, in both countries, the sums which in a given time, however long or short, would be forthcoming, would be at the very lowest computation in equal numbers of pounds sterling in England, and of francs in France; or as twenty-four to one. We found this assertion, not upon any vague surmise; but upon absolute documents too long to be developed at this moment.

The same superiority will be found to be our lot in every other department of intellect. In the moral and political sciences, those on which the happiness of nations depends; we are, both in theory and practice, some centuries more advanced than France. In the exact sciences, those in which she claims the greatest pre-eminence, we are still her superiors, and our excellence is greatest in those very branches which demand the greatest reach of mind, mathematics, optics, mechanics, astronomy, chemistry, medicine. In a word, there are but two roads to national supremacy; nature and art—and where nature has done least, art must do the most. One of the most taunting delights of the French, is to cast in our teeth the penury of our soil, the ungratefulness of our climate, and the scantiness of all our natural means—if they loved us, they could not pay a nobler homage to our virtues and our wisdom than is unconsciously conveyed in this sneer at the original exiguity of our means;—and they are, above all, exasperated to see, that, with a smaller and a poorer territory, with a land not flowing with wine and oil, and with little more than two-thirds of their population, we have risen to a height which, even while they rail at it, they can hardly scan.

In summing up what precedes then, we must conclude that the French are much more capable of feeling the full force of the baleful passions, and of giving themselves up uncontrouledly to their influence, than we are; and that we are more capable of inspiring pure hatred than they are; consequently, that every motive conspires to raise their detestation of us to the highest pitch. Our happiness, liberty, and wisdom, which they cannot either imitate or injure; our stupendous achievements, the elevation of our virtues, nay, the very grandeur of our failings, and last, though not the least, our clemency, generosity, and munificence, so often shown in return for their incessant intrigue and constant outrage against us, afford no palliative to their enmity. But

But in the character of the French are many things which soften animosity, and make it less bitter, though not less insolent, than when goaded on by envy. To us a Frenchman brings the honourable homage of his worst hatred unalloyed ; while we find many a mitigating quality betwixt him and the most envenomed feelings we can bear him. With the best will to do so he cannot despise us, and therefore is his hatred the more acrimonious.

Another thing which makes it much more difficult for a Frenchman to form just ideas of England, than for an Englishman to judge of France, is the great development of all the intellectual powers in this country ; and which, to be appreciated, should be scrutinized by minds capable at least of comprehending, though they may not practise, what they contemplate. France, reduced to its intrinsic value, is one of the countries in Europe the most easy to appreciate : the only difficulty is so to reduce it, amid the illusions which court our favour, and the speciousness which misleads our judgment. All the real good which it contains more than England, consists mainly in such things as are perceived by the eye, and are the objects of our grosser senses ; in the beauty of a clearer sky, and the charms of a more exhilarating climate ; in a greater proportion of luxury, and a more studious attention to physical refinement, to all that can afford enjoyment, instead of happiness, and flatter sensuality, without awakening a thought. But for any thing more solid we must not look. From their political institutions, their industry, their literature, we could not learn the twentieth part of what we could teach ; and the instruction we might reap, is, in most cases, surrounded by so much harm, as to make it often a dangerous acquisition. The most useful lesson that is to be learned among them is, that the first moments we spend with a Frenchman are, in general, the most pleasing we ever shall have in his society ; and the first glance of France,—before the few brilliant specks upon its surface have shown the darkness visible throughout the mass,—is the most favourable view in which a rational mind can contemplate the country and its inhabitants. Every day lays bare some new defect ; and—we speak it from having repeatedly watched the progress of opinion among some of our own infatuated countrymen, in whom time and observation have accomplished a cure,—the last and true conclusion to which their admirers must come is, that they are a nation without feeling and without principle.

The country of Europe, the good of which it is the most difficult to appreciate, in its full extent, is Britain. It requires a longer acquaintance with us, and a deeper study, to know us thoroughly, than to know any other nation ; not merely because we
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are less demonstrative, but because a greater share of wisdom and combination has concurred to form our institutions, and still maintains them, than is to be found in the institutions of any other country. They who consider us by the eye alone, who see nothing but the means employed, and distinguish no end, no result, may indeed be a little bewildered; because it is a principle with us, that the means employed should be left open to inspection: for we expect more profit from discussing their imperfections, than from extolling their deserts. Some intelligent foreigners, and, among the number, we may reckon M. Simon, have, at first, seen nothing in the publicity with which matters, held secret in other countries, are treated in England, but the disgusting play of every passion, openly avowed in the broad face of day, without a blush; and, from the spectacle before their eyes, they have generally concluded how much worse must be that which is concealed. M. Simon, indeed, with his usual candour, expressed his admiration at the ends obtained; but he is puzzled to trace the connection which leads to so much real beauty, through so much apparent deformity. But we are not to be studied by partial contemplation, and piecemeal prying into every petty detail, which men expect to find as perfect in the means as in the end; as if the Augean labour of cleansing human society could be accomplished without some disgusting particulars. They take a vast machine to pieces, and expect to find it as efficient when separate as when combined; that every wheel should move, and every pinion be actively impelled.

The practical difficulty of judging England is strikingly exemplified in the instance of one of the greatest foreigners that ever wrote upon this country. Montesquieu, in his '*Notes sur l'Angleterre*,' relates a number of observations which he made there about the year 1730, and we cannot help bringing a few of them together on this occasion, as they appear to us particularly well calculated to elucidate what we advance; so strangely are they at variance among themselves, and so powerfully do they contrast with the immutable principles which he had laid down in the calmness of study and meditation, when his judgment was not disturbed by the contemplation of objects which his mind was wholly unaccustomed to behold in action.

Strangers, he says, complain that the English do not love them. How can the English, who do not love each other, love strangers? Corruption is gaining ground in every rank—Money is the summum bonum. Honour and virtue are held as nothing.—Scotch members of parliament sell their votes for 200*l.* because they can get no more for them.—The English are no longer worthy

worthy their liberty. They sell it to the king, and if the king were to give it back again to them, they would sell it again.—A minister thinks of nothing but triumphing over his adversary; and in order to do so, he would sell his country and all the potentates in the world.—Every day respect for the crown diminishes.—There is no religion in England. A person having said that he believed something that he had heard, as he believed an article of his faith, every person present burst out a-laughing in his face. Finally,—who would expect it? He says—England is at this moment the freest country in the world, without excepting any republic upon earth, because the sovereign has not the power of injuring any one;—and again, ‘the liberty which one enjoys in London is the liberty of honest men, different from that which exists in Venice, which is to live with strumpets and to marry them. The equality one enjoys in London is the equality of honest men, different from the Dutch liberty, which is the liberty of the mob.’—Now surely, no person who reflects upon these few sentences would suppose them to have been written by the man who says, and truly says, that virtue is the basis of all public liberty. They may however afford some consolation to those who might otherwise be alarmed at the sad prognostication with which many good or evil-minded persons threaten British freedom. Most unquestionably the nation which, ninety years ago, was no longer worthy of liberty, could not now, unless by some miraculous regeneration, be free. If we mistake not, it was Montesquieu who, after long studying the English language in his closet, hazarded articulating a few words of it, to which, when he had frequently repeated them to some indulgent native, he received for answer, ‘Beg pardon, Sir, but I don’t understand French.’ Nor could Montesquieu better comprehend the language and the signs of practical liberty; and all the frailties which it lays bare to the world, and which, in despotism, are swept away in silence, he took for the marks of unworthiness, even though he saw, beyond dispute, that freedom, such as, by his own confession, none else on earth enjoyed, was the result.

The passions of the human heart can no more be eradicated, than the properties of matter; and when repressed by force upon the one side, they burst out with greater violence upon the other. The governments which have established themselves upon the hypothesis of their total suppression, are, indeed, most awful models of simplicity; for they know but one principle of action, but one single rule of right and wrong; and that, as the great man just quoted, and who was himself a subject of a government not much unlike to one of these, first dared to say, is
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terror—the dread of punishment according to the will of one man, without law or judgment. But the government of Britain allows the heart to find its own corrective within itself; and has not attempted to attain a pernicious simplicity, which cannot co-exist with liberty. ‘*Natura suis armis victa*,’ is the faithful legend of all our institutions; and we look for rest in the just balance and equilibrium of contending forces, not in their destruction. We conceive the whole science of liberty and legislation to consist in applying the laws, by which the human creature may remain quiescent in the midst of conflicting impulses, as the great centre of our solar system, amid the attractions which solicit him in every direction.

The vivifying principle and the soul of our whole system is publicity; and this alone is a strong presumption in its favour. The only motives which a nation can have for laying bare its imperfections, unless we suppose it sunk below all earthly degradation, and then it could not be free, are sincerity, a love of truth and horror of deceit, a consciousness of imperfection, a wish and a power to become better, a decided will to meet the coming evil, and not to shrink from the painful operation of inquiry. Let those who censure us, then, for having exposed to public view the least attractive parts of the human character, look to the consequences with an unprejudiced eye; and they will learn to appreciate a people disgraced by fewer historical crimes and less general immorality than could be found at this moment in Europe, or perhaps in history. They will see the nation that has resolved the grandest political problem, which He, whose will it is that human creatures should be happiest in society, could leave possible to the ingenuity of finite beings—with the smallest original means to compass the greatest ends of wealth, power, knowledge, liberty, virtue and happiness.

A reasonable hope might have been formed, during the last twenty-five years, that the country in which so much rational prosperity exists; would become better known to foreigners, and, above all, to Frenchmen. More than one hundred thousand of the latter visited us. Among them some were birds of passage; others remained with us. They who were our friends and free, enjoyed the amplest opportunities of learning what they pleased among us. But they were exiles and unfortunate. Their minds were bent upon their ‘*dulces Argos*.’ Our successes were painful to them, our reverses brought them despair. Even our beneficence, though bestowed without ostentation, was galling to them; and when the last band of the emigrants came to us, they who had lingered in every other part of Europe, until impending death had driven

driven them to this hospitable shore, where the cries of the wretched are never heard in vain, they received, with reluctance, a bounty, in which they at last felt they should not have so long delayed to trust. Yet, in the great number who came here late or early, it might have been expected that at least one or two would have taken advantage of their residence, to study a country which had so long been, at least, the rival of their own, and the object of their envy and aversion. But they remained attached to their own habits, regretting their delicious Paris—*ludum Paridemque*—and the Opera which made it dear to them—and returned home without carrying back a single idea that might be useful. The list of those who studied our laws, institutions and government; who even deigned to learn our language, or thought that, in any point of worthiness, we deserved their attention, would be small indeed. Yet, the emigrants, beyond any comparison, were, if not the most philosophical, the most honourable portion of the French population.

The author of the volumes before us was eminently distinguished for his attachment to the cause of the Bourbons: and his loyalty is the more meritorious, as he does not belong to the class in which royalism is a duty. In his rambles he visited many countries, and was alternately busied in diplomatic negotiations and commercial speculations. His success in the latter has been, at least, equivocal; and thence it is most probable that the voice of rumour pointed him out as likely to be named minister of the French finances. But France, not finding any person among her own children worthy to be placed at the head of her treasury, at last had recourse to her old method of calling in a foreigner, M. Corvetto, once a pettyfogging lawyer in his native Genoa; then its betrayer; then a director of the Ligurian Republic; then count of the imperial manufactory, and counsellor of state to Buonaparte; and, finally, by a natural progression, minister of finance to Lewis XVIII.

M. Rubichon, however, is not without talent. He has the complete mind of a Frenchman; quickness of perception, incapacity of induction, vanity, inerrability, and the presumption common to his countrymen, that, because France is France, and he is a Frenchman, every thing there must be right, and all the rest of the world wrong. He is one of those, who, the more they advance, go the more astray. The work he has published is worthy of such a mind; for in 583 pages of his first, and 425 of his second volume, we do not believe there is a single combination of ideas which is just, or one conclusion which facts or principles would authorize.

We

We are not induced to pronounce this opinion by any resentment towards M. Rubichon; for he is one of the most lenient detractors whom England has found for a long time among his countrymen. We are quite sure too that he is sincere in what he says, and that he is not warped by any voluntary prejudices. He judges England and France just as he would a book, or a prospect, or a ballet; and is not more in an error about them than he would be about the merest trifle. He appears to possess one of those minds which cannot see any thing exactly where it is; but living in a strongly refracting medium, never looks at it in a straight line, or beholds it otherwise than distorted; and taking the prismatic colours of his inflected vision for the tints of nature, is always the more convinced by the lengthened spectrum of his imagination, the more it differs from the object of which he conceives it to be the exact representation. We should not indeed have introduced him to the acquaintance of our readers, were it not that in point of false but well-meaning judgment he is a kind of phenomenon. His work too has had some success in France, and is even referred to by persons of a certain class there as their political creed concerning the countries which he compares; and many who imagine they have just notions upon England and her feudal system, quote M. Rubichon, perhaps, as Tacitus *De Moribus Germanorum* might have been quoted at the court of Domitian. Our object then is to let the English public know what the state of belief and knowledge is among our neighbours concerning our country, and that among persons more respectable than the fond sectaries of General Pillet.

M. Rubichon allows that the English had by nature many excellent qualities, but says that our institutions, our internal policy, have injured them. A representative government, the reformation, the revolution, have prevented us from running the same career of prosperity which we might have reached in common with France. He is a strenuous advocate for divine rights, which he asserts not only in favour of kings; but of the whole human race. It is by divine right that every man is what he is; and this is the true doctrine, because it is the doctrine of liberty. The representative system is adverse to liberty and civilization—a system to which the people have as much right as Caligula's horse had to the consulship. Such a mode of legislation can be advantageous only when the framers of the laws are not parties interested; when laws for England are made in Paris, and laws for France in London. Trial by jury is held in the highest contempt by English jurists, yet not so much as it deserves. The current price for a seat in parliament is 5000*l*. Montesquieu and Voltaire (for he has coupled these names together) were wrong in calling the
House

House of Commons a democratic institution. In England the popular party is weaker than the aristocratic or the monarchical; but in old France stronger, *because* in the latter the parliaments were *not* elected. The feudal system is, at this hour, maintained in its full vigour in England, and without it she must have long since fallen. The Catholic religion is more conducive to morality, liberty, civilization and prosperity, than the protestant; and hence the Protestant electors are *obliged* (not enabled) to keep on foot more numerous armies than the Catholic. The reformation was undertaken for the purposes of confiscation and spoliation in the three kingdoms. Presentations to livings are usually sold by auction, or played for at the gaming table. All improvements in modern literature, science and the fine arts are due to learned corporations, such as once existed in certain Catholic religious orders; and wherever these have been suppressed, learning has uniformly declined; hence the bourgeoisie of England is the most ignorant in the world; and no nation so little knows its own constitution as we do, and no men from their early youth are imbued with such contracted ideas as the English. Hence, too, we never have possessed one good publicist; for Coke, Hale and Holt were vast but vicious minds; Blackstone was one of the most ill-judging intellects that fertile Britain ever has produced; Pitt was a ninny and coxcomb, and Dundas the only statesman of the country who never had a wrong idea. The territory of England twenty-five years ago might have been divided into *terres roturieres*, nobles and communales. In France the lawyer, the merchant, the citizen, possessed much landed property; in England scarcely any. Want of taste in such things as the Catholic religion made common, has dreadfully increased the immorality of England—so much so that no man can purchase any thing unseen, or trust in another's word. What distinguishes the females of this country from all other European women, is—a bunch of keys at their sides; and even the most fashionable, she who has no pockets to carry her handkerchief, puts on a gaoler's girdle whenever she goes out from home, attached to which, at every step she takes, the pendant keys that protect her property from domestic spoliation, jingle in the ears of her admirers: and, to crown all, public spirit is the bane of empires.

We wish we could sometimes confide in M. Rubichon, for he is occasionally flattering and consolatory. The power of England, already colossal, is only in its dawn. The average yearly consumption of meat in England is 220lbs. per head; in France 16lbs.: of wheat, $3\frac{1}{4}$ hectolitres per head, yearly, in England; in France, $1\frac{1}{2}$. The product of labour to a southern Frenchman is 8; to an Italian, 22; to a northern Frenchman, 26; to a northern German,

40; to an Englishman, 140: hence the labour of one Englishman produces $8\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as the labour of one Frenchman. An English scarcity, compared to a French scarcity, is as the noces de Gamache to Count Ugolin's tower (this indeed we must vouch for, as also for this;—that what is called ruin and poverty in England, bears an aspect of more real comfort, than all the splendour we ever saw elsewhere.) In England thirty horses are kept for pleasure to one in France. England has not yet the tenth part of the wealth she will have. The first question Frenchmen ask in England is, 'Where is the peasantry?*' All this certainly wears a very satisfactory appearance; but, coming from M. Rubichon, it is quite alarming; and we could almost fear that our poor country is fast verging to its ruin. Another eulogium of his we must concur in—'*L'histoire de l'Angleterre est si belle et si pure quant à ses relations extérieures, que les Anglois, comme tels, jouissent d'une grande considération.*' In whatever sense he uses this phrase, we rejoice to find that a Frenchman, who speaks ill of us in other respects, does not cast in our teeth the hackneyed phrase of '*Punica fides.*' It is quite inconceivable how many upon the continent, urged on by the vociferations of France, believe, or affect to believe, as they once did, the story of Thionville, that we led the emigrants to Quiberon to be slaughtered; that we were accessory to the murder of the Emperor Paul; that we winked at the invasion of France by Buonaparte, from Elba. It is in vain that we say it would have been less perfidious and less expensive too, to leave the emigrants to perish from want and misery, in those very countries which bear but a small portion of French hatred, than to equip a costly expedition, for the purpose of betraying them to the revolutionary swords of their countrymen. It is in vain to urge, that the hundred days of Buonaparte's last reign cost us 8,000,000*l.* sterling.

We shall take leave of M. Rubichon and his innocuous absurdity, with two extracts from his work, the one containing some strictures upon modern French glory, the other upon the actual state of policy, since the return of Louis XVIII. They will serve as a specimen of his style, which, as might be expected in a mind deprived of all sound judgement, must, if it has any sound quality, possess some glow.

'Qu'est devenue, hélas! cette malheureuse France, depuis qu'elle s'est laissée balotter entre les mains de tant d'aventuriers? Ils l'ont dépouillé de ces biens ecclésiastiques qui entretenoient, dans les campagnes, ce culte qui répandoit des jouissances morales, des consolations,

* We heard a similar question asked in Sir Francis Burdett's riot. A Frenchman newly arrived in England went to see what was going forward, and conceiving that the crowd consisted of spectators like himself, asked, where is the mob?

et élevoit l'ame de l'agriculteur ; des biens de ces oratoriens, et de tant d'autres congrégations zélées, qui présentoient au peuples des villes l'appas d'une instruction gratuite dans la latinité, l'histoire, la poésie, l'éloquence ; des biens de ces Bénédictins, &c. . . . des biens de ces Frères de la Charité, (the well known Père Elisé was one of these !) 'auxquels la chirurgie, la médecine et l'anatomie doivent tout. . . . Tant de prospérité détruite, ces nobles villes de Lyons, de Marseille, de Bourdeaux, qui, par leur splendeur, feroient croire quelles avoient été fondées par des hommes qui avoient à jouir, et non à acquérir, furent désertées ; la navigation, cet art qui demande tant de combinaisons qu'à lui seul il fait la gloire d'un empire, et prouve combien l'essor des modernes est supérieur à celui des anciens, fut abandonnée. *L'Inde, si loin si longtems de la gloire de nos armées navales*, voit fuyant notre marine militaire devant *une marine marchande* ; les colonies, à qui notre pavillon annonçoit naguère de si belles lois, une si douce administration, un commerce si probe et si prospère, des voyageurs si sçavans, demandent (our author has written demande in the singular,) si la France existe encore ; et où tant de gloire flétrie a-t-elle trouvé des compensations ?—dans la gloire militaire—

' Mais, je le demande, est-ce que l'art des Condé et des Turenne a été avancé par ces gens-ci ? Quoique des myriades d'hommes aient sacrifiés à leur apprentissage dans une profession que ces deux grands hommes furent comme obligés de deviner, est-ce qu'au milieu de leurs forfanteries, aucun de nos parvenus a osé se comparer à eux ? Je dis, forfanteries, parce que lorsqu'on leur a fait observer qu'ils n'avoient jamais exercé cet art, ni dans ses finesses ni dans ses difficultés, puisqu'ils ont toujours eu de nouvelles armées à consommer, sans jamais combiner leur nourriture, leurs vêtemens, leurs hopitaux ou leurs tentes, ils ont toujours prétendu y avoir suppléé par leur bravoure. A les entendre, ne croiroit-on pas que les Français, pour compter parmi les militaires de l'Europe, avoient les mêmes conditions à remplir qu'un cadet qui entre dans un régiment ; qu'ils avoient leurs preuves de bravoure à faire ? Certes, si Mars, aveugle comme Cupidon, doit aussi se laisser conduire par la folie, la France, depuis vingt ans lui, a fourni de dignes conducteurs. Mais est-ce que nos parvenus ont obtenu quelque supériorité dans cette bravoure sublime qui consiste à supporter les défis, les sarcasmes, les insultes d'une armée qui a intérêt de combattre ; dans cette bravoure qui dédaigne de corrompre les ennemis ; qui, dans l'adversité, ne cède à aucune alarme, n'abandonne pas ses blessés ; ne se livre, ni à une retraite désordonnée, ni à une fuite inutile ? La France, je le sçais, a de belles pages à ajouter à son histoire militaire ; mais elles ne sont pas plus belles que leurs précédentes. Elle en a, au contraire, d'une ignominie sans exemple ; car, jusqu'à présent, elle n'avoit jamais confié ses armées à tel général qui ait voulu les livrer à l'ennemi ; ou à tel autre qui, pour sauver son pillage, en ait sacrifié la sûreté et l'existence ; ou à tel autre qui l'ait secrètement et lâchement abandonnée dans ses désastres.'

With the general tone of the sentiments contained in the following

ing extract, we most heartily concur. He says that, on the return of the Bourbons—

‘La Majesté Royale reparoissoit aussi forte qu’éclatante. La France et son roi devoient pardonner à tant de crimes’ (the crimes of the revolution,) ‘mais ils *pouvoient* les punir; ils devoient les oublier, mais devoient-ils les récompenser? Devoit-on voir des prêtres apostats, incestueux, ou mariés, des professeurs d’athéisme, de cyniques spéculateurs, s’emparer du sceptre? Devoit-on voir les hommes les plus souillés des hommes, près de qui les sénateurs de Caligula faisoient honneur à l’espèce humaine; partager les fonctions publiques les plus élevées avec les familles les plus pures par leur fidélité et les plus illustres par leur naissance? Qu’en est-il arrivé? Ils ont réveillé ces mêmes vices qui depuis longtems réduits à l’engourdissement par l’usurpateur lui *avoient*, (*avait* in the author, who is frequently ungrammatical) fait pardonner sa sombre tyrannie; ils ont rappelé toutes les doctrines populaires; ils ont excité de nouveaux rugissemens contre la légitimité ou l’autorité du souverain, contre les devoirs de la religion et l’influence des pasteurs, contre les pouvoirs et les droits de la noblesse. Ils ont fait parade de colère, de haine, de jalousie qu’ils n’éprouvent pas; c’étoit peut-être pour la première fois dans ce monde que des sentimens si criminels étoient factices; ils n’avoient rien de vrai, rien de fondé, rien de naturel; la corruption n’avoit jamais demandé tant de science, l’atrocité tant de calculs; mais il falloit obtenir de grands complices dans de nouveaux sacrilèges.’—Farther on he says—‘Il revient ce monstre qui pendant si longtems ne s’est comme Moloch abreuvé que de larmes maternelles; il revient, mais il ne revient pas seul; il ramène cet ignominieux Barrère, celui qui fit renverser les autels, revêtir les animaux immondes des ornemens de nos pontifes, employer des vases sacrés aux orgies les plus dégoûtantes, prendre des prostituées pour la déesse Raison, et rendre nos temples le théâtre de tant de Bacchanales; il ramène ce sanguinaire Carnot qui, sans distinction de crimes, de vertus, d’âge, de sexe, ou de rang, jeta tant de victimes dans la même charrette—il ramène surtout ce hideux Fouché qui, accusant la lenteur des échafauds, leur substitua le canon à mitraille pour la destruction des habitans de Lyon, et qui, pour celle de leurs maisons et de leur ville jusque dans ses fondemens, demandoit de substituer le volcan des mines et des flammes aux travaux tardifs des hommes.’

M. Rubichon has turned over the leaves of a great many books, and has collected just the kind of knowledge which such a brain can pick from such a mode of study. His memory, however, has not always been faithful; for example, when speaking of the massacre at Beziers, (p. 314.) in the year 1209, he attributes to a military commander the words of horrid destruction which were uttered by a Catholic priest. The facts were as follows: when Beziers was taken by Simon de Montford, who commanded the Crusaders against the Albigenses, the Abbé de Citeaux, legate to the Pope, and not general of the forces, being consulted

consulted concerning the mode of distinguishing the Catholics from the heretics, in order to save the former; 'Kill all,' said he, 'God will distinguish the faithful;' and at his word thirty thousand fell.

A mistake of a more ludicrous nature, is the following:—In his chapter on trade, M. Rubichon tells his readers that he is quite at home upon that subject, being born and bred in the business; and apologizes for not sketching its history. 'But every merchant will excuse me, when I tell him that the first *treaty* of commerce, mentioned by the ancients, was the sale of Joseph by his brethren; and that, from this *earliest* commercial transaction, down to the last loan, they have all been fatally alike.' Now a desire to be pert and witty has made him forget that Joseph was sold by his brethren to some Arabian merchants, who were carrying perfumes and other goods from Galaad into Egypt,—at least so Josephus tells us from the authority of holy writ.

We remember to have seen an English edition of the first volume of this work printed some years ago in London. M. Rubichon, we are pretty confident, was his own translator,—for who else indeed would have thought his nonsense worth translating? and we must say, '*materiem superabat opus*'; for a more conceited and presumptuous piece of absurdity we have seldom met with. But these French folks, as Praxinoë well observes—

— πάλιν Ἰσραὴλ, καὶ ὡς Ζεὺς ἀργάστ' Ἑρας.

and many of them think they can teach the English nation the English language.*

M. Rubichon hopes that no breach of hospitality will be laid to his account for the freedom with which he delivers his opinion. Certainly not. The character of a nation is public property; and, if they who have studied it where alone it can be learned, are debarred by false delicacy from speaking of it, by whom shall we be taught the truth? We do not conceive that, in civilized times, the obligation contracted toward a nation that does not refuse to the subjects of other states the benefit of its laws, its air, and its protection, is so great as ever afterwards to impose superstitious silence upon the grateful traveller who leaves it. But we do think it the duty of every man who has a new idea, to

* In the feuilleton of a French journal (the *Bon Français* of March 29d) is this sentence—*Chespire*, que les Anglais écrivent *Schakespeare*.—Some years ago, a semi-official relation of the alarm excited in England by the appearance of a small French squadron off our coast, stated that John Bull ran up and down exclaiming, 'Here come the French dogs, huzza! huzza! huzza!' and this exclamation was thus translated into French, in a note. *Voilà ces terribles Français! Notre dernière heure est arrivée!* which we beg to retranslate for the amusement of our country gentlemen. 'Here are the terrible French! our last hour is come!'—Now is it possible to *hate* a nation so diverting?

communicate it; and one such idea is compensation enough for many a dull volume. It is moreover no small satisfaction to us as Englishmen, that even foreigners can speak their minds concerning us, as freely in London as in Paris. We will venture to assert that, notwithstanding all the disparagement which his first volume contains, M. Rubichon never was insulted for his opinions in any society, never taken to account by any half-pay officer, never pursued by any ruffian of a political police, never informed against by any gentleman spy, and never experienced the least inconvenience or unpleasantness, during his long residence in this truly generous and enlightened island.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the general drift of M. Rubichon's two volumes is perfectly contradictory; the first bravely published in London, during his emigration, being unfavourable to England; the second, gallantly edited in Paris since his return, being just as hostile to France. We are told by Spallanzani, that the animal called *vespertilio murinus*, vulgo, *bat*, can fly in the darkest room, and backwards and forwards, an infinite number of times through a labyrinth of obstacles, without ever hitting against any of them. Now this seems to be Mr. Rubichon's case; for notwithstanding his cecity and his perpetual flights from one absurdity to another, he never once has knocked against reason, or come in collision with one sound idea, either of which must have been fatal to his speculations; and his imagination has rambled, uncontrouled, yet we do not think he would make a better poet than he has shown himself a statist.

ART. X.—*The Fall of Jerusalem, a Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading; and late Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. 8vo. London. 1820.

THERE is scarcely, in the whole range of ancient or modern history, a subject which embraces in itself so many circumstances of awful interest, as the last Jewish war, and the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.—Besides its political importance, as perhaps the most obstinate struggle in which the Roman empire was engaged with a foreign power, from the last Punic war to the Gothic invasion, no history or portion of history presents us with facts so variously interesting. In none, that we know of, are we made witnesses of so many strange and dreadful phenomena, of generous feelings exaggerated into crimes, or of the effects which may be produced on the mind and body by fanaticism and despair; by a resolution to refuse even pardon and peace from the hands of a triumphant and detested enemy; by an insane confidence in the protection of that Deity whose holiest laws are trampled on; and

and by that pride of endurance which, when our suffering reaches a certain pitch of intensity and hopelessness, would seem to be, in itself, a source of gratification.

The more general picture of a small and divided nation, without allies, without discipline, and almost without military equipments, making head against the whole weight of a mighty empire; defending village after village, and wall after wall, with so much courage as to require a separate siege for the most insignificant hamlets, and with so much obstinacy as to make each of their own defeats a source of mourning to their invaders; their strength retreating as the extremities are cut off, to the heart and centre of their kingdom; and, at length, pent up like wild beasts in a net, within the ramparts of a single city:—the spectacle there offered of 600,000 souls, (at the lowest computation,) resisting still when no rational motive for resistance remained; exerting, at the same moment and with equal rage, their most furious passions against each other and their enemies; fighting, robbing, starving, disputing, blaspheming, murdering, and calling, with full confidence, on God to acknowledge them, by some signal deliverance, as his chosen people—must be ranked among the most awful scenes recorded of our nature, and one for which it is impossible to account without supposing some degree of judicial infatuation to have possessed a race so furious and so miserable. It is true that the physical endurance and mental obstinacy of the southern nations, and more particularly of the Jewish and Arabian family, seem in all ages to have surpassed, in seasons of hopeless misery, the more rational and phlegmatic darings of the tribes of northern Europe. But, making all due allowance for this national idiosyncrasy; and admitting, as may safely be admitted, that Josephus had been imperfectly informed, or was of himself inclined to exaggerate, in some slight degree, the horrors which his countrymen had suffered,—enough will still remain, even in the brief and half contemptuous narrative of Tacitus, to stamp the obstinacy of the Jews with something of a supernatural character, which will both correspond with, and render less improbable, the prodigies which are said to have preceded and aggravated the calamities of their city.

And, when we still further consider that all this obstinacy, this infatuation, these sufferings, these portents, had been exactly foretold by the Founder of the Christian Religion, that He had appealed to this future destruction as to the seal and confirmation of his own Divine Authority; and that His prediction to this effect was known and notoriously acted on, to the preservation of their lives and properties, by the great body of His worshippers; when we consider, above all, the *crime* for which these sufferings were denounced by Him, as the appropriate punishment, it is no wonder that not only

the Jews, but the followers of Christ and Mahommed should regard the ruin of God's peculiar city and temple as one of the most remarkable epochs in the religious history of mankind, and as one of the events to which the mind recurs with the deepest wonder and veneration.

Thus revered, and thus remarkable, we have sometimes thought it strange, that the Fall of Jerusalem has been a subject hitherto so little attempted either by painters or poets. None of the more eminent names among the former have exerted their talents on a theme which—if not too multifarious and extensive, (and who that has seen *Le Brun's Battles* can make this objection?)—would seem to combine in itself more richness and variety of natural and architectural scenery, of costume, of grouping, of attitude, and of interest, than any other which history offers. No considerable poet has taken more than a transient and incidental notice of scenes so strange, so terrible, and, to Christians of every sect and country, so important;* nor has the subject been so much as alluded to anywhere else except in some of the Oxford and Cambridge Prize Poems.

It is not, however, to be overlooked that, as the subject of a poem of any length, the Fall of Jerusalem was attended with many difficulties,—difficulties so numerous and so great, as hardly to be surmounted by a share of genius and good taste less remarkable than the present author has brought forward to subdue them. It had, in the first place, the misfortune of being too well known, both in its event and its more conspicuous details, to leave any room for that suspended and anxious interest which (however some modern critics may affect to despise a plot) was well observed by Aristotle to be the most essential, because the most popular requisite of a narrative or dramatic poem. It is easy indeed for a poet, and it is one of the poet's most ancient and acknowledged prerogatives, to warp and mould historical events according to his fancy and to serve his 'airy purposes:' but if this is not done with a very gentle and judicious hand, the reader is more apt to be disgusted with the departure from a known truth than delighted with the ingenuity of the fiction. This displeasure is felt even when the liberty in question has been taken, not with sober historic truth, but with an old and familiar fable. It has been one main cause of the total and signal failure of the different epics which have been

* There is a forgotten rhyming tragedy in two parts, called 'The Destruction of Jerusalem.' It was written by Crowne, (the ridiculous rival of Dryden,) and is said to have been acted with applause about the year 1677. It does not appear that it ever fell into Mr. Milman's hands; nor, indeed, if it had, could he have turned it to any advantage. Both parts are taken, in some measure, from the narrative of Josephus, but absurdly mixed up in the fashion of the day with court intrigue and party politics. They are however among the best of Crowne's dramas; and the first part is not without merit.

attempted

attempted on the subject of Arthur, that they have given us a hero formed on a classical model, instead of that 'good king Arthur' of the romances and ballads, the favourite of our childhood, and the subject even now of innumerable popular tales among our peasantry. It is the same dilemma of being trite on the one hand, or of violating preconceived notions on the other, which constitutes the principal difficulty of those dramatic subjects which are taken from classical antiquity.—But in the *Fall of Jerusalem* this difficulty is greatly increased by the degree of religious importance which attaches to its leading circumstances. Alteration here becomes misrepresentation; and we resent, as a sort of heresy, any poetical license on topics of which, whatever may be the incidental beauty or singularity, the main interest and importance depend on their truth alone.

Nor is that a trifling embarrassment which arises from the overpowering interest and sublimity of the scenes or events to be described, a sublimity, in many instances, not only above the aid of poetical embellishment, but which makes it as much out of place as a collar of pearls round the neck of the Farnese Hercules. The fifth chapter of the sixth book of Josephus is not poetry, but it is something more,—and the opening of the temple gate without hands, and the *METABAINOMEN ENTETOEN* which resounded through the Holy of Holies, must be rather injured than ornamented by any attempt to describe the crash of the brazen hinges, and the thunders of the departing Deity.

The circumstance, however, which might seem to present the greatest difficulty of all, is the pervading and unqualified horror of the history and its details. There is, from the beginning of the siege to its conclusion, no turn in the tide of affairs, no point on which the eye can, even for a moment, repose with comfort. One deed of brutal and bloody cruelty, one instance of dismal and intolerable suffering succeeds its fellow, without respite or remission. We can feel no interest for the Romans, who are unjust and brutal oppressors, and whose leader Titus, with his long speeches and loaded gibbets, is, in spite of Suetonius and the praises of some Christian divines, more odious than a less philosophic ruffian would have been; and even the desperate courage and lofty enthusiasm of the Jews which, under other circumstances, would have been sublime, become, when exerted without any reasonable hope or motive, hideous and maniacal. In prose, these things are read with interest, because they are true as well as terrible and extraordinary: but, in poetry, which is professedly not the truth but its imitation, we require that the objects imitated should not be altogether frightful,—and Mr. Shelley alone, since the days of Titus Andronicus and the tragic

tragic schoolmaster in *Gil Blas*, has expected to afford mankind delight by a fac-simile of unmingled wickedness and horror.

In avoiding these difficulties, Mr. Milman has derived considerable advantages from the form in which he has cast his work, which has given him the greatest possible scope in the selection and concentration of his historical facts, while it has dispensed with that continuous detail of events and description of characters, which would have been required in a poem purely narrative. The present is neither of this description, nor is it a regular drama; but, properly speaking, a story told in dialogue, a manner of writing, of which we may trace the first approach in some of the works of Mr. Southey, and which may be classed among those other innovations of the same writer which, in their day, were stigmatized as little less than barbarous, but which are insensibly producing a marked and beneficial effect on the greater part of our contemporary poets.

With the same judgment and good taste, which we have already noticed, Mr. Milman, without binding himself with needless servility to the narrative of Josephus,—has related all those facts, and described all those characters which he has thought fit to introduce from history in sufficiently close agreement with its tenour; while even his fictitious incidents are such as might really have occurred during some part or other of the siege. Titus was ready drawn, and he has made him act and speak pretty much as he is represented in Josephus and Suetonius. Of the Jewish tyrants, John and Simon, so little is known beyond the common attributes of pride, cruelty, and desperate courage, that he was at liberty to make them adopt almost any sentiments consistent with these leading traits. As the followers of John, however, are branded by Josephus as peculiarly impious and profligate, Mr. Milman has chosen to put into his mouth the tenets and usual sophisms of the Sadducees; while Simon, for the sake of contrast, is represented as a rigid and enthusiastic Pharisee. We could have wished, we own, that his pious effusions had been assigned, in preference, to the Zealot chief Eleazar, who might as well have been made the father of Mr. Milman's heroine as Simon; inasmuch as, though in some measure constrained to an alliance with John, he appears to have been by no means a cypher in the anarchy of his country, and to have been really (what Simon the Edomite hardly was) a resident in Jerusalem and the head of the puritan party there. Still, however, both John and Simon are such characters as might well have been found among the Jews at that time, and of the first, at least, the discourses and actions are throughout in unison with the character given him.

But the story must have failed in interest if Mr. Milman had confined himself to historical personages only. It would have been absurd

absurd to convert either Titus, Simon, or the historian Josephus, into that necessary ingredient of a poem,—an enamoured swain.* His readers could have felt little curiosity as to the probable fate of men, of whom they knew the history even before they opened his book: and the poet has, therefore, rested his plot on the distresses and dangers of an imaginary character, whom he was at liberty to make as gentle, as beautiful, and as pious, as suited his purpose, and to whom the terrific accompaniments of the siege and destruction are in fact no more than the back-ground and appropriate ornaments of the picture. Throughout the drama, indeed, it is not for Jerusalem but for Miriam that we are anxious; and the dark-haired and enthusiastic Salome, however interesting in her own person, is never allowed to withdraw our attention from the superior attractions of her sister. Yet of Miriam the character and fortunes are strictly in unison with the scenes around her; and even the incident which seems most improbable,—her unperceived descent from the walls,—is not only accounted for by the supposition of a secret staircase, but is really mentioned by Josephus as an expedient sometimes resorted to by the starving inhabitants of Jerusalem. But we are unwilling to forestall the story, any further than to observe that its events are supposed to have taken place during the last thirty-six hours of the siege, which Mr. Milman brings to a conclusion with the destruction of the Temple; disregarding, by a very allowable poetical license, the languid defence maintained for some weeks longer by the seditious on Mount Zion.

The poem opens with one of the least advantageous specimens of Mr. Milman's power. The scene is the Mount of Olives, and we have a long conversation between Titus and his officers, who are made to 'advance their eagles,' and marvel, and moralize, and menace, *in good set terms*, and according to all the precedents in such cases furnished. We know not how it happens that, of all our dramatic writers, Shakspeare alone has been able to make his Roman characters speak, move, and act like men of other nations similarly circumstanced; to fold the toga in less formal plaits, and to divest his consular persons of the constrained gestures and unnatural tones of a great school-boy at his annual speeches. Shakspeare, indeed, is sometimes blameable on the other side, for a too great neglect of appropriate costume, and that uniformity of national character by which this extraordinary people was distinguished from all others; and which, surely, might be sufficiently preserved without sinking the statesman in the rhetorician, or bury-

* Crowne has moulded a lover for Clarona, the daughter of Mathias, (Mr. Milman's Simon,) out of a Parthian king, whom, for that purpose, he has brought to Jerusalem and detained there during the siege.

ing the whole human being, with all his natural passions and principles of action, under the fasces, laurels, and paludamentum of the Cæsar. But, notwithstanding this common and customary heaviness of Mr. Milman's Romans, he has afforded us, even here; some powerful writing and harmonious versification; and the following description of the City and Temple is not the worse for almost literally following the eloquent encomium of Josephus:—

As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength.
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that faded city.
And, as our clouds of battle-dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturb'd and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.—p. 7, 8.

This scene, however, is merely introductory. The business of the drama opens with the second, which is laid by moonlight, at the fountain of Siloam, or, as Mr. Milman calls it, Siloe. Hither the lovely Miriam, daughter of the fanatic assassin Simon, but herself a concealed Christian, is accustomed to steal down by a private and ruinous staircase, conducting from her father's house into the valley, to obtain for his support supplies of food and wine, which the rugged enthusiast believes to be brought to his house by an angel, but which are, in truth, received by the fair proselyte from the hands of her lover Javan, a Christian, who, having with the rest of the faithful, left the city before the siege, is now at large without its walls, and, to meet her at the appointed place, defies the difficulties opposed by the blockading army. Javan is first introduced, alone,

alone, by the fountain, which, as well as his absent mistress, he apostrophizes in some lines of exquisite tenderness and beauty.

' Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee!
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.
Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams
Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
And armed men their hot and weary brows
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.

Even with such rare and singular purity
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.
Men's eyes, o'erwearied with the sights of war,
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.
Thou canst o'erawe, thou in thy gentleness,
A trembling, pale, and melancholy maid,
The brutal violence of ungodly men.
Thou glidest on amid the dark pollution
In modesty unstain'd; and heavenly influences,
More lovely than the light of star or moon,
As though delighted with their own reflection
From spirit so pure, dwell evermore upon thee.

Oh! how dost thou, beloved proselyte
To the high creed of Him who died for men,
Oh! how dost thou commend the truths I teach thee,
By the strong faith and soft humility
Wherewith thy soul embraces them! Thou prayest,
And I, who pray with thee, feel my words wing'd,
And holier fervour gushing from my heart,
While heaven seems smiling kind acceptance down
On the associate of so pure a worshipper.—p. 13, 14.

Miriam, on her arrival, receives the fruit and wine; but her lover endeavours to dissuade her from returning to her father's roof, or to the present misery and approaching perils of Jerusalem. The latter are painted with terrible distinctness.

' Even now our city trembles on the verge
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets
Stands conqueror: and how the Roman conquers,
Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
Yet wander o'er their cold and scattered ashes.
They slew them, Miriam, the old gray man,
Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—(nay, turn not from me,
The

The tears thou sheddest feel as though I wrung them
 From mine own heart, my life-blood's dearest drops)—
 They slew them; Miriam, at the mother's breast,
 The smiling infants;—and the tender maid,
 The soft, the loving, and the chaste, like thee,
 They slew her not till——

Miriam.

Javan, 'tis unkind!

I have enough at home of thoughts like these,
 Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and make
 A heavier burthen of this weary life.

I hoped with thee t' have pass'd a tranquil hour,
 A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour!

—But thou art like them all!—p. 16, 17.

Javan still reminds her that the father, for whose sake she is willing to expose herself to these horrors, is unworthy of such boundless affection. Her answer is beautiful, though the last line is somewhat awkwardly expressed.

‘Oh cease! I pray thee cease!

Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
 Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
 And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
 Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
 Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
 The forfeited affections of his kind.

Is't not so written in our law? and He

We worship came not to destroy the law.

Then let men rain their curses, let the storm

Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,

I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs

Of men upon my scattered bones with him.’—p. 21.

She conquers, therefore, his objections, and returns laden with the provisions. In the next scene, she reappears in the house of Simon. Her description of the ruinous passage which had conducted her thither, of the feelings which had formerly endeared it to her, and of the change which had taken place in it, will strike every one who recollects his own feelings as a child, and the fondness with which we all, in our time, have clung to some little secret recess, where none of our rivals or playmates could interrupt us, and where we could at once enjoy the sense of exclusive property, and the romance of voluntary solitude.

‘When yet a laughing child,

It was my sport to thread that broken stair
 That from our house leads down into the vale,
 By which, in ancient days, the maidens stole
 To bathe in the cool fountain's secret waters.

In each wild olive trunk, and twisted root

Of sycamore, with ivy overgrown,
 I have nestled, and the flowers would seem to welcome me.
 I loved it with a child's capricious love,
 Because none knew it but myself. Its loneliness
 I loved, for still my sole companions there,
 The doves, sate murmuring in the noonday sun.
 Ah! now there broods no bird of peace and love!
 Even as I pass'd, a sullen vulture rose,
 And heavily it flapp'd its huge wings o'er me,
 As though o'ergorged with blood of Israel.'—p. 23, 24.

Miriam now meets her sister Salome, an enthusiast for the law of Moses; her feelings strung to the highest pitch of frantic excitement, by vain anticipations of the future glory of Israel; and by a secret passion of a more earthly nature, which is artfully blended with her religious madness, and which leads her to mix her dreams of conquest and renown with softer whispers of bridal songs, the lute, the harp, and the dulcimer.—But her language is so beautifully characteristic that, in justice to the author, we must subjoin a few lines from the opening of the scene.

Miriam. Sister, not yet at rest?

Salome.

At rest! at rest!

The wretched and the desperate, let them court
 The dull, the dreamless, the unconscious sleep,
 To lap them in its stagnant lethargy.
 But oh! the bright, the rapturous disturbances
 That break my haunted slumbers! Fast they come,
 They crowd around my couch, and all my chamber
 Is radiant with them. There I lie and bask
 In their glad promise, till the oppressed spirit
 Can bear no more, and I come forth to breathe
 The cool free air.

Miriam.

Dear sister, in our state

So dark, so hopeless, dreaming still of glory!

Salome. Low-minded Miriam! I tell thee, oft

I have told thee, nightly do the visitations
 Break on my gifted sight, more golden bright
 Than the rich morn on Carmel. Of their shape,
 Sister, I know not; this I only know,
 That they pour o'er me like the restless waters
 Of some pure cataract in the noontide sun.
 There is a mingling of all glorious forms,
 Of Angels riding upon cloudy thrones,
 And our proud city marching all abroad
 Like a crown'd conqueror o'er the trampled Gentiles.'—

p. 24—26.

Miriam deprecates her indulgence in such visions, and imputes them to the length of time, (two days,) which had elapsed since the last

last supply of provisions. Salome resents her unbelief, taxes her with being a Christian, and threatens to denounce her to their father, who now enters, and relates to them how he had been engaged with John and Eleazar, in searching the dwellings of the citizens for concealed provisions. One of his exploits follows:—

‘ There sate a woman in a lowly house,
And she had moulded meal into a cake;
And she sat weeping even in wild delight
Over her sleeping infants, at the thought
Of how their eyes would glisten to behold
The unaccustomed food. She had not tasted
Herself the strange repast; but she had raised
The covering under which the children lay
Crouching and clinging fondly to each other,
As though the warmth that breath’d from out their bodies
Had some refreshment for their wither’d lips.
We bared our swords to slay: but subtle John
Snatch’d the food from her, trod it on the ground,
And mock’d her.

Miriam. But *thou* didst not smite her, father?

Simon. No! we were wiser than to bless with death
A wretch like her.

But I must seek within
If he that oft at dead of midnight placeth
The wine and fruit within our chosen house,
Hath minister’d this night to Israel’s chief.—p. 30.

These are powerful lines, and the effect which they are made to produce on Salome not only conduces to the progress of the drama, but is, in itself, extremely touching and natural.

‘ Oh, *Miriam*! I dare not tell him now!
For even as those two infants lay together
Nestling their sleeping faces on each other,
Even so have we two lain, and I have felt
Thy breath upon my face, and every motion
Of thy soft bosom answering to mine own.’—p. 31, 32.

But we notice the passage not so much for its intrinsic beauty as on the old and familiar principle of finding fault, and to point out what we think the error of making the stern Pharisee the historian of his own deeds of horror, and (which is still less probable) relating them in language calculated to excite the sympathy of his hearers. We allow that the picture of distress and fiendish cruelty here offered to us, is such as completely accords with the temper of the times, and the man to whom it is imputed, and that it is such as might be easily paralleled or surpassed by a reference to Josephus. But, though it is certain that men have been sometimes led by a mistaken religious zeal to actions the most diabolical, it
will

will never be found that they have described minutely, and with apparent feeling, sufferings for which they desired their auditors to entertain no pity. It would have been more natural if Simon had himself, in a slight and hurried manner, informed his daughters that he had been executing the usual severities on those who withheld food from the public store ; while the detail of horrors might have been given to his followers, who, less answerable for the cruelty, might, when their chief was withdrawn, have burst forth into exclamations against the nature of the service which they had been performing.

As Salome thus relinquishes her purpose of impeaching Miriam, the hoary assassin returns, having ' washed his bloody hands and said his prayers,' and summons his daughters to the repast which his angelic guardian had again provided. Miriam, however, lingers behind, and, when alone, addresses a song to the Messiah, which, if it somewhat too closely reminds us, in a few passages, and in its general tenour, of Milton's glorious hymn on the nativity, will bear no unfavourable comparison with that or any other similar composition in our language.

' Oh Thou ! thou who canst melt the heart of stone,
And make the desert of the cruel breast
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts !
Ah ! will it ever be, that thou wilt visit
The darkness of my father's soul ? Thou knowest
In what strong bondage Zeal and ancient Faith,
Passion and stubborn Custom, and fierce Pride,
Hold th' heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful !
That knowest all things, and dost ever turn
Thine eye of pity on our guilty nature.

For thou wert born of woman ! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;
And not by thunders strow'd
Was thy tempestuous road ;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefil'd,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high :
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky ;
The Eastern sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,

Milman's Fall of Jerusalem.

To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence break the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
While thou didst sleep within the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom:
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolv'd on high
In its own radiancy.—p. 33—37.

The next scene introduces Simon at his early devotions, indulging in the anticipation of the Messiah's speedy coming, according to the notion of the Jews, as a temporal prince, to rescue his people and city, and destroy their Gentile invaders. His soliloquy contains many splendid passages, but it is expressed in a temper hardly

hardly consistent with Mr. Milman's general conception of Simon's character. His very title of 'assassin,'—the colour in which he is represented by Javan, by John, and his own daughters, as a man of blood and violence, but a valiant, a wise, and renowned warrior, accord with his own language in public, and, more particularly, when justifying the murder of Matthias and his sons, to designate him as a fanatic rather than a pure enthusiast. The zeal of such a man may burn like fire, and he may fancy himself the object of supernatural care and illumination. But it is himself in whom his prospects terminate,—and it is in his own cause that he expects to enlist the ministry of angels and the visible hand of Providence. He calls on God to help his people, but it is through his own agency, as a chosen instrument, that he expects their deliverance to be brought about; and he, therefore, is always piously anxious to extend his own power and influence, and to remove, by fair means or foul, whatever curbs his greatness.

It belongs to a different character to look forward with delight to an immediate advent of the Deity, and there is too much of humble as well as holy hope in the lonely reveries of Simon. It would have better suited his frame of mind to fancy *himself* the Messiah; and, in fact, Mr. Milman, with more knowledge of the disposition which he describes than is exhibited here,—has, in another part of the drama, made him associate the coming of the Messiah with the future glories of his own family. But the misfortune is that, while he is a *Burley* with the rest of the world,—he is, in his private meditations, a *Macbrîar*, and we are not sure but it is this impropriety which makes us welcome with some undue eagerness the interruption of John, Eleazar, and the High-Priest, who now appear, and in altercation with whom Simon soon resumes the spirit and tone of the 'assassin.'

In the discussion which follows, the irreligious mockery of the Sadducee John is powerfully contrasted with the sanctimonious haughtiness of his rival, and the boiling impetuosity of Amariah, son of John, a fiery youth, who, without interesting himself in religious discussions, is fond of war for its own sake, and from an instinctive appetite for blood and danger. It is at length determined to accept a fresh parley, to which the trumpets of the Romans invite them; to accept it, however, in no desire of peace, but in order to insult and defy the Gentiles. Titus calls upon the defenders of Jerusalem to submit on the promise of mercy; a promise which John meets with bitter taunts on the cruelty which had been already exercised on the Jewish fugitives. Simon next speaks, and addresses the Captain of the Gentiles in a most eloquent and characteristic detail of the privileges granted to their nation by the Almighty, of the deliverances on former occasions

vouchsafed to them, and of the speedy destruction to be apprehended by Titus and his army, over whose heads the whirlwinds yet paused which were destined to sweep them from the earth, and in whose anticipated fate the inhabitants of the grave and the nethermost hell exulted in ghastly laughter. At length Joseph, the Jewish historian, now a captive among the Romans, is introduced as addressing his countrymen in nearly the same terms with those which he himself has recorded. He is interrupted by a wound from the javelin of Amariah, and the scene closes with a declared resolution on the part of Titus to cast off mercy to the winds, and to content himself with nothing less than the utter destruction of Jerusalem and its inhabitants.

The reader is now transported to a street adjoining the inner wall, on whose height Salome is hastening to take 'her customary seat,' the spectatress and, as it were, the queen of the battle beneath her. Disregarding the intreaties of her milder sister, that she will rather join the virgins who are about to move in suppliant procession to the temple, she binds up her dark locks lest they shall intercept her view of the gleaming arms and flashing banners of the combatants, and describes, in a strain of splendid poetry, the appearance of the hostile army, and the advance of those engines which menace destruction against the ramparts. A sally of her own people calls forth all her enthusiasm, as she notices the successive appearance of Eleazar, John, Ben-Cathla, and his Edomites.

'And thou! oh thou, that movest to the battle
Even like the mountain stag to the running river,
Pause, pause, that I may gaze my fill!—

Miriam.

Our father!

Salome! is't our father that thou seest?

Salome. Lo! Lo! the war hath broken off to admire him!

The glory of his presence awes the conflict!

The son of Cæsar on his armed steed

Rises, impatient of the plumed helmets

That from his sight conceal young Amariah.

Miriam. Alas! what means she? Hear me yet a word!

I will return or e'er the wounded men

Require our soft and healing hands to soothe them.

Thou'lt not forget, Salome—if thou seest

Our father in the fearful hour of peril,

Lift up thy hands and pray.

Salome.

To gaze on him—

It is like gazing on the morning sun,

When he comes scattering from his burning orb

The vapourish clouds!

Miriam.

She hears, she heeds me not.—p. 59, 60.

The

The daughters of Sion now enter in procession, and Miriam declares her intention of joining their devotions, though 'through a name by them unknown or scorned.'—A most beautiful hymn follows, in which the Song of Moses on the passage of the Red Sea is imitated and adapted to the present circumstances of the Israelites.

Evening is now come, and Miriam, returned from the Temple, laments the slow approaches of that darkness which was to terminate, for a time, the horrible scene of mutual slaughter, and again favour and conceal her return to the fountain and to Javan. On a sudden Salome bursts in, her veil thrown back, her hair streaming, as she flies in terror from her late seat on the ramparts. The Gentiles have triumphed; the defenders of Israel are driven back: the last and strongest wall alone resists the violence of the engines; but Amariah stands his ground amid flames and havoc, like an angel in the burning orb of the sun. The angry voice of Simon is heard without, rallying the fugitives, and nothing can be more exquisitely characteristic, or more happily contrasted with her sister's speech, than the exclamation of the affectionate Miriam—

————— 'Tis my father's voice!
It sounds in wrath, perhaps in blasphemy—
Yet 'tis my living father's!—

The rival tyrants now enter in fierce dispute, each laying on the other the blame of the late discomfiture. Simon charges the misfortunes of the nation on the crimes of John, his profaneness, adulteries, and Sadducean tenets. John retorts on the cruelties and hypocrisy of the Pharisee, and, in a powerful and characteristic strain of sophistry, vindicates his own opinions from the imputation of rendering men backward in the hour of danger. While they thus wrangle, Miriam is struck by the exhausted appearance and tremulous voice of her father. She recollects that there is no food at home, and goes out, determined, at all hazards, to repair to the fountain. In her absence, and while the disputants are preparing to decide their difference by sharper arguments than words, the High-Priest enters, and conjures them to lay aside for a moment their private animosities, in order to revenge an affront which God has received in his own temple. During the solemn service of the day, and while the maidens were singing the hymn of Moses to 'him who triumph'd gloriously,' he had heard, from among their number, 'a single, soft, melodious voice,' which lingered on the concluding note with a solemn invocation of the pretended Son of God, 'the Man of Nazareth.' He demands, therefore, that they join him in detecting and punishing the unknown blasphemer and apostate.

The information is received with such emotions as might be expected

pected from the principles of those to whom it is communicated. Simon declares that, if the offender were his own child, 'his Sarah's child, whom she died blessing,' his own hand should be the first to cast a stone at her. The enthusiastic Salone murmurs to herself, 'Miriam! Miriam!'—imputes her disappearance to conscious guilt, and at length rushes forwards to denounce her, but stops short in the circle of warriors, oppressed by the unaccustomed gaze of so many men, while she is shaken by her remaining tenderness for the criminal, and the recollection that their dying mother had exhorted them to mutual love. Before she can recover herself, the false prophet Abiram enters, and announces as the will of God that a reconciliation should take place between John and Simon, and that, in order to this end, Salone and Amariah should be joined in marriage. The command is acquiesced in by all parties, Simon declaring it to be 'from heaven;'—John, indifferent as to its divine authority, but referring the matter to his boy; Amariah eagerly assuring Salone that her beauty and dark locks, as she sate on the rampart, had been his strength and banner in the battle, and Salone finding it impossible to resist the will of heaven and Amariah. The nuptial feast, if the means of feasting may be found, is appointed to be solemnized forthwith, and Simon throws out some hints to Abiram for a future prophecy by asking him whether it be not probable that an union so auspicious and contracted under such awful circumstances, may be destined to give birth to the promised Redeemer of Israel.

This mixture of enthusiasm and credulity with worldly ambition and cunning is happily conceived, and far more accordant with Simon's character than the pious soliloquies which we have already noticed. The speech, too, of the false prophet, particularly the lyrical part of it, is in a glorious strain of poetry, and it is a judicious aggravation and contrast to the miseries which Jerusalem is already suffering, and the greater horrors which are impending over her, to represent her leaders looking on to distant days, and engaged in jollity and merriment. But if the entrance of Abiram be regarded as a contrivance to save Miriam from impeachment, we cannot but condemn it as extremely clumsy and inefficient. If Salone could so far overcome her natural feelings as to rush forward with the intention of denouncing her sister to death, it is not very likely that even the prospect of being united to the object of her affections could have entirely driven from her mind the discharge of what she must have esteemed a duty. It is still more improbable that so strange an exhibition as that of a noble virgin, exposing herself unveiled to the gaze of the world in the midst of a solemn assembly of the elders and warriors of her people, should have been allowed to pass without inquiry into its motives, either from

from the high-priest, her lover, or her father. And it is utterly preposterous to represent the high-priest and rulers of the land, after solemnly pledging themselves to search out and punish the blasphemer, so entirely engrossed with the marriage of Amariah and Salome, as to have no room left in their memories for a fact at once so recent and so shocking to all their strongest prejudices.

It must be owned, however, that the danger which the lovely Miriam incurs is, to say the least, a very strange one. Was the custom of mental prayer so perfectly unknown to the early Christians as that they should think it necessary to utter all their heavenward aspirations in an audible voice? Or where is the likelihood that a maiden who had so long concealed her faith from her own family, even under circumstances where she was strongly led to attempt their conversion, should volunteer so unnecessary a risk as that of singing a hymn in honour of Christ, in the very Temple? or that an additional stave to this effect, introduced in the public service, should not draw the eyes of the whole congregation, as well as the high-priest, on the daring melodist who should venture on such an innovation? We could wish, therefore, that Mr. Milman, (if he is anxious to expose his heroine to danger on account of her religion) would contrive some more probable occasion of risk, and some more plausible mode of deliverance; and get rid of an incident which has, literally, no recommendation to counterbalance its improbability; which neither accelerates nor impedes the march of events, nor has even the advantage of proving the constancy and firmness of Miriam, since the danger commences in her absence, and is over before she again appears. If it were necessary to make Salome throw aside her veil, it would be better to make her, instead of the high-priest, rush forwards as a mediator between the swords of John and her father.

Miriam, meanwhile, unconscious of transactions in which herself and her family are so deeply interested, has reached the fountain, in defiance of a threatening thunder-storm, and of the Roman sentinels, whose circle is now concentrated immediately beneath the walls of the city, and whose increased alertness, together with the notes of awful preparation heard in their camp, indicate an intention on the part of their leaders of speedily bringing the war to a conclusion. These prognostics are described by Javan, who, in a scene of admirable pathos and beauty, again urges her, even as a point of duty, and in compliance with the known injunction laid by Christ on his followers, to recognise the manifest signs of desolation, and take their best opportunity of escaping with him to the mountains. Her reply is exquisitely characteristic of tenderness and firmness—

Miriam. Javan, tempt me not,
 My soul is weak. Hast thou not said of old,
 How dangerous 'tis to wrest the words of truth
 To the excusing our own fond desires?
 There's an eternal mandate, unrepeal'd,
 Nor e'er to be rescinded, "Love thy Father!"
 God speaks with many voices; one in the heart,
 True though instinctive; one in the Holy Law,
 The first that's coupled with a gracious promise.

Javan. Yet are his words, "Leave all, and follow me,
 "Thou shalt not love thy father more than me"—
 And dar'st thou disobey them?

Miriam. While I tread
 The path of duty I am following him,
 And loving whom I ought to love, love him.'—p. 94.

Her lover, at length, desists from urging her, and they part as those who are never to meet again on earth. Javan remains behind and pronounces a long lamentation on the approaching ruin of his native city. The lines are spirited, but we do not think their introduction in this place judicious or natural.—How a Jewish Christian might feel under such circumstances, we know not; but, for ourselves, we were, at this period of the drama, by far too full of Miriam to have any room left in our hearts for the elders, or Levites of Jerusalem.

We are now again transported to the streets of the city, where a wretched and terrified crowd is assembled, all eagerly discussing the multiplied portents and presages of evil by which their nation had long been menaced. One tells how the meteor, in form of a fiery sword,* which had for many months hung over the city, had now been thrice moved and brandished—another goes back to the feast of Pentecost, and the ghastly light which had then broken forth from the altar, and 'withered men's faces to a hue like death.' A third tells how all the northern sky had been seen 'rocking with armed men, and fiery chariots.' And a Levite enters who relates that, even now, the great eastern gate of the temple had spontaneously burst open with all its bolts and bars, and defied the utmost strength of men and engines to close it again.

On a sudden, music is heard from the house of Simon, where

* The mention of this incident by Crowne may be given as a favourable specimen of his manner.

Matthias. What means that fiery sword's mysterious ray,
 Which o'er our shaking towers, night and day,
 In heaven's bright canopy does proudly shine,
 As brandish'd by the Majesty Divine?

Sagan. Methinks Jerusalem at her solemn feast,
 Seems treated like the Tyrant's trembling guest,
 In purple clad, her table richly spread,
 But death and horror hanging o'er her head.

the

the nuptial ceremonies have begun. Songs are sung illustrative of the forms of a Jewish bridal; and their rich and luxurious harmony forms a terrible contrast with the surrounding desolation and danger. What follows, it is impossible to abridge, and, long as the extract is, our readers, we are convinced, will thank us for it:—

(*At a distance.*) ‘To the sound of timbrels sweet,
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road,
To the virgin’s blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.
Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceast;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door;
That the favour’d youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear;
And the music’s brisker din,
As the bridegroom’s entering in,
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

Second Jew. It is the bridal song of Amariah
And fair Salome. In the house of Simon
The rites are held; nor bears the bridegroom home
His plighted spouse, but there doth deck his chamber;
These perilous times dispensing with the rigour
Of ancient usage—

Voice within. Woe! woe! woe!

First Jew. Alas!

The son of Hananiah! is’t not he?

Third Jew. Whom said’st?

Second Jew. Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
That thou rememberest not that fearful man?*

Fourth

* ‘That fearful man!’ as he is here admirably described from the historian of the Jews, is thus introduced by Crowne:

‘Alas!
We in Jerusalem did daily see
A greater and a living prodigy;
A man like Echo pined into a sound,
A walking vault that does one tone rebound;
And night and day does in our streets proclaim
With restless soul, Woe to Jerusalem!’

Fourth Jew. Speak ! speak ! we know not all.

Second Jew. Why thus it was :

A rude and homely dresser of the vine,
He had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles,
When suddenly a spirit fell upon him;
Evil or good we know not. Ever since,
(And now seven years are past since it befell,
Our city then being prosperous and at peace,)
He hath gone wandering through the darkling streets
At midnight under the cold quiet stars;
He hath gone wandering through the crowded market
At noonday under the bright blazing sun,
With that one ominous cry of " Woe, woe, woe !"
Some scoff'd and mock'd him, some would give him food ;
He neither curs'd the one, nor thank'd the other.
The Sanhedrim bade scourge him, and myself
Beheld him lash'd, till the bare bones stood out
Through the maim'd flesh : still, still he only cried,
Woe to the City ! till his patience wearied
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,
'Twas still the same, the incessant Woe, woe, woe !
But when our siege began, awhile he ceased,
As though his prophecy were fulfill'd ; till now
We had not heard his dire and boding voice.

Within. Woe ! woe ! woe !

Joshua, the son of Hananiah. Woe ! woe !

A voice from the east ! a voice from the west !
From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem !
A voice against the Temple of the Lord !
A voice against the bridegrooms and the brides !
A voice against all people of the land !
Woe ! woe ! woe !

Second Jew. They are the very words, the very voice
Which we have heard so long. And yet, methinks,
There is a mournful triumph in the tone
Ne'er heard before. His eyes, that were of old
Fix'd on the earth, now wander all abroad,
As though the tardy consummation
Afflicted him with wonder—Hark ! again.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line !

(*The prophet enters.*)

Joshua. From the four winds, and the earth's hollow womb,
A voice, a voice—a dreadful voice is come !
A voice against our elders, priests and scribes,
Our city, temple, and our holiest tribes ;
Against the bridegroom and the joyful bride,
And all that in Jerusalem reside,
Woe ! woe ! woe !

How

How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
 And thy shrouded eye resembleth
 Violets, when the dews of eve
 A moist and tremulous glitter leave
 On the bashful sealed lid!
 Close within the bride-veil hid,
 Motionless thou sit'st and mute;
 Save that at the soft salute
 Of each entering maiden friend
 Thou dost rise and softly bend.
 Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
 The door unfolds,—'tis he, 'tis he!
 Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
 Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.
 Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
 Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

Joshua. Woe! woe!

A voice from the east! a voice from the west!
 From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem!
 A voice against the Temple of the Lord!
 A voice against the bridegrooms and the brides!
 A voice against all people of the land!

Woe! woe——

[*Bursts away, followed by Second Jew.*]

First Jew. Didst speak?

Third Jew. No.

Fourth Jew. Look'd he on *us* as he spake?

First Jew (to the Second returning.) Thou follow'd'st him! what now?

Second Jew. 'Twas a true prophet!

The Jews. Wherefore? Where went he?

Second Jew.

To the outer wall;

And there he suddenly cried out and sternly,

"A voice against the son of Hananiah!"

Woe, woe!" and at the instant, whether struck

By a chance stone from the enemy's engines, down

He sank and died!

Third Jew.

There's some one comes this way—

Art sure he died indeed?

Levite.

'Tis the High-priest.

The ephod gleams through the pale lowering night;

The breast-plate gems, and the pure mitre-gold,

Shine lamplike, and the bells that fringe his robe

Chime faintly.

High-Priest.

Israel, hear! I do beseech you,

Brethren, give ear!—

Second Jew.

Who's he that will not hear

The words of God's High-priest?

High-Priest.

It was but now

I sate within the Temple, in the court

That's consecrate to mine office—Your eyes wander—

Jews.

Jews. Go on!—

High-Priest. Why hearken, then—Upon a sudden
The pavement seem'd to swell beneath my feet,
And the Veil shiver'd, and the pillars rock'd.
And there, within the very Holy of Holies,
There, from behind the winged Cherubim,
Where the Ark stood, noise, hurried and tumultuous,
Was heard, as when a king with all his host
Doth quit his palace.* And anon, a voice,
Or voices, half in grief, half anger, yet
Nor human grief nor anger, even it seem'd
As though the hoarse and rolling thunder spake
With the articulate voice of man—it said,
“LET US DEPART!”

Jews. Most terrible! What follow'd?

Speak on! speak on!

High-Priest. I know not why, I felt
As though an outcast from the abandon'd Temple,
And fled.

Jews. Oh God! and Father of our Fathers,
Dost thou desert us?

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Under a happy planet art thou led,
Oh, chosen virgin! to thy bridal bed.
So put thou off thy soft and bashful sadness,
And wipe away the timid maiden tear,—
Lo! redolent with the prophet's oil of gladness,
And mark'd by heaven, the bridegroom youth is here.

First Jew. Hark—hark! an armed tread!

Second Jew. The bold Ben Cathla!

Ben Cathla. Ay, ye are met, all met, as in a mart,
T' exchange against each other your dark tales
Of this night's fearful prodigies. I know it,
By the inquisitive and half-suspicious looks
With which ye eye each other, ye do wish
To disbelieve all ye have heard, and yet
Ye dare not. If ye have seen the moon unsphered,
And the stars fall; if the pale sheeted ghosts
Have met you wandering, and have pointed at you

* This fearful incident is thus curiously dramatized by Crowne:

Phineas. Hark! a voice does from the vault rebound.

(A great voice is heard from under the stage, like a tube.)

Matthias. A voice! 'tis thunder, or some pagan god
Groans here tormented, chased from his abode.
'Let us depart,' the horrid voice does cry!
What art that call'st? and whither shall we fly?

Phineas. The Temple lives! it moved before and broke
The bars that fettered it, and now it spoke.

Matthias. It rather dies! and these affrightful groans
Are its departing soul's contending moans.

With

With ominous designation ; yet I scoff
Your poor and trivial terrors—Know ye Michol ?

Jews. Michol !

Ben Cathla. The noble lady, she whose fathers
Dwelt beyond Jordan——

Second Jew. Yes, we know her,
The tender and the delicate of women,
That would not set her foot upon the ground
For delicacy and very tenderness.

Ben Cathla. The same !—We had gone forth in quest of food :
And we had enter'd many a house, where men
Were preying upon meagre herbs and skins ;
And some were sating, upon loathsome things
Unutterable, the ravening hunger. Some,
Whom we had plunder'd oft, laugh'd in their agony
To see us baffled. At her door she met us,
And “ We have feasted together heretofore.”
She said, “ most welcome warriors !” and she led us,
And bade us sit like dear and honour'd guests,
While she made ready. Some among us wonder'd,
And some spake jeeringly, and thank'd the lady
That she had thus with provident care reserved
The choicest banquet for our scarcest days.
But ever as she busily minister'd,
Quick, sudden sobs of laughter broke from her.
At length the vessel's covering she rais'd up,
And there it lay——

High-Priest. What lay ?—Thou'rt sick and pale.

Ben Cathla. By earth and heaven, the remnant of a child !
A human child !——Ay, start ! so started we—
Whereat she shriek'd aloud, and clapp'd her hands,
“ Oh ! dainty and fastidious appetites !
The mother feasts upon her babe, and strangers
Loathe the repast”—and then—“ My beautiful child !
The treasure of my womb ! my bosom's joy !”
And then in her cool madness did she spurn us
Out of her doors. Oh still—oh still I hear her,
And I shall hear her till my day of death.

High-Priest. Oh, God of Mercies ! this was once thy city !

CHORUS.

Joy to thee, beautiful and bashful bride !
Joy ! for the thrills of pride and joy become thee ;
Thy curse of barrenness is taken from thee.
And thou shalt see the rosy infant sleeping
Upon the snowy fountain of thy breast ;
And thou shalt feel how mothers' hearts are blest
By hours of bliss for moment's pain and weeping.
Joy to thee !—p. 107—120.

After

After this the business of the drama proceeds rapidly; and it is no common praise to say, that its interest does not decline. Simon and John come out in high exultation from the banquet, chide the desponding crowd to their homes, and retire to dreams of future glory and victory, leaving the stage for Miriam to deplore the infatuation of those most dear to her. As she is endeavouring to compose her soul to prayer, the storm bursts from heaven. The noise of the thunder blends with that of the Roman engines battering the walls, with the trumpets and shouts of the Gentiles mounting to the assault, and already victorious in the streets of the city, and with the clamours and outcries of the inhabitants, flying from the slaughter, or rallying in defence of the Temple.

Simon, indeed, instead of appearing, as might have been expected, at the head of his troops, the fiercest among the guardians of the sanctuary, comes forth unarmed and inactive, and, after thrusting himself on the stage from time to time, and interrupting the current of our feelings with his persevering anticipations of a supernatural deliverance, is, without resistance, taken prisoner by the Romans, and gravely gives up his last hopes of the redemption of Israel on perceiving that the thunder-storm abates, and that the flame kindled by the Gentiles has actually power over the Temple. But we turn from this strange failure in the delineation of one of Mr. Milman's principal characters—to his lovely heroine, who is still herself, and for whom all our fears and admiration are kept alive, while we follow her flight through the blazing streets, and amid all the horrors of—

— swords and men and furious faces,
Before her, and behind her, and around!—

Nor are other circumstances of terror wanting. She meets an old man, one of those who recollected Christ on earth, and had joined in the cry of 'Crucify him!'—He is now convinced, by the misery which has overtaken himself and his nation, of the divine authority of the person whom he had joined in condemning and blaspheming. But he is convinced too late of his error;—he believes only to despair; and aggravates his own misery and self-condemnation by calling to mind the many circumstances of awful sublimity which had attended the person and dignified the death of the 'Man of Nazareth,' and which now terrify and distract, though they had then no power to soften him. He disregards, in this temper, the intreaties of Miriam that he would still seek for salvation, and leaves her, shaking his grey locks, with curses on himself and her.

Salome now enters, the bridal crown yet hanging from her loose tresses, but pale, half-naked, and bleeding. Amariah had been roused from his nuptial bed by the noise of the assault, and 'yet,' says

says the poor lovesick enthusiast, 'there was no sound I heard.' He had looked forth and seen the inevitable ruin of his nation.

'*Salome.* He came back and kiss'd me, and he said—
I know not what he said—but there was something
Of Gentile ravisher, and his beauteous bride,—
Me, me he meant, he call'd me beauteous bride!—
And he stood o'er me with a sword so bright
My dazzled eyes did close. And presently,
Methought, he smote me with the sword, but then
He fell upon my neck, and wept upon me,
And I felt nothing but his burning tears.'—p. 141. *

While Miriam is yet weeping over her sister's body, a Gentile soldier, whom she had often before observed as having singled her out, but whose pursuit she had hitherto eluded, approaches to seize her. Escape is now impossible; 'every where are more;' and she has no resource but in a passionate appeal to his natural feeling—to his love for his own wife, his own child, his own sister—and by an adjuration in the name of Christ, of whatever evil thoughts might haunt him, to excite his compassion and veneration, and commit herself to his guidance. His mien is somewhat less savage than the rest: he makes, however, no answer, but grasps her arm and leads her away in silence, 'through darkling street and over smoking ruin,' to the fountain of Siloe and her accustomed trysting-place.

'We write not for that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said'—

that this seeming Gentile is Javan, who has availed himself of a warlike disguise to save the object of his tenderest solicitude. In the embrace of her lover she blends her tears of joy with those of sorrow for her father and sister. Other Christians join them to take a last leave of the Holy City and its blazing sanctuary, and a splendid chorus follows, in which the Fall of Jerusalem is characterized as typical of the great and final consummation of all created things.

Thus ends this most striking poem, on the merits and defects of which even the imperfect sketch which we have given will have enabled our readers to pass judgment. In the delineation of its characters we have detected no failure but that remarkable one of Simon; and this has arisen not from poverty of imagination, or ignorance of the stronger passions of the human heart, but from the author's having formed the idea of a more striking and less unamiable fanatic than history represented, while he neglected to alter those historical traits which are inconsistent with his own conception. In consequence we have two distinct and irreconcilable Simons; the one, who is that of Josephus, a haughty, remorseless

remorseless zealot, a fiery warrior, and a crafty politician; the other a humble, a holy and well-meaning, though crazy and misguided enthusiast. The cure for this defect will be simply to divide the characters, and to assign, with some additions and alterations, to different individuals, those speeches and actions which now agree no otherwise than the plumage of different birds on the same nondescript animal. Of the other persons of the drama, John is well drawn, though not very fully developed; and he expresses himself in the defence of his heresy with an art and eloquence which we are almost sorry to see in Mr. Milman's pages unaccompanied by such an antidote as he well knows how to supply, and which might be introduced with perfect propriety into the mouth either of the High Priest, of Simon or Eleazar. Of Amariah we rather hear than see any thing; and Javan is only so far important or interesting as he develops the character and influences the fortunes of Miriam. But the main attractions of the poem are to be found in Salome and Miriam, and the contrast which they offer to each other. Both are in love, both are actuated by strong religious as well as natural feelings; but the former only is an enthusiast; and, glowing as are the colours in which her peculiarities are drawn, it is no small praise to the distinctness and truth of the artist's pencil, that our admiration and our preference are uniformly directed to the chastened affections, the calm fervour, the resolute self-devotion and self-denial of her milder and more humble sister.

Of the plot—if that name can be given to an inartificial succession of incidents no otherwise connected with each other than by the identity of the persons whom they befall—the Stagyrte would certainly not have spoken with approbation. And, even of those who do not require a more obvious dependance of events and causes than is usually found in nature, who can admire the beauty and sublimity of the separate links without too closely inquiring into their mutual connexion and coherence, there are many who will wish that the author had found for Miriam some more prominent and active share in the events of the siege and the fortunes of her family, than the mere secret conveyance of food to her father's mansion. Nor, deeply as we all are interested in our heroine's escape, will some of us fail to censure the contrivance by which Javan at first is made, out of pure tenderness, to keep his mistress in ignorance of his person and intentions, as if the apprehension of death, and outrage worse than death, were less intolerable than the sudden joy of finding herself in friendly hands.

But in spite of these defects, and of some few instances of heaviness and inflation in Mr. Milman's language, we do not envy those critics who can read his work without abundant delight, or speak of it

it without warm admiration. To ourselves, who have watched for some years back, with no unfriendly eyes, the improvement of his taste and the development of his genius, it is an additional source of pleasure to find our most favourable prognostics confirmed, and the promise of the youth so completely answered by the ripened fruits of the man. His juvenile lines on the Apollo Belvidere, with more originality than such productions commonly exhibit, had nevertheless all the characteristics, good or bad, of juvenile poetry. In his 'Fazio,' with many remarkable proofs of genius, there was much to prune away, and much yet wanting which care and cultivation might supply; and his 'Samor' was so overloaded with beauties, that the attention was lost and wearied amid a maze of fragrance, and required some sterner and more naked features from which to derive new vigour and refreshment.

Τρις μὲν ὀφίκατ' ἰὼν, τὸ δὲ τέτατον —

He has now produced a poem in which the peculiar merits of his earlier efforts are heightened, and their besetting faults, even beyond expectation, corrected;—a poem to which, without extravagant encomium it is not unsafe to promise whatever immortality the English language can bestow, and which may, of itself, entitle its author to a conspicuous and honourable place in our poetical pantheon, among those who have drunk deep at the fountain-head of intellect, and enriched themselves with the spoils, without encumbering themselves with the trammels of antiquity. But he must not stop even here. He has yet something to unlearn; he has yet much to add to his own reputation and that of his country. Remarkably as Britain is now distinguished by its living poetical talent, our time has room for him; and has need of him. For sacred poetry, (a walk which Milton alone has hitherto successfully trodden,) his taste, his peculiar talents, his education, and his profession appear alike to designate him; and, while, by a strange predilection for the worse half of manicheism, one of the mightiest spirits of the age has, apparently, devoted himself and his genius to the adornment and extension of evil, we may be well exhilarated by the accession of a new and potent ally to the cause of human virtue and happiness, whose example may furnish an additional evidence that purity and weakness are not synonymous, and that the torch of genius never burns so bright as when duly kindled at the Altar.

ART. XI.—*Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Afrique aux Sources du Sénégal et de la Gambie, fait en 1818, par ordre du Gouvernement Français.* Par G. Mollien. Paris. 1820.

BEFORE we attend to M. Mollien, whose 'voyage' will occasion us little trouble, we must advert to a subject which we have

have much at heart, and which indeed is somewhat more interesting than any which his book supplies.

We have the painful task of recording the sacrifice of another victim to the cause of African discovery. Mr. Ritchie (the person of whom we speak) was, perhaps, only inferior to Mr. Burckhardt in those qualifications which are peculiarly requisite for conducting researches in a quarter of the globe of which so little is known accurately, and so much remains to be investigated; in some respects, indeed, he might be said to have the advantage of him, being a good practical astronomer, and well acquainted with the use of mathematical and philosophical instruments. He had also a competent knowledge of medicine, having served his apprenticeship with a regular surgeon. At the conclusion of the late war, he went to Paris, and was received into the family of Sir Charles Stuart, in the capacity, we believe, of private secretary. Here he had an opportunity of attending the polytechnic schools; and the progress which he made in natural history, astronomy, chemistry, and other branches of science, joined to his situation in the British Embassy, brought him acquainted with most of the leading men in that capital. Among other eminent characters, he was particularly noticed by the Baron de Humboldt; and when it was publicly reported, that his Majesty's government intended to avail itself of the favourable disposition of the Bashaw of Tripoly to encourage the prosecution of discovery in the interior of Africa, this celebrated traveller, who was then in England, took an opportunity of recommending Mr. Ritchie as a person highly qualified for such an undertaking.

On the first intimation given to Mr. Ritchie of what was in contemplation, he immediately resigned the situation which he held in the ambassador's household, and came over to England. From Lord Bathurst he received the most liberal encouragement. To give more weight to the mission, and to contribute, it was hoped, to his personal security, he was invested with the official character of vice-consul of Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan. An ample sum was allotted for his expenses, for the purchase of instruments connected with the various objects of science, and for presents to the native chiefs and others. In the spring of 1818 he returned to Paris, where he remained for about six months studying the Arabic language, under the instructions of an Arab whom he met with in that city; and in daily attendance at the observatory, in order to acquire a readiness in the use of astronomical instruments.

Though the principal object of the mission was the determination of the leading geographical features of the interior of Africa, yet, anxious to render the results of the enterprize as useful as possible to the progress of general science, he engaged a young Frenchman

man of the name of Dupont, belonging to the Jardin des Plantes, to accompany him, and undertake the collection and preservation of the various objects of natural history which might be met with in the course of their journey.*

Mr. Ritchie arrived at Malta in September, where he was joined by Lieutenant Lyon of the Albion, (bearing the flag of Sir Charles Penrose,) who volunteered to accompany him, as did also John Belford, a carpenter in the dock-yard of Malta. The admiral appointed a ship of war to convey him to Tripoli, where he arrived in October, and met with the most flattering reception. The Bashaw granted him all the privileges of British vice-consuls; and protection in every part of the Tripolitan dominions was secured to him in the most ample and unreserved manner.

Mr. Ritchie visited many parts of the regency, and made considerable collections of plants, minerals and insects. He experienced nothing but kindness and civility from every class of the inhabitants; and such was the favourable impression made on his mind by their uniformly obliging and respectful behaviour, that in one of his letters he says, 'I am confident that when I meet with a Tripolitan in the interior, I may expect to find a friend.'

While waiting at Tripoli, Mahommed el Mucknè, the Bey of Fezzan, arrived with a large coffila of slaves, taken in one of his annual predatory expeditions into Soudan. To this chief he was introduced and recommended by the Bashaw, and he experienced at his hands, both then and afterwards, every mark of kindness and attention. He travelled with him to Mourzouk, which they reached on the 3d of May, 1819, having left Tripoli in March. The best house in the place was appropriated for his residence, and the British flag waved for the first time over the capital of Fezzan. Mr. Ritchie soon experienced the important advantages of being a recognized agent of the British government. The character of Englishmen stood high in Tripoli, and was not unknown in Fezzan. By the natives of every description he was treated with all possible respect; and his house became the resort of the principal inhabitants of the city.

Mr. Ritchie had not been long at Mourzouk before it was announced to him that an expedition was on foot against the Eastern

* This wise measure had all the success which might have been expected from it. M. Dupont, (to end his history at once,) after receiving a year's salary at Tripoli before it was due, left Mr. Ritchie, by the advice, it was supposed, of the French consul at that place; and was heard of no more. We trust this is the last experiment of this kind that will be tried:—

— prius Appulis
Jungentur capræ lupis,

than a nation so jealous and so envious of our literary reputation unite in a kindly yoke to further its advancement.

Tibboos of the tribe of Burgu, to be conducted by the Bey himself, whom he determined to accompany. During the preparations for this journey he was seized with a fever which confined him to his bed, with frequent delirium, for two months. From this severe attack he recovered but slowly, and never entirely; at intervals the fever returned, and reduced him at length to such a state of debility that, on the 20th October, he expired without a struggle. He had for some months refused to take such nourishment as the place afforded, which was probably miserable enough, and might almost be said to have subsisted on bark. By the death of this young man the cause of African discovery has sustained a great loss. Had his life been spared, there is every reason to believe, from the propriety of his conduct, and the general esteem in which he was held, that he would have conducted the enterprize on which he was engaged to a successful termination. In reporting his death, Colonel Warrington, the resident consul of Tripoli, observes—‘As a public character, his whole conduct since I have had the honour to know him, entitles him to my warmest approbation and the highest admiration—as a private one, I feel the loss of that friendship which I valued as much as that of any human being. Although our acquaintance was but of short duration, still his virtues, his talents, his prepossessing and most engaging disposition were so conspicuous that it was impossible not to feel more than a common degree of friendship towards him, and the most lively interest on every point relating to his welfare.’

Though the career of Mr. Ritchie was short, we may safely say it has not been without its use. From the moment of his arrival in Africa he commenced his inquiries into African subjects, and collected much important and interesting information respecting the nature of negro slavery in the interior, and the practices of those concerned in this abominable traffic. He was perfectly satisfied that the accursed means adopted for making captives, were the chief and almost the sole impediments to the progress of European travellers in Soudan; and that if once abolished, ‘the road from Fezzan to Guinea would be as open as that from London to Edinburgh.’ The activity with which of late years this trade has been carried on in the northern parts of Africa, has thrown the whole of Soudan into a most confused and unsettled state; every tribe endeavouring to seize and carry off its neighbours, and committing the most horrible excesses. The number of victims brought from the eastward and the southward to Mourzouk, in the course of the year 1819, amounted to about five thousand.

It appears to have been Mr. Ritchie’s intention to pass a year in exploring the country of Fezzan and the surrounding tribes; and towards the month of November, at which time the season for travelling

travelling commences, to proceed to Bornou. Of this intention he had found means to apprise the Sultan of Bornou and the Sheik of Kanem, through a Hadji of the name of Hamet, whose wife was a daughter of the latter. She had been taken prisoner in one of the inroads made upon Kanem by the Bey of Fezzan, and brought by him to Tripoli, where the Bashaw, on discovering who she was, ordered her to be set at liberty. From both these sovereigns Mr. Ritchie received assurances of the most friendly reception. At Bornou he intended to pass a few months; and from thence to proceed to Kashna, where he also proposed to make some stay, in the hope of procuring some decisive information respecting the trade on the Niger, and the practicability of reaching Egypt by the navigation of that river; or, if he obtained no satisfactory intelligence on this point, to visit Nyffe on the *Bahr el Soudan*, where Hornemann died; thence to proceed to the southward of the Niger by the way of Dogomba to Ashantee, and embark at Cape Coast for England.

The establishment of a vice-consul at Mourzouk is of such obvious utility that we are glad to find it is meant to be continued, and that Lieutenant Lyon has been appointed to succeed his late friend and fellow traveller. It is important that the character of England should be well known throughout Africa; and we know of no better means of effecting this, than by an accredited agent residing at this central spot. The conduct of Mr. Ritchie had endeared him to every class of the inhabitants of Fezzan, and the regret for his loss was deep and general. His kind and conciliating manners, his extensive knowledge, and the medical advice and assistance which he had the means of bestowing, shed a lustre on the British character which is duly appreciated in the states of Tripoli, and is not altogether without respect even as far as the banks of the Niger.

In our last Number we endeavoured to shew, and we are willing to think not unsuccessfully, that the confluence of this great river and the Nile of Egypt was not impossible; we might perhaps have ventured a step further, and, from the general testimony in its favour, have argued it to be not improbable. To this point tends all the information collected by Mr. Ritchie, of whose notes respecting the interior of Africa we shall now lay before our readers a short abstract.

The first part of the intelligence relates to the countries and people between Tripoli and Timbuctoo. It was procured from Mahommed, a schoolmaster in Tripoli, born at Timbuctoo of Tripolitan parents. He had twice travelled from Tripoli to that city, by the way of Ghadames and Tuat. From Tripoli to Ghadames is a journey of thirteen or fourteen days. From that

place to Ain el Salah, (the fountain of Saints,) the frontier of the territory of Tuat, twenty days—and two more bring the traveller to Akably, the capital of the country. Tuat is an Oasis in the heart of the desert; it is a fruitful country, abounding with springs of excellent water, and producing corn, dates and every necessary for subsistence in great plenty. The people dwell in stone houses, similar to those of Tripoli. In thirty days from this town, the traveller will arrive at Mabrouk, a more considerable city than Tripoli, and built also of stone;—the name, it seems, is given from the conductors of the caravans felicitating each other on having safely traversed the desert. The Tuarick inhabit all the neighbouring parts; they are nearly black, and live in tents; they wear the baracan or ola of the Arabs, the men wrapping up their faces in it as the women do in most Mahomedan towns, whilst the females expose theirs. The best meiheries* or dromedaries belong to these people, and constitute their principal riches; they give them different names, as khamasy, setasy, sabasy, and ashrasy, according to their ability to travel five, six, seven, or even ten times as far in one day as an ordinary camel. The Tuarick are a well disposed people; and a stranger who once ingratiates himself even with the least considerable among them, is sure of being protected by all the rest of the tribe. From Mabrouk to Timbuctoo, a journey of about fifteen days, the road lies across a country abounding with provisions and good water. Thus the whole journey from Tripoli to Timbuctoo is about eighty days, in which the longest time of travelling without finding water does not exceed six.

Timbuctoo is not a walled town: some of the houses are built of stone, others of mud; many of the former are two stories high. The palace of the king is like the castle of Tripoli; it is situated in the middle of the town, and is called the kusbé. The name of the king who governed about thirty years ago was Aboubek'r; he was not a negro, but a brown man; most of the people, however, are black, and all of them Moslems. The dress of the inhabitants consists chiefly of long shirts, dyed, in general, blue or black; of the red Moorish cap, turban, and sandals. The dress of the sovereign is highly ornamented with gold. The uniform of the soldiers, who are very numerous, is red, and they are armed with muskets brought by the way of the Great Sea. They manufacture cottou cloths, and gold trinkets† at Tim-

* This species is no doubt the same as the *herie*, mentioned by Jackson and others, the existence of which has been called in question.

† In Colonel Fitzclarence's lively and interesting narrative of his 'Route through India and Egypt' are figured some of these gold ornaments used by the natives of Timbuctoo, as necklaces, ear-rings, braids for the hair, &c. of very superior workmanship, and good taste in the design.

buctoo.

buctoo. The market days are Tuesdays and Thursdays. There is plenty of cocoa-nuts at Timbuctoo; the name given to them by Mahommed is *لوز المنيب*. The Nile is distant about

half a day's journey from the city; the port is called Kabra: on going to Kabra from Timbuctoo, the river comes from the right hand and flows towards the left; it is here so wide that a gun would not take effect across it. In the language of the country, it bears the name of Issa.* There are many boats upon it, which are chiefly employed in trading to Jinnie. Mahommed had no doubt that they might proceed downwards to Kashna and Bornou. He was always taught to believe, he says, that the Nile of Soudan and the Nile of Egypt are the same river. From Timbuctoo to Wangara is about twenty-five days journey; the inhabitants bring gold dust to Timbuctoo. He had not been there, but understood it to lie in a southerly direction. He has no doubt that Christians might reside without danger or molestation at Timbuctoo; and he offered to accompany Mr. Ritchie thither.

Mr. Ritchie observes that this information was corroborated by so many respectable travellers, particularly by Sidi Hamet Tooghar, the present Cadi of Tripoli, who resided for many years in the interior, and by Sidi Mahommed Dghies, the late prime minister of the Bashaw, who kept up during his life an active commercial intercourse with Soudan, and possessed property at Timbuctoo, that he could not refuse entire credence to it. He seems to think, however, that it tends to discredit the narrative of Adams, the American sailor; in which he differs from Mr. Burckhardt. 'From what I have heard, the latter says, related in Egypt and the Hedjaz by several Fellata Bedouins coming, as Hadjis, from the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo, by the way of Tunis, I believe Adams's description of that town (Timbuctoo) to be correct. One of them told me it was half as large as Cairo, and built of low mud houses, such as are common all over Soudan.' Mr. Ritchie, however, admits the singular coincidence in the mention of the cocoa-nut growing there by Adams and his informant:—botanists had decided that this fruit could only thrive in the vicinity of the sea coast; and this circumstance was advanced as a main argument against the veracity of Adams!

The next piece of information was obtained from Hadji Hamet, a native of Bornou, who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca about five years before. He was born in the capital of Bornou, which bears the same name, and not Birney:†—this last is not, as

Mr.

* It is thus named by D'Anville, and by several of the early writers.

† All reports agree that there is a great fresh-water lake in the interior of Bornou,

Mr. Burckhardt was led to imagine, a proper name, but a word signifying 'city' in the language of the country. Hadji Hamet asserts that Grand Cairo is not so large as Bornou; and that to pass from one gate to another in a direct line, would take from morning till night. He adds that, in his journey to Mecca, he first went to Kanem, which is seven days journey to the eastward of Bornou, the stages between them being, 1. Bismillah; 2. Widu; 3. Beledonanby; 4. Sibdifafa; 5. Rigrigzime; 6. Fume; 7. Kanem. Kanem is about the size of Tunis. The great river, which is called Tshadi at Kano (or Gano) is called Birum in the country of Kanem, and flows to the south-eastward. It is never dry, and during the summer months overflows the neighbouring country. The name of the river in Bornou is Kamadkoo;* it passes to the eastward about half a day's journey to the south of the capital; at this place is a town or port called Gambarroo, where a young virgin, richly dressed, is precipitated into the stream every year at the period of its inundation; and it is firmly believed that if the victim selected were not a virgin, the town would be swept away. Burckhardt obtained the same information in Egypt.

At Gambarroo are still to be seen the remains of the castles and houses erected by the Christians, who, tradition reports, lived there many ages ago; and copper coins in use among them are said to be frequently dug up. Before the river reaches this town it flows through the country of Soudan. Hadji Hamet was at Gano, which is twelve days journey to the west of Bornou, and close to the river, there called Tshadi. Five days to the westward of Gano is Kashna, where the river is as broad, he says, as the distance from the gate of Tripoli to the bazaar on the sands (about one-third of a mile). It is here called the Gulbi. He had been at Timbuctoo when young, and believes the distance from Kashna to be about twenty-eight, and from Bornou about forty-five days. The places on the road are Goobur, Zamfara, Nyffé, Zegzeg, Melli and Foota, but he does not know their respective distances from each other. At Nyffé there is a large sea which is not salt but sweet. The river Tshadi comes out of this sea and flows on till it arrives in Egypt: he does not know whether the river of Timbuctoo runs into it or not. Wangara lies to the south between this sea and Timbuctoo. Kashna and all the neighbouring countries are at present in subjection to Bello, the Fellata chief, the son of Hatman

on the west side of which the city of Birney is said to be built. The name of the lake is Nou, and from it the country derives the name of Bornou, or the land of Nou.—*Burckhardt, App. No. 1. p. 477.*

* Kamadkoo appears from the vocabulary of the Bornou language, in Mr. Burckhardt's work, to be the general name signifying 'river.' It is applied to the river at Bernou in Faden's map of Africa.

Danfodio,

Danfodio, who overran the whole of that part of Africa some years ago. Bello's place of residence is Kashna.

The intelligence procured from the next person carries us somewhat farther to the eastward. It is from Sidi Mousa, a Tripolitan merchant who was just returned from Wara, the capital of Waday, (called also Dar Saley and Bergo,*) a journey of about forty-five days of the caravan, or about the same length as that from Bornou to Mourzouk. This man travelled from Waday, through Begharmi, to Bornou; he was twenty days in going from Wara to Begharmi, and ten from the latter to Bornou; which he describes as several times larger than Tripoli. The people of Bornou and of Waday live chiefly in huts of clay covered with grass, but those of Begharmi in houses of two stories high.

'Waday,' says Mr. Ritchie, 'is a country which has been represented to me as one of the most considerable in the north-eastern parts of Africa. It was for a long time governed by a prince whose name was Abdel-Kerym, but more commonly called Saboon el Fakir, (literally, the poor man's soap,) a title which he took from the extent of his charitable actions.† Since the death of this sovereign two of his sons have successively reigned. The present king is said to be very young, and the kingdom has consequently fallen into a state of civil confusion. I am told that a very large river flows through some districts of Waday, called the Batta, which my informant supposed to be the same as that of Bornou called the Tshad. Waday is a kingdom which no European has hitherto visited.'

The Nile flows both through Bornou and Begharmi, and passes to the eastward at the distance of four days journey south of the capital of the latter country, where it is nearly a mile broad and very deep. The direction which it there takes is to the south-eastward. Sidi Mousa does not know where it goes after passing Begharmi, but he has always understood it to be the same river as the Nile of Egypt. There are vessels upon it at this place, but not very large.

Such is the substance of the information obtained from three intelligent Africans relating to the Niger and the neighbouring coun-

* 'Dar Saley is the name used by the natives; the people of Darfour and Kordofan give to it the name of Bergo. Their northern neighbours of Bornou and Fezzan, and the Moggrebyn merchants, call it Waday.'—*Burckhardt, App. No. 2. p. 484.*

† 'The King of Saley, Abd el Kerim, nick-named Sabonn, 'soap,' is, next to those of Darfour and Bornou, the most potent prince in the eastern part of Soudan, and has conquered several of the neighbouring states.'—*Burck. App. No. 21. p. 480.*

Again. 'Next to Bornou and Darfour, Dar Saley is the most important country in eastern Soudan. It is said to be a flat country, with few mountains. In the rainy season, which usually lasts two months, large inundations are formed in many places, and large and rapid rivers then flow through the country. After the waters have subsided, deep lakes remain in various places filled with water the whole year round, and sufficiently spacious to afford a place of retreat to the hippopotami and crocodiles which abound in the country.'—*App. No. 2. p. 484.*

tries;

tries; and the remarkable coincidence of most of it with that procured by Mr. Burckhardt in Egypt, stamps on it an additional value. Indeed Mr. Ritchie says, 'I have made many desultory inquiries of other persons from the interior; but I have never found them to contradict their testimony in any material point; they have in general fully confirmed it.'

It appears singular that the country situated immediately to the eastward of Timbuctoo, as far as Kashna, should be more imperfectly known to the Moorish traders than the rest of central Africa; but it is in some measure accounted for by the information of Mr. Burckhardt. 'Among the negro tribes,' says this celebrated traveller, 'is the great tribe of Fellata, of whom those who dwell in the neighbourhood of Bornou are Mussulmans; while others of the same tribe, who live farther west, are still pagans. This nation of Fellata appears to be in great strength throughout Soudan; they have spread across the whole continent, and I saw one of them at Mekka, who told me that his encampment, when he left it, was in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo. The Fellata have attacked and pillaged both Bornou and Kashna, and the latter town is said to be at present half ruined. They are mostly horsemen. They fight with poisoned arrows, as do in general all the pagan tribes of this part of Soudan; the arrow is short, and of iron; the smallest scratch with it causes the body to swell, and is infallibly mortal, unless counteracted by an antidote known amongst the natives.*'

Mr. Ritchie was not able to meet with any person who could assure him, from his own knowledge, that the river, which is called Issa, at Timbuctoo, is the same which, crossing the fresh water lake at Nyffe, flows through the kingdom of Kashna, where it acquires the name of Gulbi, and after washing successively Gano, Bornou, and Kanem, turns to the southward through Begharmi, where all authentic evidence of its course ceases. 'The general belief of every person with whom I have conversed,' says Mr. Ritchie, 'is, that they are one and the same river; and the concurrence of several persons on this point, when connected with the evidence furnished by Park and Hornemann, affords a rational presumption that this opinion is correct, and ought to overbalance any hypothesis founded on the insulated testimony of an individual.'

Mr. Ritchie observes that the position of Wangara, a name unknown to those natives of Bornou and Waday who furnished the information collected by Mr. Burckhardt, must be materially altered in our maps according to the notices which he received respecting it; so likewise must that of Bornou. Of the position of

* App. No. 2. p. 486.

the latter there can now be very little doubt;* and Mr. Ritchie thinks we shall come pretty near the truth in assigning to the capital of that country 16° north latitude, and 16° of east longitude from the meridian of Greenwich; a position which differs several degrees from that which it occupies in the latest map of Arrowsmith. The city of Kanem would appear also to be very erroneously laid down; by placing it in latitude $18^{\circ} 11'$, and longitude 17° or 18° east, we shall perhaps approach much nearer to its real situation.

Wangara was not at all known to any of Mr. Burckhardt's informants, and was vaguely described to Mr. Ritchie; if it exists at all, therefore, it must lie somewhere between Kashna and Timbuctoo, in those countries which are now in possession of the Fellata. It would seem also that Haoussa is not a city, but a district in the same tract; and that Soudan, properly speaking, is comprehended between Timbuctoo and Bornou: and it is not improbable that the Bahr el Soudan, on which Nyffe is situated, or some part of the low swampy country to the southward of it, is the Wangara of Edrisi. 'It should seem,' says Burckhardt, that the negroes themselves (not the slave-traders, who call the whole of the Black country, Soudan,) give this name (Soudan) to the countries west of Baghermi.

It appears from Mr. Burckhardt's information that several rivers flow from the northward into the Niger towards the eastern part of its course. One of these in particular is said to join it between Bornou and Baghermi.

'Betwen Katakou and Bahr el Ghazel,' he observes, 'flows the great river called Shary, in a direction, as far as I could learn, from N. E. to S. W., towards Baghermi, but its source was unknown.' (This must be a typographical error, and ought to be, from what follows, from N. W. to S. E.) 'From the limits of Bornou to Baher Shary is fifteen days slow march, in the direction of the Kebly (that is of Mecca.) The route from Bahr Shary to Bahr el Ghazel is in the same direction.' He adds, 'The Bahr el Ghazel is a wide extent of low ground, without any mountains: it is called Bahr, (sea or river) and also Wady, because tradition reports that, in ancient times, a large river flowed through it.'

It is pretty obvious that this river, Shary, is the one or probably both of those called Bahr el Gazel and Misselad in the charts: of these, the former is not merely a river, but a country inundated during the rains, and intersected by numerous streams† and lakes; the

* 'I have been constantly assured that Bornou is more to the westward than due north of Bagerme, which agrees likewise with what Hornemann heard at Fezzan; namely, that Bornou lies south of Fezzan.'—*Burckhardt*, App. 2. p. 488.

† Speaking of the principal of these rivers, Mr. Burckhardt says, 'According to a very general custom in Soudan, of giving to the same river different names, it is also called

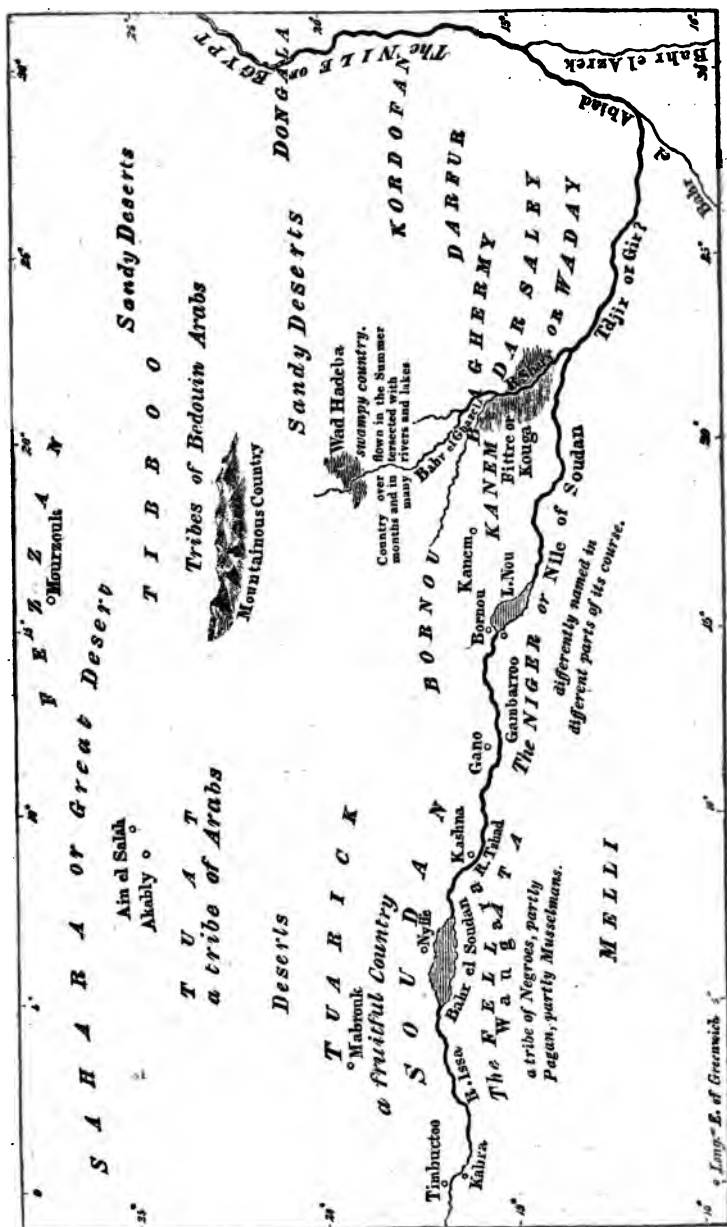
the latter was altogether unknown to Burckhardt's informants. It is probable however that the upper part of the Shary occupies the place of the Misselad, and that it flows out of the marsh of Kouga or Fittre, instead of running into it, as described in the charts. If this were not the case the Kouga would necessarily be salt; whereas all the Arab authorities make it fresh water. When Brown was told, in Darfoor, of a large river running N. W. his informant might have meant, as we believe is not uncommon with the Arabs, not the direction of the stream, but the geographical line in which the bed proceeded from the place of the observer. Thus, in sailing up the Nile, an Arab would say the Bahr el Abiad flowed to the S. W., meaning thereby that it branched off in that direction, though its current runs to the N. E. 'The place,' says Burckhardt, 'nearest to the Shary in the Bahr el Ghazel, is Kanem, four days distant. From Kanem to Fittre is a journey of eight days, and from Fittre to Dar Saley three. The Arabs Beni Hassan, in the Bahr el Ghazel, turn their faces towards Dar Saley when they pray.'

From these materials, collected by two such intelligent travellers on nearly opposite sides of Africa, and according so well with each other, we should venture to suggest a correction in those parts of the charts of North Africa, through which the Niger flows, something like the annexed sketch, leaving perhaps undecided that portion of the river from the point south of Dar Saley or Baghermi, as far as the supposed course of the Bahr el Abyad, (about 250 miles,) till further inquiries can be instituted; though after bringing it thus far, and after so many testimonies of its identity with the Nile of Egypt, it is difficult to conceive in what manner it can be disposed of but by a junction with the White river. The reason why the further course of the river is lost sight of at Baghermi or Dar Saley, may be, that the route of all the caravans, whether of traders, or pilgrims on their way to Mecca, lies through Dar Saley, Darfour, and Kordofan; and thence to the Red Sea or Abyssinia, by Sennaar, or to Egypt through Dongola. The country through which the Abiad passes, either from its low swampy soil or savage inhabitants, seems invariably to be avoided; as all the itineraries yet collected across central Africa turn to the northward at Baghermi or Dar Saley. It appears, however, that its shores are inhabited.*

called Djyr, which in the Egyptian pronunciation, sounds Gyr, and may perhaps be the Gir of Ptolemy.—App. No. 2, p. 484.

* 'A second branch of the Nile is the White Nile, (Nil el Abyadh), a river coming from the western parts, of a deep white colour, like milk.—"I have inquired (says Selym) of Moggrebyns, who have travelled in Soudan, respecting the Nile of their country, and its colour, and they stated that it rises in mountains of sand, and that it collects in Soudan into *large seas*—both sides of the Nil el Abyadh are inhabited."—Burckhardt, App. 3. p. 498.

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The progressive geography of Africa has unquestionably been retarded by the absurd and erroneous system, if it deserves the name, of Edrisi, one of the earliest Arabian writers on the subject, whose assertions were adopted by others, in some instances contrary to the evidence of the senses.* He knew nothing of Africa from personal observation, and appears to have been ill qualified to digest that information which he collected from others. He considers, however, the Nile of Egypt and the Nile of Soudan as one, but he makes the latter to run *out* of the former instead of *into* it. His puerile account of this river is, that in some distant part of Southern Africa, it springs out of ten fountains, the waters of five of which run into one lake, and five into another. Each of these lakes again throws out three rivers, all of which, once more uniting, form a large lake under the equinoctial line; into this lake juts a mountainous promontory, which divides the water into two parts, one of which flowing northerly, forms the Nile of Egypt; the other westerly as far as the *Mare tenebrosum* (the Atlantic, we suppose) the Nile of Soudan. After such a ridiculous display, (which, if we did not know to be false, both on the eastern and western extremities of the continent, we might know to be impossible,) it will scarcely be argued that his information of the central parts is more correct; yet we believe that it is on his authority alone that Wanjara has been placed in the position it still holds on the charts.

One early Arab traveller, however, whose invaluable work has most unaccountably been overlooked, had more correct notions of the geography of the interior of Africa, and the course of the Niger, than Edrisi. It has recently been brought to light, and nearly at the same moment by two different persons—by Mr. Burckhardt and M. Kosegarten of Jena. Of this extraordinary traveller, whose name is Ibn Batouta, some account will be found in Burckhardt's Nubian journeys, (Appendix, No. 3,) and an abridgement of that part of his travels which relates to Soudan and the Niger, forms what Kosegarten calls a 'Commentatio Academica.'

One complete copy only of this early Mahommedan's travels is said to exist in Cairo: this Mr. Burckhardt endeavoured in vain to discover; he procured, however, two copies of an abridgement, which are now at Cambridge, and, we believe, in progress of translation by the Arabic professor. In the mean time a brief extract from the notices given by the two above-mentioned gentlemen may not be unacceptable; and particularly of that part relating to the course of the Nile of Soudan, which is extremely interesting and important, as coming from one who was an eye-witness, who appears to have seen well, and to have collected accurate information of what he did not see.

* Leo Africanus saw the Niger at Kabra, and yet makes it run from east to west.

'Ibn

'Ibn Batouta,' Mr. Burckhardt says, 'is perhaps the greatest land traveller who ever wrote his travels.' He was a native of Tangier, and travelled from the year 725 of the Hegira (1324 A. D.) to 755 (1354), being thirty years. In the course of that time he several times traversed Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Persia, the coast of the Red Sea, and the eastern coast of Africa. He then visited Bokhara, Balk, Samarcand, Kabul, India, and China. Taking shipping he landed on several of the Indian islands, visited the Maldives, and the coast of Malabar; crossed the mountains of Thibet, traversed India, and then embarked for Java. From this island he revisited China, and returned by Calicut, Yemen, Bagdad, and Damascus, to Cairo. Again he set out to perform the Hadj, and on his return visited the provinces of Spain. He next proceeded to the capital of Morocco, and thence as far as Sedjelmassa;—here the vicinity of the kingdoms of Soudan tempted the curiosity of this indefatigable traveller. It is this part which most concerns our present purpose. In 753 (1352) he crossed the desert with the slave traders to Taghary, (or Taghaza), 25 days journey from Sedjelmassa, the houses of which were built of salt stone, and covered with camel's skins. From this place he crossed a sandy glittering plain without water, or trees, where no footsteps would remain. After a journey of twenty days over this trackless desert, he reached Abou Laten, (called Ei-welaten by Kosegarten; probably the Wallet of Park,) the first town of Soudan; and here were a few date trees and water melons: 'the women are beautiful; the son of the sister inherits to the exclusion of the true son; a custom,' says Batouta, 'which I saw nowhere else, except among the Pagan Hindoos of Malabar.' This is true of the Nairs of Malabar to this day. He next reached Maly through a forest of large trees, each affording shade for a whole caravan. In the hollow trunk of one of them he observed a weaver at his loom; he also mentions a tree which affords drink to the traveller, and others in which bees make their honey. From Eiwelaten, ten days brought him to the town of Taghary, an extensive place inhabited by negro traders, and a few white people of the heretical creed of Byadha, (whom Kosegarten calls Kharid'ji), Christians or Jews. Leaving this he came to Karsekhu, (Kar Senjou of Burckhardt), situated on the bank of the Nile, which runs from thence to Kabara and Sagha or Zagha. Karsekhu is in all probability the Sego of Park, who says that in different parts of it the names are Sego-Korro, Sego-see-Korro, &c.

Ibn Batouta now proceeds to state the course of the Nile from the information which he obtained at Kabara. The Nile, he says, flows to Timbuctoo, thence to Kok or Kûku, (Kouga); thence to the town of *Mufi*, the last place within the kingdom of *Muli*;

Muli; thence to *Yuwi* (*Bow* of Burckhardt) the principal seat of Negro government, and which no white person can approach. From *Yuwi* it flows into the country of the Nubians, who are Christians, and onward to *Donkola* (*Dongola*) their chief city; thence to *Jenadel*, (the second cataract,) the last place in the country of the blacks, and the first of the province of *Eswân* (*Essuan*) in Upper Egypt.

Returning to his own travels, he goes on to say that, leaving the town of *Karsekku*, he came to the river *Sausara*, and thence (in ten days, according to Burckhardt) to *Muli*, the seat of a negro sovereign, where he took up his abode in the khan of the white men. (This answers to the *Melli* or *Lamlem* marked, in some charts, on Arab authority, as containing one of the missing tribes of Israel.) Here he resided two months, and then returned to *Timbuctoo*, distant, according to him, four miles from the Nile. From this place, he proceeded, in a boat formed from the trunk of a single tree, down the river, and paid daily visits to the towns on its banks until he reached *Kûku*, the largest and handsomest town belonging to the Negroes; thence he passed on to *Burdâma*, inhabited by a tribe of Berbers, and *Tekedda*. This last place is described as built of red stones; and here the waters also, by running through veins of copper, had acquired a reddish colour and a bitter taste. The inhabitants trade with Egypt, and carry thither slaves and copper in exchange for articles of clothing. If *Kûku* and *Burdâma* be *Kouga* and *Baghermi*, as there can be little doubt they are, *Tekedda* cannot be far distant from the *Abiad*, where copper has always been said to abound.

Ibn Batouta left *Tekedda* with the caravan, and proceeded towards *Tewat* or *Twât*, which is seventy stages distant. He next visited *Kahor*, belonging to the Sultan of *Karkan*; and after a journey of eighteen days, reached a place where the roads separate, the one leading towards Egypt, and the other to *Tewat*. In ten days more he arrived at *Dekkâr*, belonging to the Berbers; and, after travelling a month through this country, found himself once more at *Sedjelmassa*, whence he proceeded to *Fez*, where, he says, he threw away his traveller's staff, and gave thanks to God for his safe return.

Although we have yet only the mere abstract of an abstract of curious travels, (which however agrees with the preceding authorities in carrying the Niger to the second cataract of the Nile of Egypt,) we have more than sufficient to assure us that the details will be highly interesting; and we are not without the hope of procuring that complete copy which eluded the search of Mr. Burckhardt.

Much still remains to be done to settle the geography of Sou-
dan

dan and the course of the Niger. Death has deprived the cause of discovery of two of its most promising, efficient, and intelligent promoters. The expedition under Major Gray, we fear, does not hold out any sanguine prospect of success; it had returned to Galam, on the Senegal, in August last, after a most harassing journey through the country of the Foulado, in which the party were insulted, plundered, attacked, and we believe some of them slain. Of a favourable result from Major Peddie's attempt, of which that of Major Gray is the sequel, our expectations were never raised very high. The countries through which they had to pass are so populous, and the people so well armed and so resolute, that nothing short of a little army could hope to succeed in traversing them. A small body of men is not sufficient for that purpose, though enough to awaken the jealousy of the chiefs, as to its designs; and the baggage which accompanies it more than enough to inflame their cupidity.*

As a proof how much easier it is for individuals to pass through the African tribes than a small armed party, it may be stated that Mr. Docherd, a surgeon in the above-mentioned expedition, with a few attendants, reached Yamina, on the Niger, without any difficulty. Here, however, he was obliged to stay till he received permission from the King of Sego to proceed. After waiting nearly six months, he was advised to retire higher up the river to Bammakoo, in Bambarra, from which the last accounts received from him are dated in May, 1819, when he was still in the hope of procuring the necessary permission, though several untoward circumstances operated against this expectation. In the first place, the King of Sego was at war with his eastern neighbours, (these neighbours, we suppose, are the Fellata tribes mentioned by Ritchie and Burckhardt),—his minister had died just about the time that he heard of Mr. Docherd's arrival; a few days afterwards, his treasurer and receiver of customs departed this life; and, as ill luck would have it, the chief of Bammakoo also died just after he reached that place. These fatal circumstances tended to confirm the blacks in their notions of the evil influence which the presence of the whites exerts on their countrymen, and especially on their rulers, whom they are supposed to have the power of destroying by charms and secret spells. In the present instance, they were more convinced of the effect of this baneful influence on recollecting that Mansong, Moodie, Bennie, and other chiefs who had dealings with

* Mr. Burckhardt thinks that a body of about 100 armed men might be able to penetrate Africa from the eastward towards Bagharmi; such a body might, perhaps, succeed among the Berbers and the blacks, but certainly not among the numerous tribes of the half-civilized Arabs on the western side.

Mungo Park, had died the same year in which he passed through their country.

Mr. Docherd had invariably received the kindest treatment both at Yamina and Bammakoo, and on complaining of delay was assured it was entirely owing to the custom of the country; as to make ambassadors wait was only meant to shew the king's dignity, and that it might not be supposed he was in any hurry to get rid of his guests. He seems to think that, once fairly embarked, there would be no difficulty in reaching the termination of the Niger; but we are not aware on what information this opinion is grounded. The highest navigable point of the river in the dry season is at Marraboo, where it expands into a vast sheet of water, but is full of shallows.

Markets were held at Sansanding and Yamina, twice every week, where provisions were reasonable, and every sort of European merchandize in great demand, especially articles of finery for the dresses of the females, who are fond of showy colours; among other wares were Manchester prints in great abundance, which seemed to meet with a ready sale. These must have crossed the desert of Zaabra, in the caravan from Morocco, which we suspect is, after all, the best and safest way to reach Timbuctoo.

With all the respect we feel for those who sacrifice ease, health, and every comfort in the promotion of African discoveries, we are compelled to say that M. Mollien has done less than any preceding traveller, and has no pretension whatever to rank in the list of those who have enlarged the narrow sphere of African geography. He is evidently a very young man, and wholly unfit for travelling with credit to himself or advantage to his employers. His intellectual acquirements are of the lowest order, and he possesses not a single qualification in any branch of science that a traveller could turn to advantage. His utter ignorance of natural history, of astronomy, and as it would seem of the common process of obtaining the latitude of places, renders the account of his travels unavailing for any scientific purpose, and leaves the accuracy of all his positions more than questionable. It was not necessary to visit the sources of the Senegal and the Gambia, merely to set down how the negroes of this village, and the Mahommedans of that, were disposed to treat travellers; the simplicity of the one, the cunning of the other, and the avarice of both, have long been known to be pretty much the same on every part of the western coast of Africa.

The object of M. Mollien's mission was 'to discover the sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger; to ascertain if there exists a communication between the first two rivers, and the distance which separates them; to determine the space between the Senegal and the sources of the Niger, and the means of traversing

traversing it; and on reaching the Niger to collect every information as to the possibility of descending it to its mouth: in the event of obstacles preventing the execution of such a project, he was to ascend this river, which would of itself be an important discovery.'

Of these 'judicious instructions,' as M. Mollien terms them, he fulfilled no single point, except that of reaching (if he did actually reach them) the sources of the Gambia and Senegal. 'The Rio Grande, he says, proceeds from the same reservoir which gives birth to the Gambia, but then, he adds, they have separate springs, each concealed in a thicket. In speaking of that of the Gambia, he tells us that 'trees *coeval* with the river render it invisible;' the other spring is at a little distance, and issues out of a kind of arch. Between the two thickets, his attendant, Ali, stamped on the ground, and the earth echoed in a frightful manner. 'Underneath,' said he, 'are the reservoirs of the two rivers; the noise thou hearest proceeds from their being empty.' The virtues of Lady Noel's divining rod would here have been suspended. A thicket of tufted trees concealed likewise the sources of the Senegal, which are said to be three, and situated about the middle of the side of a mountain—rather an unusual situation for the sources of a great river. The source of the Niger he did not visit; but he intended to do so: nay, more;—'I purposed,' he says, 'descending this river in a canoe, as far as Timbuctoo, where I flattered myself I should arrive without much difficulty, by passing myself off as a slave of my Marabout.' Unluckily, however, 'a tremendous clap of thunder' put an end at once to the whole project, and suggested to him the propriety of facing about and making the best of his way homewards:—and really, if there be any truth in his piteous situation, as delineated for the embellishment of Mr. Bowdich's translation, where he appears to be dying in the arms of his black Marabout, the young gentleman was quite right in giving up all idea of 'descending the Niger as far as Timbuctoo!'

One piece of information, however, we have extracted from M. Mollien's journey:—namely, that the sources of the Gambia and the Senegal are much higher than we had suspected, and that of the Niger on a higher level than either of them. The country rises towards the south and south-east in parallel terraces, and forms chains of mountains which increase in height in proportion as they advance to the south, attaining the highest point of elevation between the eighth and tenth degrees of north latitude; at least we assume it to be about these parallels, for, as we said before, M. Mollien employed no means of ascertaining the latitude of any one point on his journey. It is on the second terrace that the

sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Rio Grande are found: the source of the Niger is on the third; and that the elevation of this is very considerable may be inferred from the Negroes having told M. Mollien that 'the highest of these mountains was constantly covered with a *white hat*.'

These mountains are situated at so short a distance from the sea coast about the Rio Nunez, and so close behind Timbo, to which Watt and Winterbottom proceeded without difficulty, that we hope some of our colonists of Sierra Leone will be found to possess sufficient zeal and activity to proceed to the source of the Niger with a barometer, and ascertain its elevation above the sea: this would be a great point gained. In the mean time, we are fully satisfied that, whatever the fall may be between the source and Bammakoo, where the stream becomes navigable, the elevation of the latter place exceeds 4000 feet, which we have already proved to be more than sufficient to carry its waters through Egypt into the Mediterranean.

The information obtained by M. Mollien on this particular point may be added as a mite to the general testimony. He learned from a Marabout, or black priest, who had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca and crossed Africa, that, 'on this side (N. W.) of the river and beyond Timbuctoo, there are countries entirely peopled by Pouls; that the Dijaliba (Joliba) discharges itself into the Nile, and that its waters, after mingling with those of the river of Egypt, pursue their course to the sea.' From two Pouls, who agreed in their accounts of the course of the Niger, he also learned that 'this great river takes its rise between Kouranko and Soliman; that in the season when the water is low they could not descend further than Marabout, where a ridge of rocks obstructs the navigation;' and they added 'that, after passing through Sego, it forms, at a vast distance from that city, an immense lake communicating with the Nile, which they called the great river of Egypt.'

When we add to all this the information obtained by M. Du-puis* at Cape Coast Castle, and when we see that, in every part of Africa, there is but one opinion among the Arabs on this subject, we know not how to refuse subscribing to the *probability* as well as the *possibility* of the identity of the Nile of Soudan and the Nile of Egypt.

* This gentleman, after being shut up for nearly twelve months in Cape Coast Castle, has at length proceeded to Ashantee, to endeavour to repair the mischief occasioned by the thoughtless conduct of Mr. Bowdich and his young companions, and by his famous treaty which was 'to last for ever.'

ART..XII.—1. *Curiosities of Literature.* By J. D'Israeli, Esq.
Vol. III. 8vo. London. 1817.

2. *Almanach des Gourmands.* Tom. I.—V. 12mo. Paris.

WHEN the good Grandgousier arrived at Paris for the purpose of completing his son's education, he contented himself with making two inquiries; first, what learned men there were in the place, and secondly, what kind of wine the inhabitants most commonly drank. Grandgousier was, as all the world knows, somewhat addicted to the pleasures of the table. Great latitude, therefore, must be given to the second inquiry. Like those corollaries in mathematics, which sometimes swallow up in interest the main proposition that engenders them, wine seems in this case to have been substituted, by a metonymy, for the more important portion which precedes it. The inquiries, therefore, properly stated, referred first to the scholars who existed, and secondly, to the dinners which were given, in that celebrated metropolis and university; and, with submission to female readers, it may be thought that two inquiries, more confirming that reputation for wisdom which belonged to this most worthy prince, could not well have been instituted.

Some remarks recently thrown out in this Journal, have had the effect, we understand, of recovering many respectable scholars from an erroneous opinion, (countenanced, it is true, by the early Greek fables, and apparently confirmed by the sparing mention made of the female sex by the Greek writers,) that, the Athenians really sprang from the ground ready-made (*αυτοχθονες*); their earliest food being, of course, whatever succulent herbs might happen to be at the breast of Mother Earth at the time. Having rescued them from such an anomaly in nature, we shall next endeavour to shew, that though leguminous herbs did form a very prominent article of subsistence among the poorer Athenians, there is no reason to believe that any deficiency existed among the richer citizens of more solid articles. It is not intended to enter into vulgar details of mutton, beef and veal; but we have an interest in remarking, that the pig formed an inexhaustible mine in the hands of an Attic cook, and that the sausages of the Grecian Athens, whether formed from the flesh of this animal, or from that of peacocks, pheasants and rabbits, obtained a celebrity,* un-
enjoyed

* Arist. in *Acharn.* v. 145-7. This article of food has not wanted modern as well as ancient eulogists. Agnolo Firenzuola, distinguished among the learned for his elegant translation of Apuleius, owes all his reputation with gourmands to his song in honour of the Sausage. This song, printed in 1545, was accompanied by a whole volume of comments, written by a learned academician of Florence, named Grappa. To create further respect for that degraded and persecuted animal, the pig, we may be allowed to
remark,

enjoyed even by those of the English Athens, as Dryden, apostate as he was, has chosen to call Oxford.

An action taking place with individuals of every nation, three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, possesses intrinsically an importance more than sufficient to excuse a short investigation into the materials chiefly connected with it. We shall, therefore, make no apology for taking our station for some time in the kitchens and dining-rooms of the most polished people of antiquity. We shall begin with the lower regions.

O prole alta di numi,
Non vergognate di donar voi anco
Pochi momenti al cibo!—*Parini.*

What a Greek kitchen *was*, the great architect of antiquity, if we recollect rightly, has left us no information. What it *ought* to have been, we could describe from sources,* whose authority upon such subjects admits, we believe, of no appeal. But with more facts before us than we can well crowd into our limits, it would be unpardonable to make digressions where fancy would have more play than truth. We shall only suppose, therefore, a Greek kitchen to have been large enough to contain a baker, a cook, a fishmonger, a dealer in perfumery, and a female weaver of garlands; an assemblage of persons, we have reason to believe, not unfrequently found there.

Persons, who have travelled much on the continent, assure us that our neighbours have the art of throwing much more variety and gratification of the palate into that article of subsistence which has been emphatically called the staff of life, than we possess. The French, and still more the German bread, it is said, is often delicious, forming of itself an agreeable article of food, and not serving, like our own, as a mere companion to pair off with so many mouthfuls of meat. But the Athenians, we suspect, surpassed our neighbours, still more than they do us, in the variety and excellence of their farinaceous compositions. Arcestratus, a decisive authority upon these matters, and the earliest we can find, made the gods trade with Lesbos for their barley meal: for wheaten bread, at least of one kind, (the *apoi ayopaisi*;) he allowed, that mere mortals could not go to a better market than the Athenian. Those who read the Greek authors will not perhaps be displeased with us for recalling to their thoughts some of the terms, which parti-

remark, that the mysteries of Ceres connected him with the religion of Greece (vid. Aristoph. in *Pace*, 374.) as much as that midnight, or rather morning, supper, known in the French Catholic church by the name of Réveillon, associates him with one of the most sacred festivals of Christianity.

* *Almanach des Gourmands*, t. v. p. 27. A slight notice on the subject of culinary architecture may be found in a fragment of Sospater, the comic poet.

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cularize a portion of the farinaceous substances in use among the Athenians, and the manner of preparing them. Besides the usual divisions of wheaten and barley bread, the Athenians appear to have made use of millet, (*μελινη*), of zea, (the *triticum spelta* of Linnæus and the *far* of the Romans,) and of a corn called *tiphè*, in the composition of bread. The species of grain denominated *olyra*, with which Homer feeds his heroes' horses, formed, in later ages, a sort of brown bread. Rice (*ορυζα*) and an Ethiopic grain resembling the seed of the plant sesame, whose fruit still furnishes a valuable oil in the East, supplied a species, called *Orindes*. But the chief attention was confined to the wheaten and the barley bread, (*αρτος, μαζα*). Into the details of each of these the copious language of the Greeks entered very minutely. The meal of the latter (*αλφιτον**) was accurately distinguished from the meal of the former, (*αλευρον*), and the act of kneading them into dough had also their separate terms, (*πεττειν, μασσειν*). Meal unboulted bore the name of *Syncomistos*; boulded to an extreme degree, it was termed *Semidalis*: a third name was imparted from the boulding cloth (*κρησερα*), which, according to Photius, was often made of wool, and bore the same name as the fine net with which the Athenian anchovy was caught. If leaven was used, the bread received the appellation of *Zymites*; if not, that of *Azymos*. The operation of baking, as performed by the oven, the hearth, by live coals without flame, by ashes heaped up round the dough, or by placing the dough on a roaster, introduced a fresh change of names. *Ιπνιτης, εσχαριτης, απανδρακис, εγκρυφιας* were terms appropriated to these several operations. But the favourite mode of baking was that performed by the *cribanus*, or *clibanus*, an earthen or iron pot broader below than above. The dough shut up in this vessel, and surrounded with coal, or placed over a fire, was thought to warm more equally; and the bread thereby acquired a more delicious flavour.

We pass over the *Chondrites*, the 'cheek-filling' *Tabyrites*, the *Dramis*, the *Etnitas*, the *Ericitas*, the *Cyllastis*, and a multitude of other breads, both wheaten and barley,† to come to a few of the former, possessing something peculiar in their preparation or appropriations. The bread made of the first corn after the harvest was called *Thargelus*. The *Homoros* was a bread on which goddesses supped; as the *Hemiartium*, or half-circle, appeased the coarser appetite of *Hecate*. The bread given to children was, ac-

* From the barley meal was formed the powder with which the *Canephoræ* (the virgins elected to the proud honour of carrying the holy basket at the festivals of *Ceres*, *Bacchus* and *Minerva*) powdered themselves.

† From a passage in *Plato's Republic* (Lib. ii. 427. D.) it appears that wheaten bread was served up at table on a layer of leaves, barley bread on one of reeds.

cording to the scholiast on Aristophanes, called Collyra. The poor, who wished to fill the stomach expeditiously, we conclude, bought the bread called Panias. The bread made of new spring-wheat, and which in figure resembled the pegs or pins by which harpstrings were tightened, was called Collabus.* A large bread prepared for the ladies of Delos, when celebrating the feast of Ceres and Proserpine, took the name of Achainas: its size gave a name to the festival; and from an exclamation put into the mouths of those who carried it, it appears to have been of a very greasy composition. The Cyprian bread was chiefly dangerous to hungry horsemen travelling in a hurry; for having the effect of a magnet, it necessarily impeded expedition. The Encryphias, placed at Alexandria in the temple of Chronus for any person to eat that pleased, ranked, as we have seen, among the Athenians, with the bread baked on live coals. The Obelias, deriving its name from its price, or the manner in which it was baked, was a bread carried on men's shoulders in sacred processions, and was invented by Bacchus on his military expeditions. From a caution of Pherecrates against its purchase, the god was probably hard put to for food, when the idea first entered his head. The Stætites had a mixture of fat in it; the Meconis a strong tincture of a favourite edible among the ancients, the poppy; the Encris was composed of farina, oil and honey; the Dipyrus (synonymous with the modern *Biscuit*) of water and farina, boiled in broth, with an addition of pepper, cinnamon, and saffron: cheese, that universal ingredient in Greek cookery—much to the discomfiture of Archestratus—also entered into its composition. But the two favourite breads were the Escharites of the Rhodians, and the Cribanites. The latter was said to surpass all the rest, as being juicy, agreeable to the stomach, and easy of digestion; but gourmands must have been inexcusable in not preferring the former: for, surpassing even the *αρτοι αγοραιοι* of the Athenians, it is said to have been so delicious as to cause appetite† by eating. A Lydian, a Phœnician, and in later ages, when the excellencies of the art had been thoroughly discriminated, a Cappadocian baker was recommended. Thearion, one of the profession, could command honourable mention even from such a man as Plato;

* The Athenians, very attentive to times and seasons in their food, considered a hot Collabus, eaten with a piece of the under-belly of an autumnal pig, as an excellent antidote against repletion with anchovies.

† If the reader have ever eaten *Gaufres* in the neighbourhood of Brussels, he may have some idea of the Escharites; as in the opinion of the French commentators they closely resemble each other. Lynceus of Samos, who sets it up as a rival against the *αρτος αγοραιος* of Athens, uses a very strong expression in order to recommend its merits: *απειρηκτων δε και πεπλυμενων, ιδις ην επισταγυσι "διατριβη," τον διαχρησεν ισχυατην καλυμεν.*

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his exhibitions at the Panathenaic festival, where contending artisans displayed the prodigies of their crafts, and fought for victory as well as poets, had a cleverness in them that appeared almost miraculous to the astonished spectators: even 'the well-born,' according to Antiphanes, found it difficult to drag themselves from baking-shops, conducted on the principles of the admirable Thearion.

The mysteries of pastry, confectionary, and sweetmeats (*παιμματα, πλακυντες, τραγηματα*) may be dismissed with a slight notice. The great father of criticism has not thought it below his dignity to record* that the latter were much in request at the theatres; but he also takes care to add that these little sensualities of the palate were always kept by the audience in due subordination to their mental pleasures. When the interest on the stage flagged, the demand for sweetmeats rose high; at the representation of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, if the actors kept pace with the poet, we will venture to say that there was not a single cheesecake or bonbon disposed of. The makers of these more delicate provocatives of the palate claimed the title of demiurgists, or artists *par excellence*: the task was generally entrusted to female hands. Great houses, it may be presumed, maintained a woman *ad hoc*, there being but two things in which mere mediocrity is allowed by all to be infamous—the productions of the Muse and those of the *Petit-Four*. Guests wiped their hands on pieces of soft bread, called *apomygdaliæ*: Aristophanes feeds his sausage-seller upon morsels of this kind, and the rogue, in spite of his dramatic pleasantries, deserved no better food. The *apomygdaliæ* were generally thrown to dogs.

The Greek cook is too important a person to be considered lightly; and with the copious materials upon our hands, we fear this is the only mode in which we can at present treat him. Some amusing notices on the subject may be found in Cumberland's *Observer*, and others in the volume placed at the head of these remarks. There are few subjects indeed, on which the multifarious reading of Mr. D'Israeli does not enable him to say something of interest or amusement; and the zeal with which he has rescued the Grecian cookery from the erroneous pleasantries in Smollett's admirable banquet, deserves particular commendation. A few additional remarks may still be admitted, and the subject yet remain unexhausted.

In their earlier and more important tragedies, (for the practice altered about the time of Aristotle,) the Greek poets generally confined themselves to a few leading historical or mythical events for

* Arist. in *Ethicis*, lib. x. c. 5.

the subject and characters of their dramas; the quickness of their audience requiring only a certain stock of material to set the mental faculties at work, and a glowing imagination soon supplying the rest. The writers of the middle and the new comedy followed in the same track as the tragedians; and the house of Atreus or of Laius was scarcely more sure of affording matter for the tragic muse, than the cook was of figuring in the composition of the two later schools of Grecian comedy. As the Athenians, from their levelling disposition and their love of scandal, reserved a dash of the disdainful, even for those who most commanded their respect, the lords of the kitchen, grateful as they must have been upon the whole to persons of such discerning appetites, did not command unqualified approbation. They were reproached as being particularly addicted to scoffing; as *recherchés* in their language, as indulging in new terms, as curiously minute in points of history, and as resembling in their ambiguity of speech more a Sphinx than a man. The cook vindicated his art from these trifling aspersions. He discriminated nicely between the *coquus* and the mere *obsonifex*: leaving the latter to arrange the *matériel*, to cut and slay, to blow the fire, and occasionally to mix the ingredients of a sauce, he reserved to himself the higher branches of the profession,—the knowledge of time and place—the nice discrimination between host and guest—the seasons for purchasing and the articles to be purchased. The critical moment which the fortunate invention of time-pieces enables the modern professor to observe so accurately, was no doubt a branch of the art on which he particularly prided himself; and if he could not always command success in this point, allowances must be made for the inefficient discoveries of the day. To execute all this with precision and propriety, among a people like the Athenians,—*appétits de la première classe*,—required certain gifts of nature which it would be taxing the powers of our language to endeavour to describe. An acute palate—a tongue with large capabilities—an ear quick and ready, and a penetrating coup-d'œil were among the first and most essential requisites. But the cook who aspired to the higher honours of his profession did not leave all to nature. He made great inroads into various branches of science, and among other acquirements thought necessary to enhance these rich gifts of nature, he numbered painting, astronomy, architecture, strategics, geometry and medicine. But his favourite pursuit, as we have before hinted, was philosophy. What particular branch he patronised, the dramatists, who state the fact, have neglected to specify; we shall take upon ourselves to supply the deficiency.

He belonged, then, exclusively to the Ionian school; maintaining sometimes with Thales, that water is the first principle of things,

things, and sometimes arguing with Hippasus and Heraclitus, that things differ from each other solely in proportion to their participation of caloric. If the 'atomic system' ever commanded his attention, its faultiness became most palpable to him when he saw one of his best dishes in the hands of a bad carver. The opinion of Aristotle then came home to him, that the error of Democritus arose from thinking that, because a body might be divided *any where*, it might therefore be divided *every where*. He admitted of accedents or adjuncts* (*συμβεβηκота*) in cookery and philosophy; and, directing ourselves to modern ideas, he explained the term to mean, that oysters ought always to be washed down with 'vin de Chablis,' and that a young rabbit is worth nothing, unless eaten '*en terrine et à l'eau-de-vie*.' As a disciple of the Ionian school, he was naturally opposed to the Italian philosophy, to Plato, and to Pythagoras. He laughed, therefore, at 'general ideas' and 'immutable essences'; he troubled himself little about 'numbers,' but as they applied to the proportion of guests for whom he had to provide; and in the formation of an 'omelet soufflé,' he cared little to know whether there was in his mind a form internal of the said omelet, corresponding to the form external, to which external it served as an exemplar or pattern: all this he considered with Aristotle as 'empty sound and poetical metaphor.' In treating of his art, he was happy enough to borrow the animated language of the Stagirite when describing the theologic or first philosophy; like him he spoke of a science so much above the reach of humanity, that if the gods were capable of envy, it ought to draw down the divine displeasure on the cultivators of it. But he viewed with jealousy the Aristotelian doctrine, that the mind is after a sort all things; and he was in short nothing more nor less than a gross materialist. Though the operations of his furnace and his bellows led him occasionally to coincide with the correcter metaphysicians in 'applying to the thinking principle some appellation synonymous with *spiritus* or *πνευμα*, or in likening it to a *spark of fire*, or some other of the most impalpable and mysterious modifications of matter,' yet we take upon ourselves to say that thoughts of this kind were, with him, 'angel-visits, few and far between.' The opinions, belonging two thousand years ago to the philosophical cooks of antiquity, were those since advocated by Diderot, Condorcet and Darwin, that sensation is the only source of all our ideas—that ideas are material things—

* Aristot. in *Topicis*, lib. i. c. 8. The nature of the Greek language did not permit the ancient cook to make the same signal mistake as modern philosophers have done by terming the word accidents. The cook lost thereby two things equally acceptable to his countrymen, a pun and an excuse; but he gained considerably in propriety of language as well as in common sense. See Dr. Gillies's excellent *Analysis of Aristotle's Works*.

and

and that no idea can be annexed to the word mind, but that of matter in the most subtle and attenuated form which imagination can lend to it. Taking these opinions for his general guides, and for his more particular one the opinion maintained by Condillac, that all the faculties and operations of the mind are only sensations transformed, the Greek cook proceeded, as we learn from the dramatists, who have attended much more to his practical than his theoretical philosophy, to adapt edibles to the passions, the ages and the pursuits of his guests: under him dishes frequently became a masked satire, and the arrangement of the table formed a concealed lecture of pathology. The lover, the tax-gatherer and the common philosopher were easily apprised of their respective defects; but the consummation of his art must have consisted in hitting, through an appropriate dish, the philosopher, who advocated the doctrine of infinitesimal or evanescent entities, in opposition to what is commonly understood by the word matter. When people could thus *eat* their way to self-knowledge, the modern novel became wholly unnecessary: accordingly nothing of the kind is to be found in the writings of antiquity. We could add much more; but, happy that writer who allows his reader to rise with a satisfied air, and to say to himself—‘But he has not made the most of his subject.’ We suggest then, finally, that the Athenian cook forestalled the Stoics in their notable opinion, *that the Cardinal Virtues are animals*, and that his ‘Philosophy of Life’ far surpassed that of Sir Charles Morgan.

Knowledge being in all cases the slow accumulation of succeeding ages, the gastronomic science had not sprung into maturity more speedily than others. It became him, therefore, who aspired—‘*approfondir le grand art de la gueule*’—to imbue his mind with the volumes containing its mysteries.

Good, good, Sibynna!

Our’s is no art for sluggards to acquire,
Nor should the hour of deepest midnight see
Us and our volumes parted:—still our lamp
Upon its oil is feeding, and the page
Of ancient lore before us:—What, what hath
The Sicyonian deduced?—What school-points
Have we from him of Chios? sagest Actides
And Zopyrinus, what are their traditions?—
Thus grapple we with mighty tomes of wisdom,
Sifting and weighing and digesting all.

But while the aspiring cook diligently attended to the practices and records of former ages, dry study was not allowed to cramp his genius and powers of invention. ‘*Nullius in verba jurare*’ was a maxim as predominant in the culinary art as in philosophy. The
ipse

ipse dixit of Arcestratus himself did not pass unquestioned—for cookery had no bounds, and ‘thus far’ was scouted as language utterly unsuited to the infinity of the art.

The cook has been considered hitherto in his secular capacity; but in fact, his profession was twofold; and the parish-clerk of facetious memory had not more right to mix himself up with the religion of his country, than the person, of whom we are now treating, to take his place among the priesthood of Athens. All the mechanical parts of the sacrificial rites were entrusted to him; and that this was no unimportant function may be evinced from the earnest language in which Olympias writes to her son, Alexander, then engaged in his grand Asiatic enterprize, upon the subject of a person of this description whom she had sent to him at his own request. As the epistle possesses a right royal brevity, we insert a version of it, without troubling ourselves much about the difficulties of the commentators. ‘You will please to accept at my hands of a cook; his name Pelignas. He is well versed in all the modes of sacrifice usual in your own country; he is also acquainted with those practised in the Mysteries, and the festivals of Bacchus, and with such as take place before the commencement of the Olympic games. You will, therefore, pay him every attention, and be cautious of any neglect. Let me hear from you at your earliest leisure.’

That fit and able persons might never be wanting in this branch of the profession, there appears to have been a particular tribe at Athens, enrolled into a sort of collegiate body, for the sake of preserving the knowledge of these important functions. And here indeed lay the strong hold of the cook, when he wished to ward off the blows of the comic writer. Not content to remind the scoffer that not merely the sacred heralds, but even the princes and kings of Homer had formerly assisted in this pious office, he proceeded to explain to him, that cannibalism was put an end to by the profession which he presumed to jeer; and that it was a heaven-born cook, who by the lucky suggestion that an animal roasted with fire might be as palatable as the flesh of a fellow-creature, first led to a change in the prime article of human food. The common rites of his country were referred to for a proof of this; it being clear to the cook, that the use of salt in ordinary life and the abstinence from it in the entrails offered to the gods, were traditional practices, referable to this important revolution in human tastes. The progress of the art was then gradually traced to the scoffer from the primeval dish of tripe to the introduction of those masked* dainties, in which the
Greeks

* The nicer taste of modern time has very justly exploded the ‘Entrées Masquées.’
To

Greeks so much excelled; and he was made finally to acquiesce, that from these inventions proceeded the assembling of men into collective bodies, the erection of towns and the whole progress of civilized life.

We scarcely know how to excuse ourselves for entering into these ridiculous details; but they describe national manners, and if the polished Athenians could be amused by the hour with listening to such language, we may, perhaps, be excused in claiming for it a momentary smile. Having once got a *dramatis persona* of this cast into his hand, the comic poet served him up far more continually to his audience than any dish presented by the cook himself to his guests; and from the Athenian love of feasting, a poetical Lubberland gradually erected itself, of the delights of which the common Athenians appear to have become insatiable hearers. In this ideal kingdom, nature was literally one great feast, and the very elements acted but as humble appendices to the kitchen. Rain fell in potherbs, snow descended in the form of cheese-cakes, and the ground, in place of dew, covered itself with a sort of *petit pain*. In that blessed age, the characteristic of men was, that they were all fat, and that in stature they were giants.

Having discussed more largely than we intended the merits of the Greek cook, we feel little disposition to enter into a minute investigation of his sauces (*ἡδυσματα*).^{*} One, however, must not be left unmentioned. The hypotrimma was a favourite Athenian sauce. What its exact ingredients were the commentators dispute, as they do about most other articles of antiquity; but that some of a very sharp and pungent quality, such as cummin, mustard, horse-radish, &c. entered into it, there can be no doubt. The great comic poet has accordingly made a very happy use of it. When the leader of his Female Radicals has properly tutored† her

trusty

To serve up a fowl in the shape of a cutlet, and to metamorphose rabbits into lobsters, is now properly left to the small cooks, who mistake industry for intellect and patience for genius. Such practices are considered to disgrace a superior artist as much as puns and plays of word derogate from the character of a man of real wit.

^{*} The Parisian sauces, if we remember rightly, exceed four-score: from a passage in Aristotle, (in *Ethicis*, lib. ix. c. 10.) we are led to infer that the number of Athenian sauces fell far short of this; or, at all events, that the Athenians were more sparing in the consumption of them. The great comic poet, who has noticed more important changes in Athenian society, has also condescended to record a revolution which took place in its sauces.—Arist. in *Avibus*, 532.

† Not to betray their sex by their language or gestures is of course among the most prominent of her instructions. Hence the leader of the female chorus, in the following extract, addresses part of her troop by masculine names, as Draces, &c.

Leader of the 1st Semi-Chorus.

'Tis the time for debate and high councils of state, | honour'd gentlemen hasten along,
(Ladies fair, I should say, but that term for a day | must wholly be banish'd the tongue.)
For

trusty band, who, in the habits of their husbands, are to take early possession of the Parliament-House, and vote themselves into the administration, a chorus of these patriots agree among themselves, as they march at break of day to their place of destination, that it was highly necessary to cast their faces into that verjuiced visage which the eating of the hypotrimma produced, and upon which the countenances of a General Assembly at Athens, it seems, were not unfrequently modelled.

The Athenian fishmonger brings us upon a ground less trodden by translators, and it is sweet, as the poet says, to gather flowers, where no hand has forestalled us. In a modern establishment, the cook frequently divides the palm with the maître-d'hôtel; in Athens, his formidable rival was the fishmonger. He too, like the cook, had his ideal age; but we cannot retrace our steps to tell of trees on mountain-tops, whose leaves were delicate sleeve-fish; of the river Sybaris, whose waves ran roasted skate; nor of little tributary streams which brought in detached colonies of phagri, cockle-fish and lobsters.—The taste for fish of every kind, salt, fresh, shell'd or otherwise, was, among the Athenians, universal, vehement, it might almost be said, exclusive. It was a passion and not an appetite. When the poet of the sock concentrated the whole energies of his malevolence against a brother of the buskin, it evaporated in—what?—a wish that there might be Copaic eels in the market, and that the obnoxious bard's arrival might be retarded, till previous purchases excluded him from be-

For danger not small might ensue to us all, | with shame and derision to boot,
Should this deed of high mark, which we've plann'd in the dark | furnish matter for
whisper or bruit.

Leader of the 2d Semi-Chorus.

I open my throat, sirs, to second this vote; | time it is that in council we met,
For still I retain close imprest in my brain | the Thesmothets'^a mandate and threat.
'Who comes not with feet, which the dust have well beat, | 'ere the first rays of morn-
ing 'gin glimm—a,
With a mien shewing nickle contentment with pickle | and face looking sharp hypo-
trimma,
Notice here I proclaim, and admonish the same, | that he who comes later than this,
In his stipend and pay shall compound for delay, | and his fee of three oboli miss.'
Further proof need I shew, worthy Draces & Co. | (to your wisdoms 'twere insult I
deem,)
How much it betides, that we spur up our sides, | if we wish for success in our scheme.
Nor, neighbours, forget, that in council we sit | side by side;—'twill add strength to our
party:
Then let every *she* by her vote let us see, | in the cause she is honest and hearty.
Out upon it—I've err'd—there has slipp'd me a word | with a guilty and dangerous
initial;
That's well I know, overheard by a foe, | to our cause would prove most prejudicial.

^a Of the nine Archons or rulers in Athens, six were called Thesmothets. Among their other duties, one was to take the suffrages in public assemblies. These assemblies met very early in the morning.

coming

coming a buyer !* The term implying fish (ὀψον) was in the Greek language a synonym for every species of food, and more particularly for that which gave a relish to bread; and the grammarians hung delighted over a word, which, besides this comprehensiveness of signification, recalled also ideas of the two leading oppositions of the culinary art—roasting and boiling. This knowledge of the gratification to be derived from the finny tribe seems to have grown up with the progress of civilization. Homer, who doubtless speaks the opinions of his own age, allows his heroes in the *Iliad*, to catch fish; but they never feast upon their capture: and in the *Odyssey*, (lib. iv.) Menelaus and his companions are evidently hard pressed, before they have recourse to their fishing hooks.

Time, the great teacher of all things, gradually placed a juster estimate on this edible; and the sons of Chærephilus, introduced to the privileges of Athenian citizenship and knighthood on account of the excellent salt-fish sold by their father, furnished the comic poets with many a jibe. We should far exceed our limits, if we mentioned one half of the fish, both salted and fresh, in estimation among the Greeks. The former divided themselves into the fat and the lean; the tunny-fish supplying a great part of both. This estimable fish, bearing, in the different stages of its life, more names among the Greeks than the stag among ourselves, had its appropriate honours: Neptune claimed the first caught in the season, and a festival celebrated the felicitous event. The salt-fish, which, under the name of Elephantinum, has so much puzzled the commentators, owed its celebrity to a play, now lost, of Crates. Among other salt-fish, in various degrees of favour among the common Athenians, may be mentioned the Scombri, which the most correct taste decided ought to be eaten just three days after putting into brine;† the Coracini, of which the best came from the *Lacus Mæotis*, and which then assumed the name of *Saperdæ*; the mugiles‡ supplied from *Abdera* and *Sinope*; the enormous§

* Arist. in *Pace*, 1010. See also *Diog. Laert.* lib. ii. § 119. *Walpole's Turkey*, p. 305.

† This is *Coray* and *Villebrun's* interpretation of the original.

‡ Aristotle, who so often relieves the dryness of natural history by his incidental remarks, has recorded a trait of the mugiles, (μαρμαρ.) calculated to give a high idea of the amiability of fish in general. The mugiles, it appears, never made free with other fish, even in their hungriest mood; and the finny tribe, in grateful return, left the young of the mugiles entirely unmolested. We wish his testimony to the fish, called *sepia*, had been equally honourable to both parties. He records, upon hearsay, for Aristotle was not a man to commit himself, that when a female *sepia* was hooked, the males came to her help and rescued her: when the females saw a male in the same difficulty, they made off (jilts as they were!) as fast as possible.

§ The *Antyllus* of *Philetærus* records one so prodigious, that twelve guests could not eat it in three days. But this must have been a mere sprat compared with that which *Ephippus*, the comic poet, sets *Geryon* down to. When the great American sea-snake is caught, the apparatus used by *Geryon* may be very safely recommended for dressing it. *Athen.* l. viii. p. 346.

Tikus, and that species of fish, of which the bigger sort were called Platistaci, the middle-sized Mylli, and the small Agnotidia. Of all salted fish, the cheapest, perhaps, was the omotarichos. In a very amusing fragment of Alexis, where a person, with his table and reckoning stones before him, settles the various prices of fish, the omotarichos is rated at $\frac{1}{4}$ of an obol: sea-muscles fetch $\frac{1}{2}$ of the same coin, and the echinus, or sea-porcupine, an entire obol. These fish, potted down, formed the common food of the Greek soldiers and sailors. Epicures pronounced them to be best when boiled in sea-water; and the hotter they were brought to table, the more agreeable they were declared to be.

To dispatch what is set before him in its hottest state—to attend to the little decencies of mastication—to eat much—and to eat long, have been laid down as four fundamental rules to be observed by every person who is placed at a modern table. These maxims proceed from deep professors in the gastronomic science, (grands hommes de bouche,) they may therefore be presumed to be correct. The Athenians, no mean proficient in the last three points, eminently excelled in the first. To gain an advantage over the other guests by eating the hotter viands, epicures did not scruple to practise keeping their hands in hot water, and gargling their mouths with the same. A bribe, properly conveyed to the cook, introduced the dinner as hot as possible, and gave the adept all the benefit of his previous exercise. The most eminent person of this class appears to have been one Pithyllus. This gourmand (we are glad that we can find no English term for the beast) guarded his hands against the extreme heat of his food by finger-stalls, and encrusted his tongue with an armour, which we are happy to see, has puzzled more learned persons* than ourselves thoroughly to understand.

This digression must not debar us from continuing our catalogue of fish, and indeed to let the reader off too cheaply would be in ill keeping with our subject. The ancient diners were no sinecures, either in a bodily or an intellectual view. To touch a lute, to bear a part in a catch or scolium, to enliven the board, or repay hospitality by a fable† or a tale similar to those found in the old Fabliaux, were among the lighter contributions to a Grecian feast; the guests were often called upon for a more important task; and had the convivial discourses of Aristotle, Speusippus, Dion and others come down to us, we should perhaps have found

* Schweigh. Athen. t. i. p. 74.

† The fables or tales most in request were the Sybaritish and the Æsopic; the latter are continually alluded to by Aristophanes. A scholiast on this poet observes the following distinction between these fables; the former, he says, related to animals, and the latter to the actions of men.

that the Greeks, like the Romans, brought their common-place books when they distrusted their memories, and mercilessly showered down their contents on the unfortunate auditors.—Another list then of fish brings us among the Alphestæ, which were always caught in pairs, one seeming to follow at the tail of the other; the Amia, so delicious in itself, that in autumn, if dressed after the setting of the Pleiades, it defied all the arts of bad cookery to spoil it; the Scarus, the only fish, according to Seleucus, that never slept at night; the Anthias, particularly agreeable in winter, as the Chromius was in spring; the Ellops,* by some writers supposed to be the same as the Anthias; the Batis† (maid or skate) which, in concert with hares, and women whose gait or feet have puzzled translators,‡ formed the great attraction, according to Eupolis, of Callias's table; the Gnapheus or Fuller;—in the water, which boiled one, says Dorion, I washed out every one of my stains;—the Salpa, who never could resist a hook baited with gourds; the sacred fish Pompilus, to which so many romantic Greek stories are attached, and which was said to have sprung with Venus from the blood of the sky; and the Aphyæ (anchovies), for the dressing of which Archestratus has given a very full receipt. The fish called at Rhodes the fox, and at Syracuse the dog, is opposed by Lynceus to any of the Athenian fish, 'even though surpassing Cecrops himself in reputation'. Archestratus recommends epicures to steal it at the hazard of life, if they cannot purchase it; and all accidents of fate were to be considered as immaterial, according to this great gastrologist, when a man had once eaten of this inestimable dainty. The Aper he declares to be too divine for the eyes of any but rich bankers and money-reckoners to look upon; and he recommends travellers to purchase it even at its weight in gold, under pain of incurring the divine displeasure, for—it is the 'flower of nectar.'

Eels, the only instance perhaps in Athens of modest merit brought from the shade of retirement, supplied an admirable repast for the table, and no small one for the theatre; some of the happiest strokes of the comic poets being derived from its natural habits. It has already appeared incidentally, that the Copaic eel ranked first. The Boeotians, with whom this eel formed

* Jupiter is represented by Epicharmus as ordering a fish of this kind, just caught, to be immediately dressed for himself, politely abandoning the rest of the dinner to his imperial consort.

† In favour of the Batis, provided it was eaten at midwinter, Archestratus bates of his general indignation against cheese, as an ingredient in cookery.

‡ See Schneider's Wörterbuch in voce *αλιωδης*, and Barthez's *Nouvelle Mécanique des Mouvements de l'Homme et des Animaux*, p. 68. Dalecampius in his Latin translation of Athenæus, renders the word *tolutim incedentes*; Villebrune in French, *des femmes qui font voltiger leurs pieds*.

a valuable

a valuable article of trade, crowned the larger sort with a garland like victims, and then offered them to the gods. The eel ranked among fish, according to good eaters, as Helen among women in the opinion of amatory poets: Arcestratus sang its praises accordingly: 'I commend (says he) eels of every kind, but happiest among men is he, who lives near Messina, for there the best are found.' The Egyptians, the bold Antiphanes tells us, rank the eel in equal honour with the gods; but in fact, it is in much higher estimation than the gods. Offer a few prayers to the heavenly powers, continues the poet, and you gain all your desires; but such is the value set upon eels, that you may pay ten good drachmæ and hardly get a small one after all! How far this opinion was correct, and what the gods themselves thought of it, is not for us at this distant period to declare.

We could enlarge this catalogue: but enough perhaps has been said to give our readers a full impression of the value attached by the Athenians to an article of subsistence, which, among a large portion of ourselves, is, by some unaccountable prejudice, still only a sort of occasional luxury. A strong attempt was made some years ago in this Journal,* to combat this prejudice, and to impress upon the nation a more accurate sense of the value of the advantages to be derived from its encircling seas. Whatever impulse was given to the public mind by those remarks for a time, we fear it soon subsided under the increased diligence of the venders, and the natural indolence of the buyers, of the finny tribe. We shall revenge ourselves on the latter by dismissing this part of our subject less hastily than we should otherwise have done; and before we close, a side-blow may convince the former, however triumphant in their machinations, that they only share the triumph of successful knavery with some former brothers of the craft.

'He who goes to cater,' says Amphis, 'and buys herbs, when he has the power to buy good fish, is a madman.' Fish furnished a drama to Archippus; and posterity have probably lost much by not knowing the precise terms of the treaty, formally ratified between the Athenians and the natives of the watery element. Arcestratus, the worthy precursor of Epicurus, took long voyages for the purpose of scrutinizing the properties, juices, and savours of separate parts of fish; epicures will do justice to the patriotic motives in which such an enterprize must have originated, and scholars owe gratitude for the confirmation thus given to the declarations of the dramatists, or the lacunæ filled up. The results of these and of other researches were, that nothing was

* No. XVIII.

preferable to the conger of Sicyon; that the best glaucus came from the fisheries of Megara; that the Attic coasts furnished incomparable turbots, mackarel, and soles; and that the Phalerian anchovy, after a momentary immersion in boiling oil, was a food for gods.

His more peculiar discoveries Archestratus registered in a series of hexameter verses; and his comprehensive and indulgent palate seems, from some fragments of this gastronomic treasure, which have come down to us, to have found something in almost every tenant of the waters to commend: on one nameless fish he has pronounced a judgment somewhat harsh; but the feelings of the poet and the gourmand were at variance; and a fish whose untractable name could not be brought into the measure of epic verse, had no right to expect much mercy.—A genuine love of fish seems, in Athenian eyes, to have been an excuse even for an aberration from political integrity. When Timocles, the comic poet, brought under the review of his audience the different orators and statesmen, who had partaken of the gold of Harpalus, the greatest allowances were made in favour of the illustrious orator Hyperides. ‘The fishmongers,’ said the poet, ‘will be the gainers by it; for he (Hyperides) is such a devourer of fish, that cormorants are quite abstemious when compared to him.’

Stories of the excess to which this vehement love of fish was carried, abound in Greek authors, and some of them are exceedingly amusing; but we prefer to all the good old story of Philoxenus. A plain version of this will be little agreeable, we fear, to those who have seen its spirit in the terseness of Pope, or the naïveté of Fontaine; but we shall attempt it.

Of all fish-eaters

None sure excell'd the lyric bard * Philoxenus.
 'Twas a prodigious twist! At Syracuse
 Fate threw him on the fish call'd ‘Many-feet.’
 He purchas'd it and drest it; and the whole,
 Bate me the head, form'd but a single swallow.
 A crudity ensued—the doctor came,
 And the first glance inform'd him things went wrong.
 And ‘Friend,’ quoth he, ‘if thou hast aught to set
 In order, to it straight;—pass but seven hours,
 And thou and life must take a long farewell.’
 ‘I’ve nought to do,’ replied the bard: ‘all’s right
 And tight about me—nothing’s in confusion—
 Thanks to the gods! I leave a stock behind me

* To a namesake of the dithyrambic poet, and a great fish-eater like himself, Aristotle ascribes the desire, of which the credit has generally been given to Quin the actor; that of having the œsophagus longer than a crane’s, for the sake of prolonging the pleasure of taste. In *Ethics*, l. iii. c. 10.

Of healthy dithyrambics, fully form'd,
 A credit to their years;—not one among them
 Without a graceful chaplet on his head:—
 These to the Muses' keeping I bequeath,
 (We long were fellow-nurslings,) and with them
 Be Bacchus and fair Venus in commission.—
 Thus far, Sir, for my testament:—for respite,
 I look not for it, mark, at Charon's hand,
 (Take me, I would be understood to mean
 Timotheus' Charon,—him in the Niobe :)
 I hear his voice this moment—" Hip! halloo!
 To ship, to ship," he cries: the swarthy Destinies
 (And who must not attend their solemn bidding ?)
 Unite their voices.—I were loath, howe'er,
 To troop with less than all my geer about me;—
 Good doctor, be my helper then to what
 Remains of that same blessed Many-feet!

We now quit the epicures upon whom the practical part of the gastronomic science fell, for the traders who supplied the material; and the Athenian fishmonger played too important a part in his own day to be passed over, in our's, with negligence or inattention. Such was the dignity belonging to this craft, and such the insolence, the pride, and the rapacity attending its practice, that conciliation and satire seem to have been alternately necessary to reduce the fishmonger to his proper level in society. The first was applied perhaps sparingly; but it is recorded as a fact, that Lynceus of Samos took the trouble to write a book, laying down rules, and specifying the language necessary to make fishmongers tractable and commonly civil. But we learn their failings most in the severity of comic satire. The 'Impostor' of Amphis undertook to pourtray their insolence. Nothing can be drawn in more lively colours, than his contrasted situations of the overbearing vender, and the timid purchaser of fish; the one with his head bent in the humble attitude of a beggarly Telephus, hardly venturing to ask the price of the article he holds in his hand; the other affecting to bestow attention upon any thing but the person before him, scarcely deigning an answer to the interrogations put to him, and with contemptuous brevity, clipping every word in his answer of its due allowance of syllables; giving *lings* for shillings, and *teen* for fourteen. Alexis follows in the same track—'When I see our generals,' says that amusing poet, 'with contracted brows and supercilious looks, I think their behaviour disgraceful, but I am not surprised at it; but to behold those accursed fishmongers, with their eye-brows on a level with their heads, and scarcely condescending from their bushy eminences to look upon the little creatures below them, death itself is preferable

ferable to such an odious sight.' We learn from the *Purpura* of Xenarchus that insolence was not the only characteristic of the venders of fish. An Athenian statute, it seems, forbade these persons to water their wares, when they had once become dry: to evade this, it was usual for two brothers of the trade to pretend a quarrel: blows ensued; one of the combatants fell down among the articles of their common trade, as if lifeless; water was thrown over him to recover him from his fainting fit, and thus the fish partook of the ablution in spite of the statute book! The Busybody of Diphilus introduces us to the knowledge of another trick, practised by these cunning dealers. When a purchaser asked them the price of a fish, he was answered ten obols; but obols were Æginetic or Attic, and the former were much more valuable than the latter. As the fishmonger took care not to specify which he meant; in receiving, he demanded the obols of Ægina, in paying, he gave the Attic; and thus the unfortunate purchaser was cheated both ways.

Persons of this cast would, of course, be great politicians, and take care of the state as well as their own shops. When Aristophanes therefore indulges in a laugh at the ridiculous cry so common in Athens, that a tyranny was on foot, and that the democracy was in danger, he takes care to put it into the mouth of the fishmonger, and the herb-woman whose stall supplied the fish-sauce of the day.

A tyranny!—

For so it is: no matter what th' offence—

Be't great or small, the cry is—'tyranny!'

'Conspiracy!—the word had near grown obsolete:

Full fifty years and we have miss'd the sound of't.

And now it stinks within the very nostrils!

Salt fish is cassia to't:—'tis bandied every where.

The very markets fling it in your face.

Does one prefer a sea-bream there to loaches?

Straight cries the vender, whose adjoining stall

Holds loaches only—'Slight! my mind misgives me;

Surely this man is catering'—for what?—

A *tyranny* forsooth! Has any bought him

Anchovies, and needs leeks to dress them with?

(And your green leek is pickle for a king,

A very royal food, I grant ye, Sirs,)

The herb-woman with eyes askew regards him;

'And what!' says she, 'you want a leek, friend, do ye?

Marry come up! you are not for a *tyranny*,

I hope!—what! Athens brings her condiments,

Tribute, belike, for you!—

The reader will perhaps, after all this, think it no exaggeration in
Antiphanes

Antiphanes to apply to the fishmongers one of the most powerful of the Greek mythical tales, and to declare that the sight of a fishmonger had the same effect upon him as the Gorgon's head; and that he became a petrification and not a man, at the very aspect of one of the craft.

The way is now cleared for the consideration of two articles intimately connected with Grecian dinners, and which, from their intrinsic elegance, will repay a little attention,—perfumery and flowers.—We congratulate ourselves upon getting on such decent ground; for some of the Athenian customs are not very cleanly, and a fear has perpetually haunted us, lest in our wish to impress the reader with the strong predilection entertained by that polished people for some of the dishes which we have recorded, we should be led too far, and suffer him to purchase his knowledge too dear.

Of the different perfumes used by the ancients, and the places producing the best of each kind, a sufficient account has been left by* Apollonius Herophilus, or, as some call him, Apollodorus scholar of Herophilus. He adds to his list the wholesome admonition, that the materials and the workmanship constitute the merit of things, and not the mere place producing them: and the truth of this important distinction he proves by numerous examples. Of all perfumes, the most grateful to the Athenian taste was that which had in it the odour of their favourite flower, the violet. That made from the rose, was said to be useful in potations; the lethargic and men of weak stomachs were recommended to use the unguent extracted from the quince. The white violet, besides its fragrantcy, assisted digestion; flowers, leaves and roots, respectively supplied different essences. Every part of the body had its appropriate unguent. To the feet and legs the Greeks applied Egyptian ointment; the oil extracted from the palm was thought best adapted to the cheeks and the breasts; the arms were refreshed with balsam-mint; sweet-marjoram had the honour of supplying an oil for the eye-brows and hair, as wild thyme had for the knee and neck. The Baccharis, the Brenthium, the Royal, the Psagda, the Plangonium, the Megallium, the Nardinum, the Sagdas, and lastly the Stacte, made wholly of that which entered more or less into the composition of all the ancient ointments, viz. myrrh, had all their separate eulogists. The room, where an entertainment was given, was commonly perfumed by burning myrrh or frankincense in it. A nice distinction divided perfumes into two kinds; the first were of a thicker sort, and applied more as salves or wax (χρίματα); the latter were liquid and poured over the limbs

* Vide Athenæum in lib. xv.

(αλειμματα). To indulge in the liquid ointment was thought to evince a feminine and voluptuous disposition; but the sober and the virtuous, it was allowed, might use the thicker sort without any impeachment of their good qualities. The suppliers of perfumery occupied a very considerable place in the list of artisans, who contributed to the embellishments of a Grecian lady of fashion. The article itself bore a high price, but this did not hinder voluptuaries from using it profusely; not however without an occasional admonition from graver men of the mischief arising from its abuse. The old people referred to a statute of Solon, forbidding the sale of perfumery, by the male sex at least; and the grammarians found in the etymology of its name an argument against the use of a luxury, composed with so much toil and labour. Sophocles significantly described Venus as sprinkled with perfume, and looking in a mirror: and Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, as moist with the *olive oil, and practising the exercises of the palaestra. Socrates objected to the use of perfumery altogether—‘There is the same smell,’ said he, ‘in a gentleman and a slave, when both are perfumed.’ In his opinion, the only odours worth cultivating, were the odours arising from honourable toils, and the ‘smell of gentility.’

The elegant taste of the Athenians led them to make use of flowers upon all occasions. When they invoked the gods, it was with a garland on their heads; when they offered a sacrifice, they wore the same ornament. No one spoke in their public assemblies without first crowning his head with a garland; on the door of every beauty in Athens might be seen suspended the votive chaplets of her lover. ‘From the parsley offered on the tomb,’ (says† one of that class of persons, in whom premature death is a subject of regret to all,) ‘to the rose, which has always been the emblem of purity and love, there was no flower to which some meaning was not affixed, in the imagination of the Greeks.’ But it was more particularly at the banquet and over the wine that the Athenians added the perfume of flowers to their other enjoyments. The head, in which sensation resides, the temples and the breast, as being the seat of the heart, were crowned with them; even the throat had its chaplet, with an appropriate name. Most of the customs among the Greeks being founded upon some romantic story or other; the practice of wearing flowers at feasts had its peculiar tales. Æschylus referred it to a

* A difference of expression marked, whether the olive-oil was used unmixed or with water. In the first it was termed *ξηραλοιφαι*, in the second *χυταλυσσαι*. The former word also applied more particularly to the unction used preparatorily to wrestling: the second to that, subsequent to bathing or fatigue.

† The Hon. F. Douglas.

grateful

grateful memento of the chains worn by Prometheus, as a punishment for his endeavours to benefit mankind. Sappho ascribed the custom to a religious feeling: 'for flowers,' said she, 'are agreeable to the gods, who turn with aversion from those whose heads are uncrowned with them.' Philonides gives a less lofty, but perhaps a more true reason of its origin; and as his opinion, by a long introductory narrative, illustrates another practice common in the Greek symposia, it will be of service to mention it. According to this learned physician, the vine was first introduced into Greece from the shores of the Red Sea by Bacchus, and its first consequences were not of the most salutiferous kind. The liquor, extracted from it, was drunk immoderately, and unmixed. Madness and stupor, making men look more like dead than living people, ensued. A fortunate accident corrected all this. As a convivial party were quaffing by the sea-side, a sudden storm came on, which dispersed the symposiasts, who left behind them a goblet, with a large portion of liquor in it. At the conclusion of the storm the guests returned to the old spot, and found there a liquor, tempered with water, which afforded a beverage agreeable to the taste, and without any future unpleasantness. As Jupiter was evidently the author of this mixture, a practice grew up at feasts, of drinking a cup of mixed wine immediately after supper, in honour of JUPITER the PRESERVER; while the pure wine circulated to Bacchus, the GOOD GENIUS. The practice of wearing flowers, according to the worthy physician, was only a palliative before this invention of Jupiter offered a much more effectual cure.

In the pains and headaches arising from the powerful effects of unmixed wine, a compression of the head by the hands was found to convey considerable relief. This gave rise to more permanent ligatures. Ivy, as the most ready at hand, was the first herbaceous plant used for the purpose; the myrtle, the rose, and the laurel soon followed, each having some physical qualities to recommend it, besides its external beauty. By the time of Theophrastus, a much larger assortment had been pressed into the service of the chaplet. The violet, both the black and the white,—the lily, the anemone, the hyacinth,—the helichrysus, deriving its name from the nymph who first gathered it,—the hemerocallis, which dies away at night and revives with the rising sun,—the cosmosandalus, from the wearing of which in their chaplets Clearchus dates the ruin of the Lacedæmonians,—the lychnis, born of the water in which Venus bathed—these were a few among the flowers, the arrangement of which belonged to the tasteful and lucrative employment of the nose-gay-

gay-woman.* Chaplets had also assumed both variety and appropriate names and services. There was the Choroon, worn by dancers in the theatrical chorus; the Calcha, whose principal flower resembled one, which, according to Nicolaus, borders, all the year through, a lake near the Alps of some miles in circumference; and the Pothos, formed principally of the flower scattered on Grecian tombs, and signifying by its name, regret. The Struthia, whose beautiful flower was supposed to pine for spring and for the nightingale, formed part of the chaplet worn by bridegrooms. Chaplets of every kind, carried by women, were called Epithymides. Besides these, more strictly belonging to the Athenians, may be mentioned the Corona Elliotis, made of myrtle, and twenty cubits in circumference. At the Corinthian festival called Elliotis, it was carried in solemn procession, and within it were said to be the bones of Europa. The Corona Thyreatica, made of palm, served to remind the Spartans of a victory gained at Thyrea. In the public procession, where the youths of Sparta danced naked, to the sound of the martial songs of Thaletes and Alcman, and the sacred pæans of Dionysodotus, this chaplet was worn by the leader of the chorus.

After these details, we cannot venture to look very closely into an Athenian cellar: but wine and a Greek are articles too much in unison not to make a few short allusions indispensable.

When the courtiers of the King of Persia dissuaded him from attacking Greece, they adduced, as the most powerful of their arguments, that it was a country where the inhabitants drank water, and had no figs to eat. This was one of those speeches which republicans delight to represent kings as hearing from their courtiers. Homer knew the practices and the dispositions of the Greeks long before the time of Darius; and he accordingly lavished his powers in describing the wine-cup of Nestor, and the shield of Achilles. We have seen the introduction of the vine into Greece referred to a very early origin in a preceding paragraph, and history justifies us in considering the account as a true one. Amphyction, one of the first kings of Athens, appears to have had a just presentiment of what would be the consequence of its

* A pretty story told of Pausias, the celebrated painter of Sicyon, may not improperly find a place here. In his youth he became enamoured of a beautiful nousegay-girl of the name of Glycera, who had a singularly elegant taste in the arrangement of flowers into chaplets. Pausias, painting after nature and his mistress, became highly distinguished for his skill as a painter of flowers. The last effort of his pencil was a picture of Glycera herself, seated, and in the act of arranging a chaplet: a production, in the creation of which love, genius, and gratitude equally assisted, necessarily became a master-piece: it was called the 'Garland-twiner,' and a copy of it sold for no less a sum than two talents.

introduction

introduction among his thirsty subjects. He raised an altar, at Athens, to the Upright Bacchus, and near it another, to the Nymphs.* The fig too was not a very late introduction into Greece: an old mythical tale derived the Greek word expressing it from Sycæus, one of the Titans, for whose food it was declared to have been produced by Mother Earth, when he fled to her bosom for protection from the fury of Jupiter. Ælian, describing the earliest food of different nations, assigns acorns to the Arcadians, pears to the Argives and Tyrrinthians, cresses to the Persians, and figs to the Athenians. Hercules, who no doubt understood the art of putting himself into what we call condition, and the Greeks *σεξία*, fed solely upon beef and green figs: the Indian king, therefore, who at a much later period, sent to a brother monarch of Syria for sweet wine, figs, and a sophist, might have had all three† articles, in excellent condition, from Athens. To drink like a Greek, has become a proverb. The gods, it was understood, did not sit long at table; but the Greeks sat long, and drank deep. 'Long may you live,' was the congratulatory expression used to a person who drank off a large cup without taking breath; and that there might be no evasion, three public officers, we are assured, were elected in the free town of Athens, whose business it was to attend entertainments, and observe whether every person drank his portion.

The water-drinkers furnished the writers for the stage with some of their happiest attacks. When the Aristophanic Cleon vents his utmost indignation upon the great prototype of the modern

* This, translated into English, means, that symposiasts should mingle water with their wine, or join the ladies while their feet are steady.

† Readers, who value traits of national character, will hardly forgive us for omitting to mention here that evil which, under the name of Sycophancy, so peculiarly infested Athens. The term, as Mr. Mitford observes, originally signified information of the clandestine exportation of figs. Apparently to gratify the idle populace of the city, at the expense of the landholders, some demagogue had procured a law, forbidding the exportation of that plentiful production of the Attic soil. The absurdity of the prohibition, however, making the information particularly invidious, the term Sycophant grew into use as a general appellation for all vexatious informers. Full as the Grecian writers are of invectives against this odious class of men, we know of none who have painted them with so much force and vivacity, as Lysias in his speeches, and Aristophanes in his Comedies. In Nicarchus, the sycophant of his *Acharnians*, the vice is mere instinct; like a staunch hound, he winds his game and runs close upon the scent. In his *Birds*, the sycophant, more bold than Chaucer's summoner,^a whom he there resembles in vocation, announces his trade, and justifies it by reasoning: but sycophancy ran in the blood with him, and three generations, it seems, were necessary, in the poet's opinion, before so pleasurable an employment to an Athenian could be pursued upon something more than mere instinct. The informer in his *Plutus* is a solemn rogue, who annoys from motives of morality, and pillages and ruins people out of a pure spirit of patriotism.

^a He dorste not, for veray filth and shame,
Say that he was a sonpounr for the name.—*The Frere's Tale*.

demagogues,

demagogues, among other reproaches, he calls him a water-drinker; and that too, when this minister of the Athenian finance had no right to construe the abstemiousness into a premeditated injury of the excise.

Cleon. (fiercely.) Discuss—propound—your cause, your ground for these your words nefarious.

Sausage-Seller, (drawing himself up.) My powers of speech, my art to reach phrase seasoned high and various.

Cleon. (a pause of astonishment; then with infinite contempt.) ‘Your pow’rs of speech!’ ill fare the cause beneath your hands e’er falling!

Tatter’d and rent, ’twill soon present a sample of your calling.

The same disease will fortune you, that meets our eyes not rarely:—

Hear—mark—reply, and own that I discuss the matter fairly.

Some petty suit ’gainst strangers gain’d—anon you’re set a-crowing;

The mighty feat becomes forthwith a birth that’s ever growing.

By day, by night, on foot, on horse, when riding or when walking,—

Your life a mere soliloquy, still of this feat you’re talking.

You fall to drinking water next—on generous wine you trample,

While friends are sore, worn o’er and o’er with specimen and sample.

And this attain’d, you think you’ve gain’d the height of oratory—

Heav’n help you, silly wretch! you’ve yet—to learn another story.

This aversion to water was not confined to the men. At the holy feast of Ceres, where no male ever intruded, the poet just quoted represents his fair countrywomen as sitting in close committee upon the multiplied offences of Euripides against the sex. Their councils commence, like those of the General Assembly, with a series of imprecations. A curse is pronounced upon the person, who designs any evil against the female Demus; upon the culprit, who sends a herald to treat of peace with the Persians or Euripides; upon all, who are self-active, or abet others in promoting a tyranny; upon the male gallant, who forgets his promises, and the elderly female, who endeavours to make her years be forgotten in the splendour of her presents; but the final burst of indignation is reserved for those who in any way interfere with the ladies’ potatoes.

—If there be, who malice-fraught,

Starve the goblet, stint the draught,

Root and branch, and kin and kine,

Blast them, blessed Powers divine:—

Red be their cup, but not with wine:

And Ruin, as she reads their lot,

Say—‘they were—and they are not.’—*Arist. in Thesm.*

It is now time to quit the lower regions, and present ‘superior views of things,’ shewing, as the excellent Whistlecraft observes,

‘The higher orders of society

Behaving with *politeness* and *propriety*.’

The

The general mode of living among the citizens of Attica, is described with brevity and accuracy by Dr. Hill.

‘There was very little variety,’ says the learned professor, ‘in the private life of the Athenians. All of them rose at daybreak, and spent a short time in the exercise of devotion. Soon after six in the morning, the judges (dicasts) took their seats on the tribunal, and those employed in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, engaged in their different occupations. At mid-day, the more wealthy citizens, who by that time had commonly finished their serious business, refreshed themselves with a short sleep, and afterwards spent a few hours in hunting, or in the exercise of the palæstra, or in walking through the delightful groves on the banks of the Ilyssus and Cephissus; or still more frequently in discussing with each other, in the forum (agora), the interests of the state, the conduct of the magistrates, and the news of the day. It was also during the afternoon that the Athenians sometimes played at *κυβεια* and *πεττεια*; two games, the first of which resembled hazard, and the other either backgammon or chess.

‘During the day, the Athenians either took no food or only a slight repast in private. At sun-set they sat down to supper, and considering the business of the day as over, devoted the evening to society and amusement, and often continued to a late hour of the night.’ Of these suppers or, more properly speaking, dinners, we propose to speak somewhat more at large hereafter.

The ‘dîner d’ami’—that dinner which draws from an Englishman’s cellar its oldest bottle of wine, and from his heart its oldest story—seems to have been as little agreeable to the Greeks, as to the nation from whose* language we have borrowed the term. ‘Defend me,’ says the lively † Menander with an evident feeling of horror,

‘ from family repasts,
Where all the guests claim kin,—nephews and uncles,
And aunts and cousins to the fifth remove!
First you’ve the sire, a goblet in his hand,
And he deals out his dole of admonition;—
Then comes my lady-mother, a mere homily
Reproof and exhortation!—at her heels
The aunt slips in a word of pious precept.

Le Baron.

Nous mangerons ensemble un poulet sans façon;
Et je vais vous donner un Dîner d’Ami.

M. de Forlis.

Non.

Je crains ces dîners-là; j’aime la bonne-chère;
Et traite-moi plutôt en personne étrangère.

Les Dehors Trompeurs. Act. ii. sc. 10.

† In Athen. Schw. edit. v. ix. p. 277.

The grandsire last—a bass voice among trebles,
 Thunder succeeding whispers, fires away.
 Each pause between, his aged partner fills
 With “lack-a-day!” “good sooth!” and “dearest dear!”
 The dotard’s head, mean time, for ever nods,
 Encouraging her drivelling —’.

Nothing therefore remained for the Greeks but clubs or pic-nic parties, where each guest might send his own portion of the feast, or where one might provide, at a fixed price, an entertainment for all the rest. For parties of this kind the Athenians appear to have felt a passionate fondness. When Aristotle advocates the propriety of admitting that ‘complex entity, the Public,’ as he calls them, into a share of the government, he* more than once draws an argument from the pic-nic suppers, which he asserts were always better than those furnished by a single person. And Theophrastus, his great disciple, was so much persuaded of this truth, that among his legacies may be found one for the support of a pic-nic club. As some notices of this kind of entertainment have been given in another place, we shall not pursue the subject here, but shall clear the way for a more minute inquiry hereafter into the private entertainments of the Athenians, by observing, that, before the time of Menander, the law, to prevent too large a concourse of people at an entertainment, had limited the number of guests to thirty; that there were persons called *Gynæconomi*, whose office it was to number the guests, and to see that this statute was not infringed; that it was an ancient practice to give a bill of fare to the master of the feasts, who communicated its contents, at proper intervals, to the guests—that the great man, whether host or guest, was generally attended by a †flatterer, whose office, from the epithets attached to him by Julius Pollux, (the most amusing of word-collectors,) was evidently no easy one—and that recreations for the sight and hearing (*θεαματα, ακροαματα*) made part of the entertainment. The supper-hunters, (*τρεχεειπνοι*), that class of persons upon whom is laid all the trouble of convivial conversation, and who are expected to perform the double task of never speaking with the mouth full, and yet never losing a mouthful, generally paid their quota in coin of the latter kind. They

* In *Polit. lib. iii. c. 7*. In the culinary *Pleiades*, to which we have before adverted, it is allowed that in broiling a fish no one excelled *Agis* of Rhodes; that *Aphnetus* shone above all the profession in a sausage or hog’s-pudding, and that *Nereus*, the Chian, boiled a conger-eel in a manner which might have satisfied the gods. To *Aristion* was decreed the pre-eminent glory of laying out the contributions to a club-feast to superlative advantage.

† The parasite was a later invention than the flatterer, properly so called. The latter was so much in request among the vain Athenians, as to furnish the philosophers with an axiom. *φιλοσοφας δὲ πολλοι*, says Aristotle, (in *Ethics*, lib. viii. c. 8.) that is, ‘on the score of toad-eating, man is more inclined to be the patient than the agent.’

who

who were present without contributing towards the entertainment, says Archbishop Potter, were termed *ασυμβολοι*, in which condition, (continues the learned but plain-spoken archæologist,) 'were poets and singers, and others who made diversion for the company.' How little strict abstemiousness was observed at these entertainments will appear hereafter. It might also be inferred from the number of physicians, who, it is evident from the writings of Plato and Aristophanes, practised in Athens, and from the importance which Xenophon attaches to the fact that his great master could retire from a supper without overloading himself.*

The repasts of the common Athenians are much more easily decided. Herbs, pottage, salt fish, a barley cake not very nicely kneaded, these with a bottle of wine, and figs perhaps for a dessert, formed their usual diet, when a sacrifice or one of those feasts, which, on various pretences, were wrested from the rich, did not furnish a more substantial banquet. Thus the old dicast in the Wasps, who prefers the sparing modes of common life, when accompanied with the functions of the judicial office, to all the allurements which his wealthy son can offer him. We insert the whole of his speech, as it gives, we think, a very amusing view of domestic life at Athens.

'But the best of my lot I had nearly forgot—the court left and well loaded with honey,
Scarce in sight of my home, all the house, trooping, come, and embrace me, such coznage hath money!
Next my girl, sprightly nymph! brings her napkin and lymph—feet and ancles are quick in ablution;
Soft'ning oils o'er them spread, she stoops down her head, and drops kisses in utmost profusion.
"I'm her sweetest papa!—I'm the pride of the bar!"—her lips in mean time neatly playing,
As with rod and with line, the wench angles so fine, my day's pay is unconsciously straying.†
Seats her then by my side, Mrs. Dicast my pride,—feeling soul, she knows well what my calling,
And my labours to greet, brings refreshments most sweet, while speeches still sweeter are falling.
"Deign this pottage to sip,—pass this cake o'er your lip—here's a soft and a soothing emulsion,
You cannot but chuse eat this pulse, nay, I'll use to my heart's dearest treasure compulsion."

* There is a curious passage in one of the books of Plato's Republic, but to which we cannot refer at the moment, where Athens herself is considered as a sort of high-fed nervous patient—*toujours dans les remèdes*—and only recovering a little strength, in order to plunge into the same excesses, which had previously deranged and shattered her system.

† The young wheedler's mode of filching her father's obols, (not very delicate it must be confessed) arose out of a practice, common among the lower Athenians, of carrying their money in their mouths.

Then

Then I sip and I swill, and I riot at will, nor cast eye of discreet observation,
 How your eye or your man's watches, guages and spans what my appetite's warmth and duration.
 Never yet, by my fay, did I bid that knave lay for supper, or otherwise task him,
 But a cloud ever hung on his brow, lest my tongue a cake or dish extra should ask him.
 Thus from head, Sir, to feet, I'm in armour complete,—fenced and shelter'd from ev'ry disaster,
 And your wine you may spare, while this (*draws a case from under his vest*) falls to my share, and calls me its lord and its master.
 Outward, form'd 'tis an ass—spare your mirth—let that pass :—inward holds he what asks best appliance :
 (*Drinks and looks at it*) Rogue ! as keen he surveys your pinch'd beakers he brays, and trooper-toned bids you defiance.'

With Athenians of this class a good dinner seems to have been what the resources of the publican are with the lower orders in our own country, an excellent restorer of harmony and a pledge of concord between contending parties. Male readers, who perused the taunts of the rival choruses in a former Number, must have been well aware, that the feelings, there exhibited, were much too hot to hold. Female readers, skilled in tracing the passions, and who know that nothing is unconquerable but indifference, will hear, without surprise, the conclusion of these sarcasms. A few overtures from the female chorus, a salutation upon the cheek, and a little dexterity shewn in relieving their antagonist's eye of a large gnat, which infested it, gradually overcome the wrath of the rival male chorus. 'Baggages,' exclaims its coryphæus, after a decent resistance, 'there's no living with them, nor without them; and yet, as the old proverb says—they are but limbs of the old-one after all.*' This satisfactory reconciliation is, of course, to be confirmed by a feast; and when the good feelings of an Athenian were set afloat, they were most comprehensive in their nature.

CHORUS.

I quaff to you, laugh to you :—suff'ring or doing,
 No harm be between us for ages ensuing;
 But charity, amity, peace and good breeding;
 And let a joint stave mark old troubles receding.
 Oyez—let none fear
 In my numbers to hear

* ἐστὶ δαμνικαὶ φύσει.

Καὶ ἐκεῖνο τῷ ποτὶ οὐδὲν, καὶ κακῶς, ἐξημεῖται.
 ὡς οὐ πανωλεθροῖσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ πανωλεθροῦ.

Beautiful as these mystic types appear to the eye, we can assure our female readers, that they express neither more nor less, than what has been ventured as an equivalent in the text.

A reproach or a sneer ;
No such thoughts harbour here :
But words that drop manna,
And deeds all of honey,
To feasts invitation,
And offers of money.
Time enough, and to spare,
Has ill-luck been our fare ;
Let it now be our care
The old breach to repair,
And to set things more square.
Then make proclamation,
Possessing the nation,
That he, whose poor pittance
Demands a remittance,—
Be it two pounds or four,
Or a small matter more,—
May here be supplied ;—
With a good purse beside,
His silver and gold
More securely to hold :
This further too learning
That peace once returning,
'Tis our fixt resolution
Not to ask restitution.'—

We break in upon this long-winded joint stave to observe, that the premises and conclusion of an Athenian's liberality were not always in strict accordance ; and the good-humoured poet, whom no trait of popular humour escaped, has not failed to find a niche for this.

' Further notice, Sirs, take,
That a banquet we make,
For the comfort and sake,
Of a much honour'd crew,
All good men and true,
As Carystus e'er knew.
Their presence to greet,
We have pulse as is meet :
A pig and what not,
Too, are gone to the pot ;
They may thus look for flesh
That is tender and fresh.—

(*To the audience.*) Let to-morrow then see
One and all hous'd with me ;
And come without calling,
The morning forestalling,
With your boys in a row,
And your cheeks in a glow,

All fresh from the bath,
 Taking straight the house path ;
 Then without explanation
 Or interrogation,
 Let each as if come
 To his own proper home,
 Forward instantly venture :—
 One caution I put,
 If you find the door shut,—
 'Tis a proof you can't enter.'

Among the idle, and we must be pardoned for saying, the ridiculous mistakes respecting the character of Aristophanes, none appears to us more misplaced than the received opinion, that he was a severe caustic satirist. That he could deal heavy blows, when he pleased, is most certain ; but if we had to point out the most distinguishing feature in his character, we should refer to that good-natured relish he displays for the popular humour, belonging to all free governments, and which shone more particularly in an Attic mob. A benevolent man shares in this feeling, from the milkiness of his nature ; a thoughtful man, who observes with what cheerfulness it often conducts the poor through privations, from which the rich and the learned would shrink, sees in it one of those great compensations, by which Providence equalises mankind, and leaves the stations of rich and poor, as little more than varieties of means for gaining happiness. We think it of sufficient importance to cherish popular humour, to induce us to pursue the particular species just pointed out a little farther. A chorus, who could feast a whole audience at so small an expense, had no reason to be less profuse on other points.

' Of whatever I'm possest,
 Carpet, coverlit, or vest,
 Cash and jewels, of silver and gold ;
 Here I make spontaneous offer,
 And without reserve I proffer
 To the public to have and to hold.
 Must your daughter make display
 Upon some public day,
 And her person array in all bravery ?
 I have fardingales and things,
 Stuffs and cuffs, and ruffs and rings,
 Take them all, Sirs, nor think it any knavery.
 Seal and signet you may break,
 Vest and vestment you may take,
 Cash and jewels, and diamonds and stone ;—
 Only one thing I premise,
 He that finds them has two eyes
 Of a much clearer ken than my own.

A treasury

A treasury like this was not easily exhausted.

We shall give but one instance more : the comic poet acted, it has been before observed, as the gazetteer of the times, and his ' Foreign Intelligence ' certainly furnished an intellectual repast not often found in modern journals. Thus the political fates of Prasîæ, (a town in Laconia lately destroyed by the Athenians,) of Megara, (the support given to which by the Lacedæmonians, was the principal cause of the Peloponnesian war,) and of Leontini in Sicily, (then recently suffering under the oppression of the Syracusans,) become, in the Aristophanic comedy of the Peace, the materials of an Attic myttoton or salad, and are thus served up to the audience:

SCENE—HEAVEN.

A great bowl or mortar is seen upon the stage : leeks, garlic, and cheese lie around it.

WAR, TRYGÆUS.

War. (slowly and solemnly.) Laceration,
Maceration,
Grief and scorning,
Woe and Mourning,
Past all curing,
I do scan
Unto man,
The much-enduring.
Cramps and stitches,
Aches and pains,
Rack his joints
And fire his veins!

Try. Shield me; great Phœbus, 'tis indeed a mortar
Vast beyond vastness!—then, this monster's visage!
Pain, mischief, misery, are upon his front.
And do my eyes indeed take witness of him,
The god, whose very sight creates a solitude,
The truculent—the iron-faced—still settling
Upon his legs, as if for fight preparing!

War. Double, double,
Woe and trouble,
Triple trine,
And nine to nine,
Nine and ten,
And nine again,
I do see
For Prasîæ*
Hapless state!

See now, thy doom is seal'd, and ratified thy fate.

(Throws a leek into the bowl.)

* A word nearly similar to Prasîæ in Greek signifies a leek.

- Try.* Look, Sparta, to't—'tis her concern—not our's.
War. For Megara weep!
 And your sighs be they deep.
 For the fates strongly pull;
 And my bowl must be full;
 The loss of a fraction
 Would work me distraction:
 Nicely chopp'd, minced, and drest.
 She may yet be at rest!
 (*Throws in garlic,* and pounds it very small.*)
- Try.* Sigh we for those same folk of Megara!
 Large floods of tears—and bitter, save the mark!
 Hath he infused for them!
- War.* Cry aloud, fair and foul,
 And for Sicily howl!
 For body and soul,
 She must go to the bowl;
 For the pride of her state
 She must yield to her fate,
 And the scraper and knife
 Now lie hard at her life!
 (*Scrapes cheese,† and throws it into the bowl.*)
 Pour we some honey‡ now from Attica
 Upon our work.—

Among the public entertainments of a people so theatrically disposed as the Athenians, none we may be sure ranked higher than the superb banquet, usually given by the triumphant tribe to the successful chorus. The prize feast (*επιwinia*) is the constant encouragement by which Aristophanes stimulates exertion in his orchestral troop, and in his Female Parliament he offers a bill of fare, which is certainly very provocative. The poet, who contrary to the usual practice, was dismissing his company in a dance, gives animation to the lower members of his dancers, by an intimation addressed to their upper organs.

- Leader of the Female Chorus.* 'Come away, come away,'
 'Tis no time for delay.
 If we loiter and dally,
 And stand shilly shally,
 'Twixt the cup and the lip
 Some misfortune may slip,
 And the viands tho' basted
 May never be tasted.

* Garlic was one of the most plentiful productions of Megara.

† The reader of Theocritus need not be reminded of the rich milk and cheeses, which so frequently occur in the most exquisite of all pastoral poets.

‡ It was from the odoriferous herbs on mount Hymettus, that the excellence of the Attic honey was derived.

(turns to one of the Chorus.) Miss, I turn me to you ;
 Throw your legs one, and two,
 To a galliard that's new.

(One of the Chorus.) What is bidden I do. (*begins dancing.*)

(Leader.) Here's another, whose flanks
 But deserve little thanks.—

(to one of the Chorus.) More virgins, more speed,
 If a banquet you heed ;— (*the whole Chorus gradually begin dancing.*)
 And I've one in my eye,
 That might make sluggards fly:
 'Tis plenteous, 'tis dainty,
 'Tis fragrant, 'tis warm,
 And the mere bill of fare
 Is as long as my *arm.
 There's lobster, there's prawn,
 Cockle, oyster and brawn.
 There's salt fish and fresh,
 Caught with hook and with mesh.
 Here's a cod's head and shoulders
 With soles for upholders:
 Those anchovies and dace
 Keep a salmon in place.
 And soles à la braise
 Hold a turbot in stays.
 Add calves heads that ride
 In an ocean of brain ;
 Add thrush boil'd and fried,
 And teal spiced and plain.
 Add honey, add spices,
 Add hare-flesh in slices,
 With widgeon and pigeon
 And larks in a ring :
 Hand me there, lady fair,
 Both a leg and a wing.—
 With such show of provision
 Need I urge expedition?
 Let her spin it and win it,
 Such a banquet who chooses;
 She's too late by a minute
 Sixty moments who loses.—
 But excuse me, ere starting,
 One little suggestion ;
 Who feed large, take, at parting,
 A pill for digestion.'

At entertainments of this kind, the bard, who furnished the vic-

* A considerable part of what follows is, in the original, compressed into a word of more than seventy syllables! Under these circumstances, a little departure from strict translation seems allowable.

torious piece, was, of course, a most prominent guest: the poet, just quoted, had frequent occasion to experience the value of such a situation; and if we are not mistaken in a passage in Plato, he knew how to make good use of his time, when placed in it. If the following extract shews us that Aristophanes was bald, it also proves, that, like Cæsar, he tried to cover his baldness with laurels.

For oh! if success
 These my rhymes to-day bless,
 When the table and board
 With rich viands are stor'd,
 The talk and the cry
 Will be—' Charge bumper high,
 And carouse of the best
 To our bald-headed guest;—
 And the cates, that are sweetest,
 And the cup, that is neatest,
 And the banquet's best part,
 Give we there, hand and heart;—
 Carouse to the flower
 Of Phœbus's mansion;
 To him with the forehead
 Of matchless expansion.'

We are sufficiently masters of our subject to be aware, that it is the guests, after all, who are to decide upon the merits of a feast, and not the caterer. *Θοινην ὁ δαίτυμων*, says Aristotle,* (and in matters of importance, it is proper to appeal to high authorities,) *ἀλλ' ἔχ' ὁ μαγειρός*. It is possible too, that our manner of handling some extracts introduced into these remarks, may have the effect of recalling to the reader's mind an homely adage in the culinary art—that the cook and the materials he works upon often come from very opposite regions.—We could perhaps advance a few words in our defence; but we hold it more decorous, as the hour is late, to make our bow in silence, and withdraw from the table. That we may not appear, however, wholly to have trifled with our readers, we shall close with a curious trait of national habits, and try to coax out of it a little moral for those who are not content to read merely for amusement. At great entertainments in Egypt, says Herodotus, a body carved in wood and most minutely resembling a corpse, was carried about and exhibited to each guest, with this admonition; 'Regulate your potations and your pleasures by this spectacle; for when you are dead, you will be no other than this.' However genteelly (*επεικώς*) all this might have been done on the part of the corpse-bearers, the principal person

* In *Polit. lib. iii. c. 11.*

in the drama was certainly, as Plutarch, relating the story after Herodotus, suggests, an unseasonable sort of intruder. The worthy Bæotian, who misquotes authors and himself, and who speaks of the fine arts in a tone of contempt, which must have appeared absolutely glorious to his fellow Bæotians, rarely errs on the side of good feelings; he has accordingly imparted a secret for turning even this spectacle to account. Taking times and seasons into consideration, says the philosopher of Chceronea, this addition to the feast was rather misplaced; yet was it not altogether without its suitableness: it furnished a strong dissuasion against drinking and luxury, it held out powerful motives to friendship and mutual love, and it was a sort of practical homily, that life, short as it is, ought not to be made long in the commission of evil practices.

ERRATUM.

P. 20, l. 16. For *Harley* and *St. John* were made *Secretaries of State*, read *Hurley* was made *Secretary of State*, and *St. John* *Secretary at War*.

TREACHERY OF THE ARABS.

IN our last Number, we mentioned in a note on Burckhardt's *Travels*, (p. 440,) that some English officers, on their way to Palmyra, had a dispute with their Arab guides, in which one of the party, Captain Butler, of the Dragoons, was wounded:—that they laid their complaint before the Pasha, and that, in consequence, several of the Arabs had been seized and decapitated.

We stated those particulars not lightly, but on the authority of a most respectable British officer, who had minuted them down on the spot from the concurrent reports of several of the natives. They afford, however, another proof, certainly not wanted, of that habitual disregard of strict truth for which the people of the east are notorious. The affair, indeed, was far more serious than we had supposed; but in the leading circumstance our correspondent was misinformed. The officers made no complaint;—but perhaps the impression made by our statement can by no mode be so effectually removed as by giving Captain Butler's own account, which we are enabled to do by the kindness of a revered relative of that gentleman. It is highly interesting; and we cannot dis-

miss it without observing, that Captain Butler and his friends appear to have conducted themselves with exemplary self-possession, intrepidity, and prudence.

Extract of a Letter, dated Smyrna, August 16th, 1819.

'As we determined on going to Palmyra, we paid another visit to the Pasha. He ordered his minister to make out the proper passports, and direct the governor of Homs, a town on the verge of the Desert, to entertain us as English princes. We had to wait ten days before the aga could get the chief that commanded the tribe occupying the Desert between Homs and Palmyra, to come to him. This fellow at last made his appearance, and agreed before the governors to escort us safely to Palmyra for two thousand piastres, half to be paid in advance, and the other half on our return. In the Arab costume, and mounted on dromedaries, with a Bedouin behind us, we set off through the Desert in the direction of Palmyra. As we had no arms with us of any kind, these fellows betrayed us. Instead of continuing their proper course, they struck off in another direction, and carried us to their camp. Nearly the whole of the day was taken up in debating what they should do with us. We at last told them we would go no farther; that we had neither arms nor money; that if they murdered us they would get nothing but the shirts on our backs; and that if they did not choose to conduct us back to Homs on the dromedaries, we would set out on foot and find our way as well as we could. Seeing us determined, they agreed to take us to Homs. After goading on the dromedaries at the rate of nine miles an hour, they suddenly stopped the animals, and knocked us off their backs. Not knowing their intent, we attempted to seize their arms, and a battle ensued. I succeeded in wrenching the mace from the hands of the Bedouin that rode behind me, and was preparing to make him feel the weight of it on his head, when one of them ran his lance into my arm, and another gave me a blow which immediately brought me to the ground. They then freed themselves from us, mounted their dromedaries and were soon out of sight. I know not how we escaped with our lives; we had not even a stick amongst us, whilst the Arabs were armed with iron maces, match-locks, and long lances: we all, however, got roughly handled. We followed a track in the sand, and arrived in the course of the night at a small village, the name of which I have forgot. As I had bled freely during the walk, I was unable to proceed farther that night, although my companions were anxious to get on; the next day we walked quietly into Homs: we found that the news of our adventure had preceded us, and that the whole town was in a bustle. We met a large detachment of Arabs, driving their camels as hard as they could go, who, taking us for some of their tribe, called to us to save ourselves, or we should be killed; they were pursued by several parties of cavalry, who shortly came up with them, killed a great number, and seized their beasts. In the mean time, some prisoners had been taken before the governor, and he immediately cut off all their heads. Had it been in our power we would willingly have prevented so much bloodshed, but the Moslem was savage. His pride was hurt that the Arab chief had so little regard for his authority. The number of these poor creatures who lost their lives was variously stated to us; I am inclined to think they were not so numerous as they wished to make us believe.'

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CONTENTS

TO
No. XLVI.

Page.

- ART. I. 1. An Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's New Translation. By J. W. Whittaker, M. A. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge.
2. A New Translation of the Holy Bible. Part II. By J. Bellamy.
3. Reasons in favour of a New Translation of the Holy Scriptures. By Sir James Bland Burges, Bart.
4. A Vindication of our Authorized Translation and Translators of the Bible, in answer to Objections of Mr. John Bellamy and Sir James Bland Burges. By the Rev. H. J. Todd, M. A.
5. Supplement to an Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's New Translation. By J. W. Whittaker, M. A. Fellow of St. John's Cambridge. - - - - - 287
- II. 1. An Essay on certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks. By the Hon. Frederick Sylv. North Douglas.
2. Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, &c. during the Years 1812 and 1813. By Henry Holland, M. D. F.R.S. &c. 1819.
3. Greece, a Poem; with Notes, Classical Illustrations and Sketches of the Scenery. By William Haygarth, Esq., A. M. 325
- III. A Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review. By Wm. Parnell, Esq. - - - - - 360
- IV. 1. Facts and Observations respecting Canada and the United States of America; affording a Comparative View of the inducements to Emigration presented in those Countries: to which is added an Appendix of Practical Instructions to Emigrant Settlers in the British Colonies. By Charles F. Grece, Member of the Montreal and Quebec Agricultural Societies; and Author of Essays on Husbandry, addressed to the Canadian Farmers.
2. The Emigrant's Guide to Upper Canada; or, Sketches of the Present State of that Province, collected from a Residence therein during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819. Interspersed with Reflections. By C. Stuart, Esq. Retired Captain of the Honourable the East India Company's Service, and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Western District of Upper Canada.
3. A Visit to the Province of Upper Canada, in 1819. By James Strachan. - - - - - 373
- V. 1. Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men, collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope, and other eminent Persons of his Time. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Now first published from the original Papers, with Notes and a Life of the Author by Samuel Weller Singer.
2. Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Arranged with Notes by Edmund Malone, Esq.

CONTENTS.

3. The invariable Principles of Poetry, in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq. occasioned by some Critical Observations in his Specimens of British Poets, particularly relating to the Poetical Character of Pope. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.	400
VI.	
1. An Autumn near the Rhine.	
2. Travels in the North of Germany. By T. Hodgskin, Esq.	
3. A View of the Agriculture, Manufactures, Statistics, and State of Society of Germany, and Parts of Holland and France; taken during a Journey through those Countries, in 1819. By Wm. Jacob, Esq. F. R. S.	
4. Die wichtigsten Leben Momente Karl Ludwig Sands aus Wunsiedel.	
5. Memoirs of Charles Lewis Sand, including a Narrative of the Circumstances attending the Death of Augustus von Kotzebue. Also a Defence of the German Universities.	434
VII. Fables from La Fontaine, in English Verse.	455
VIII.	
The Gas Blow-pipe, or Art of Fusion, by burning the Gaseous Constituents of Water: giving the History of the Philosophical Apparatus so denominated; the Proofs of Analogy in its operations to the Nature of Volcanoes; together with an Appendix, containing an Account of Experiments with this Blow-pipe. By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, &c.	466
IX. The Comedies of Aristophanes. By T. Mitchell, A. M. late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. Vol. I.	474
X. Advice to Julia. A Letter in Rhyme.	505
XI. Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. Begun by himself and concluded by his Daughter, Maria Edgeworth.	510
XII.	
1. The Church in Danger; a Statement of the Cause, and of the probable Means of averting that Danger. Attempted by the Rev. Richard Yates, B. D.	
2. The Basis of National Welfare; considered in Reference chiefly to the Prosperity of Britain, and Safety of the Church of England. By the Rev. Richard Yates.	
3. Substance of the Speech delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Monday the 16th of March, 1818, on proposing a Grant of One Million for providing Additional Places of Public Worship in England.	
4. A Sketch of the History of Churches in England, to which is added a Sermon on the Honours of God in Places of Public Worship. By John Brewster, M. A. Rector of Egglecliffe and Vicar of Greatham in the County of Durham.	
5. A Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool on that Part of the Speech of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, which recommended the Attention of Parliament to the Deficiency in the Number of Places of Public Worship belonging to the Established Church. By James Elmes, Architect.	
6. New Churches, considered with respect to the Opportunities they offer for the Encouragement of Painting. By B. R. Haydon.	549
Index.	592

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1820.

- ART. I.—1. *An Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's New Translation.* By J. W. Whittaker, M.A. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge.
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WHEN we last called the attention of the public to Mr. Bellamy's 'New Translation,' we pledged ourselves not to betray our duty by remaining in silence, while he or any one else was attempting to degrade the Bible, by capricious and ill-founded interpretations, tending to the perversion of its sacred truths.

Several circumstances have occurred which induce us to redeem this pledge without further delay. In the first place, it appears that, whatever may be the present opinion of the public respecting Mr. Bellamy's qualifications, he has not yet been led to form a just estimate of them himself: for, notwithstanding all that has passed, he has published a second part of his translation in the same style with the first.—In this he commits the same blunders; displays the same ignorance of the plainest principles of Hebrew; exhibits the same vulgar and incomprehensible jargon; repeats the same exploded falsehoods; and treats with the same insolence the learned persons who framed our present authorized translation. In the next place, a clearer proof has been afforded, than we were prepared so soon to expect, of the advantage which the infidel is ready to take of his perversions. When Carlile was lately indicted for publishing Paine's *Age of Reason*, he asked, (prudently enough for his own purposes,) in reference to the position that the Bible is sanctioned by the common law of the land, *what Bible is meant*, whether

whether the Bible according to the authorized version, or that according to Mr. Bellamy's? If the former, he had the authority of this distinguished Hebrew scholar for asserting that it is full of the grossest errors, so as to deprive it altogether of the sacred character which might otherwise attach to it; and, to prove that he (Bellamy) was worthy of credit in such a matter, he quoted the names of the many eminent and illustrious persons,* who had subscribed to his publication.

But, in the third place, we are now supplied with positive proof that, even after all which has passed, there is some danger of the public being led into the belief that Mr. Bellamy's translations are truly derived from the Hebrew, and that his charges against the received version are not destitute of foundation. At least, there has appeared *one* individual who has publicly and unequivocally professed his belief in them—we allude to Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. This gentleman, we understand, passes in certain circles for a literary character. We are well aware that this term is one of extensive signification, and is sometimes coupled with qualifications sufficiently humble.—Be this as it may, Sir James, as far as we are informed, has hitherto confined himself to works of imagination; in the present instance, however, he has attempted a more serious style of composition, and launched into the field of Biblical criticism. By what course of study he had prepared himself for such an effort, and by what or by whom he was deluded into the belief that he was qualified to enlighten the public mind in this department, must be left to the conjectures of the reader.

His work is entitled 'Reasons in favour of a New Translation of the Holy Scriptures,' and he shews his own opinion of the performance by dedicating it to Lord Grenville, specially on account of his 'eminence as a statesman and scholar,' and his 'dignified situation as Chancellor of Oxford.' We expected, of course, a discussion of such passages in the English version as, in the judgment of the author, are not sufficiently close to the original Hebrew, or do not express the sense with sufficient elegance and propriety; instead of which we found the greater part of his book occupied with a stale and tedious discussion on the origin and merits of the Septuagint version, prefaced by a desperate assault on us for our statements respecting it.

* The use made of the great and respectable names of those who subscribed to Bellamy's translation has been most unwarranted. The greater part, if not the whole, of those who gave their names to this publication were influenced entirely by the desire of promoting the cause of sacred literature, having been led into the persuasion that the person whose work they patronized was qualified to do service to this cause. As soon as they discovered their error, and found that any thing rather than advantage to sacred literature was likely to be derived from this new translation, they without hesitation withdrew themselves from all support of it, and connexion with it.

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The familiarity of Sir James Bland Burges with 'Cœur-de-Lions,' and 'Dragon Knights,' has evidently given him a chivalrous disposition; yet it is still a mystery to us why he should set his lance in the rest, and tilt so furiously at those who gave him no provocation. We never criticized his poetry—how was it possible we could, since we never read a line of it?—Yet the book opens as if the writer were smarting from recent criticism, and eager to revenge himself on us for the imaginary injury. 'Mr. Bellamy's new translation' (it is thus he begins) 'was continually rising in general estimation, when the Quarterly Review made a most virulent attack upon it, evidently calculated to crush it at the outset, and to intimidate those by whom it had been patronized.'—(p. 1.) How has this author the audacity to accuse us of *virulence*, or of a wish to *intimidate*? We came forward in the solemn discharge of a great but painful duty, actuated by loftier and purer motives than the confused intellects of our calumniators appear capable of appreciating, or even comprehending.

After wading through more than two-thirds of his book, we came to the professed subject of it, his 'Reasons for a new translation.' Sir James repeats, with little variation, the assertions of Mr. Bellamy, that our translators never pretended to translate from the Hebrew, and only copied with servility from the Greek and Latin. Quitting for the present all observation on this part of his statements, we hasten to his method of proving that our authorized version departs from the original. And here we must request the reader's particular attention. Through the space of thirty pages, he ranges in four parallel columns selected verses of the Bible, according to a *literal translation from the Hebrew*, to the Septuagint, to Jerome's version, or the Latin Vulgate, and to the received (English) version. He makes no remarks as he proceeds; but directs the reader at the outset to the general inference to be drawn from the whole, viz. that because the received English version agrees for the most part with the Septuagint and the Vulgate, and differs widely from that which he terms 'a literal translation from the Hebrew,' it must therefore have been made from the Septuagint and Vulgate, and not from the Hebrew. We will readily allow that his conclusion is sufficiently legitimate, provided his premises are sound. But what is meant, it will naturally be asked, by his 'literal translation from the Hebrew,' on which the whole of his conclusion depends? At first we were disposed to take for granted that he had himself examined the original Hebrew, had rendered it into English in what he deemed the most literal manner, and then concluded, from his own judgment of the sense of the original, that the received version is erroneous. Judge then our surprise, when we found that this 'literal translation from the Hebrew,' by which, as a test, he tries the accu-

racy of the received version, is not his own, but John Bellamy's!—that very translation which has been shewn to be full of the grossest errors and absurdities, and to be framed by a person who is no less ignorant of the plainest rules of Hebrew grammar than destitute of every other qualification for a Biblical translator! Thus, by a style of proceeding more truly astonishing than could have been imagined, Sir J. Burges *assumes*, not only without examination, but in the face of the clearest evidence, the accuracy of Bellamy's translation; adopts it as *the test* by which the Septuagint, the Vulgate, and the authorized English versions are to be tried; and then, because these versions differ entirely from it, comes to the portentous conclusion—not that versions approved by the most competent judges in all ages are right, and that which rests on Bellamy's single authority is entirely wrong, but just the reverse; that these versions are all unfaithful to the original—and that Bellamy's alone gives the true and accurate sense!

In addition to the lamentable weakness of judgment and incapacity which this proceeding betrays, there is, we regret to say, a want of ingenuous dealing in it, which demands the most serious reprobation. As we have stated, Sir James quotes a 'literal translation,' but studiously conceals the name of John Bellamy* in connexion with it; well knowing that the public were apprized of his demerits, and would not now set much value on a 'literal' or any 'translation,' professing to come from him. Again, when Sir J. Burges brings forward what he calls a 'literal translation,' the natural inference is that he is prepared to vouch for its being so; that he has examined it, and ascertained, on other grounds than the mere assertion of the author, that it is what its name implies, a true 'literal translation.' Now we beg leave to ask, has Sir James Burges done this? Is he able to do it? Does he possess knowledge enough of the Hebrew language to judge whether this or any other translation is literal?—We see no symptoms in his book of his possessing such knowledge, and our belief is, that he does not possess it. How can he, then, as a man of principle, and an investigator of truth, bring forward, for the very grave purpose of shaking the con-

* Sir J. Burges, in a flippant and angry Reply to Mr. Todd, recently published, pretends to complain that he is coupled by him with John Bellamy, and represented as advocating his cause; and says (Reply, p. 9) 'that, to the *best* of his recollection, there is only one passage in his book in which any mention of Mr. Bellamy, or any allusion to him, can be discovered.' The *best* of his recollection seems to be but bad when it suits his purpose. We think we can refresh it a little by reminding him that, through several pages of his book, he has quoted Bellamy's version as a *literal translation from the Hebrew*, and represented our received version as *not a literal translation, because it does not agree with it*. If this be not to shew his implicit faith in Bellamy's version, we beg leave to ask what can be so. We are not surprized that Sir J. Burges begins to be a little weary of the connection: on his account we wish that he had shewn a little more wariness in entering into it.

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fidence of the public in the authorized version of the Holy Bible, another version under the title of a 'literal version from the Hebrew,' in terms which imply his solemnly vouching for its being literal, when he knows that he does not possess one particle of the knowledge which would enable him so to do?

All this, however, clearly proves that enough has not yet been done. We will not flatter Sir James by saying that we think him less likely to be gulled by the confident assertions of an ignorant empiric, than the rest of the world; but we will say, that a considerable number of persons who are indisposed to examine such matters for themselves, are at least as likely to be deceived as he is. In addition to this, as he assumes a tone of erudition, his authority may probably carry a certain degree of weight with some readers, and induce them to believe that Bellamy's translations are just, because he has expressed a deliberate opinion in their favour. On these grounds, we are inclined to hope that a further discussion of their merits will not be thought superfluous.

In this discussion, we gladly avail ourselves of the assistance afforded by two works, in which the subject has been considered with a particularity, from which the limits of our Journal required us to abstain. The first and most important of these is entitled 'an Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's New Translation,' by Mr. Whittaker, of St. John's College, Cambridge. This gentleman has exposed in detail, and with peculiar success, the falsehood of many of Bellamy's assertions; and has particularly been enabled, by his accurate and intimate knowledge of the oriental tongues, to bring to the test his skill as a biblical translator. The second is a 'Vindication of our authorized Translation of the Bible, and of preceding Versions, from the Objections of Mr. John Bellamy, and of Sir J. B. Burges,' by the Rev. H. J. Todd, in which the author, abstaining from a critical discussion of the fidelity of the several versions, institutes, as his course of reading has enabled him to do with great advantage, an accurate inquiry into their history; pointing out the high qualifications of the authors of our received version for the task committed to them, and producing a mass of eminent authorities in favour of its general excellence.

Mr. Whittaker properly begins his Enquiry by explaining what is meant when it is said that any particular translation of the Bible is made from the original.

'By these words it is merely understood, that its authors regarded nothing *as authority*, except the original Hebrew of the Old, and the original Greek of the New Testament, a condition which evidently is not violated by their consulting any number of prior translations during the

the progress of their work. No person would attempt a new version, without availing himself of the labours of former interpreters, unless his discretion was altogether overcome by self-conceit, or he was so bad a critic as not to be aware of the advantages resulting from a comparison of different independent translations. Accordingly, those who have undertaken this arduous task have invariably paid the greatest deference to their learned predecessors, which respect has generally been proportioned to their own modesty, and has therefore been most shewn by men of the highest attainments. That degree of confidence in his own acquirements, which leads a translator to neglect or underrate those who have gone before him, usually proceeds from vanity, and may be esteemed no unsure token of inconsiderate rashness.

‘It is hardly necessary to dwell on the utility of the Old Translations. There are many passages, particularly in the Old Testament, of such acknowledged difficulty, that learned men never did, and perhaps never will, agree about them. In these cases, if a translator feel any uncertainty, his object ought to be the selection of that interpretation from former versions, which, after mature consideration, he thinks the best; nor would he be justified in forsaking them, unless *à priori* he had reason to believe that their authors were influenced by prejudice, or the desire of supporting some favourite tenet. If in translating the Old Testament he considers none of the versions thus employed as of *ultimate and decisive authority*, it is contended that his translation is made from the Original Hebrew, and from nothing else.’—pp. 1—3.

The soundness of these remarks will be appreciated by every reader. They shew the egregious folly of Mr. Bellamy’s boast of translating from the Hebrew *only*, in the sense of referring to, and consulting, no preceding translation; a boast which is sufficient of itself to produce a full conviction of his utter incompetence to the office he has undertaken. Every preceding translation conveys the recorded opinion of the learned persons who framed it, as to the sense of the original; and, where several independent translations agree, a concurrence of opinions as to the sense is afforded, which leaves no room for doubt. By declaring that he translates from the Hebrew only, in the sense in which he uses the term, Mr. Bellamy declares that his regular plan is to discard the most valuable means of properly performing the task he undertakes.

Mr. Whittaker proceeds to consider Bellamy’s bold assertion that Jerome made his Latin translation from the Greek, and not from the Hebrew. It will be remembered that we mentioned it as an historical fact, too well authenticated to admit any doubt, that Jerome made his version from the Hebrew; and we sanctioned what we advanced by a quotation from the learned and accurate Brian Walton. Mr. Whittaker adopts a still surer method of proving it; for he refers to Jerome himself, and shews, *from his own words*, that he did translate from the Hebrew. In one passage, he says (Epist. 49, at Pammachium) *Libros sedecim pro-*

prophetarum quos in *Latinum de Hebræo sermone verti*, &c. In another, in answer to some calumnies heaped upon him expressly on account of his translating from the *Hebrew*, and thereby departing from the version then received—‘*Certe confidenter dicam—me nihil duntaxat de Hebraicâ veritate mutasse. Sicubi ergo editio mea a veteribus discrepat; interroga quemlibet Hebræorum, et liquidò pervidebis me ab æmulis frustra lacerari.*’—(Apolog. adv. Ruffin.) We have ourselves since referred to Jerome’s own declarations, and find proof heaped upon proof that he translated from the Hebrew. Thus, in his Epistle to Augustin, v. i. p. 747. Edit. Vallarsii, 1734,) he affirms that his object in translating was ‘*ut scirent nostri quid Hebraica veritas contineret.*’ Again, in the same, apparently in answer to doubts expressed on the fidelity of his version to the Hebrew original, he observes that, as all who understood Greek could judge what he had done in regard to the Greek Testament, ‘*eandem integritatem debueras etiam in Veteri credere Testamento, quod non nostra confinximus, sed, ut apud Hebræos invenimus, divina transtulimus.*’ Of the book of Job, he says, (Lib. contra Ruffin. v. ii. p. 524) ‘*quum rursum juxta ipsum Hebraicum verterem:*’ of the Psalms (p. 525.) ‘*Psalterium rursum juxta Hebraicum vertens, præfatione munivi:*’ of the books of Solomon, ‘*Solomonis libros ex Hebraico transferens.*’

Enough, and more than enough, has surely been said to place beyond all dispute the utter falsehood of Mr. Bellamy’s assertion respecting Jerome: yet, incorrigible in error, he has the hardihood to repeat it, word for word, in his Second Part; and his champion, (Sir James Burges,) thus steps forward to confirm it! I will produce, he says, two witnesses, to prove that Jerome’s version was not a new version from the Hebrew original, but that it was little more than a translation, and in many instances, a very close one, from the Septuagint, or, in other words, from Origen’s Hexapla.—‘My first shall be Jerome himself.’ He then states that a violent clamour having been raised against Jerome, on the publication of his version, not only for attempting to introduce Judaism into the church, but for having entirely changed the Scriptures, and conducted himself in his translation as a Jew and an apostate, he replied in the following terms:—‘I entertain no intention to lessen the authority of the Septuagint, which I acknowledge to be divine—I have undertaken this work (his own version) for the instruction of the people, without any design of blaming the ancient version.—How do I condemn the ancient translators? In no way; but I labour in the house of the Lord, treading in the footsteps of those who went before me.’—pp. 106, 107.

Is it possible!—is Sir James Bland Burges’s obtuseness of understanding so great, that he cannot perceive how entirely these words

of Jerome *prove the very fact which he brings them to controvert?* Why was this 'clamour raised against Jerome?' Not surely because he translated from the Septuagint, for this was the Scripture with which his opponents were familiar; but because he translated from the Hebrew directly, and thereby incurred the charge of conducting himself like a Jew, and changing the Scriptures (the language in which the sense of Scripture was expressed) from that to which the people were accustomed. To soften this clamour, and to reconcile the prejudices of his opponents, he declares in the words just cited, that he has no intention of blaming the ancient translators, or lessening the authority of the Septuagint; all which expressions prove still more conclusively, that he did not translate from the Septuagint: for how then could it be necessary for him to declare, that he had no intention of lessening its authority?

Such is Sir James Burges's 'first witness.' His second is no less extraordinary.

'I beg leave,' he says, (p. 108.) 'to bring forward my second witness, which is no other than Jerome's own version, which, instead of being a new translation from the original Hebrew, is little more than a literal translation of the Greek Septuagint. The following table contains a collection of sundry portions of Jerome's version, with the corresponding passages of the Septuagint, and of the *Hebrew text literally translated*; which will shew, with their accordance with the former, and their disagreement with the latter, from which source they must have been derived.'

To this 'second witness' our answer shall be very concise. The Hebrew text, *literally translated*, as Sir James calls it, is any thing but that; it is the Hebrew text most vilely distorted from its true meaning; it is, in fact, nothing more than Bellamy's translation of the Hebrew text, which Sir J. Burges has the confidence here also to produce, without stating whose it is, as a literal translation. It would indeed be surprising if Jerome's or any other version should agree with this. But such are the assertions of Sir James Burges, and such is his mode of proving their truth!

We now follow Mr. Whittaker in his investigation of Bellamy's affirmations respecting all modern European translations having been made from the Septuagint and the Vulgate; these, it will be recollected, are as bold and positive as they can possibly be. 'The common translations, in all the European languages, were made from the modern Septuagint and Vulgate.'—'From it (the Vulgate) and the Greek, all the European translations have been made.'—'From the copy of Jerome the Latin Vulgate made its appearance; and from this *contaminated fountain* all the European translations have been made.' These and similar assertions are scattered

scattered through every part of his book. We before proved their glaring falsehood by producing, out of the long list of foreign European versions which, it is notorious, were made from the Hebrew, a few which happened to occur to our recollection. Mr. Whittaker has extended the list, and produced no less than nineteen translations which have been made from the original Hebrew, not to mention many others which have been made from them, and therefore have been virtually derived also from the original Hebrew—not from either the Septuagint or the Vulgate. Translations of this kind (he adds) are so numerous, that a perfect catalogue, accompanied with full proofs that they were not made from the sources alleged by Mr. Bellamy, but directly from the Hebrew, would fill a volume of considerable dimensions. We think it perfectly superfluous to follow him through his list; and shall, therefore, content ourselves with referring the reader (if there be yet any reader who doubts the utter falsehood of Bellamy's assertion on this subject) to the work. Meanwhile, we hasten to the consideration of the different English versions, and especially of the present authorized translation: a subject of primary importance to the English reader, and in which the good faith of the English government and church towards the unlearned part of the public is concerned in no ordinary degree.

It may not be improper to recall to the reader's recollection, the assertions of Mr. Bellamy on this subject, supported, as they now are, by Sir J. Burges. 'From the Latin Vulgate,' says the former, 'all the European translations (including *all made in England*) have been made, thereby perpetuating all the errors of the first translators.'—'The last revision was undertaken in the year 1609, when fifty-four of the most learned men in the universities were appointed: but it appears that they confined themselves to the Septuagint and Vulgate; so that this was only working in the harness of the first translators. Indeed, *it is well known* that there was not a Hebrew scholar among them; the Hebrew language, so indispensably necessary for the accomplishment of this important work, having been most shamefully neglected in our universities.' (*Pref. ii.*)—'Our received version,' chimes in Sir James Burges, 'is little more than a servile translation of the Septuagint and Vulgate.' (*Reasons*, p. 124.)

Our readers will probably obtain a clearer view of the subject, if we first direct their attention to the English translations of the Bible, antecedent to our present authorized one, which are referred to in King James's directions to his translators.

The first was that of Tyndal.

'Tyndal printed the first edition of his Translation of the New Testament, in 1526; of the Pentateuch, in 1530; and of the prophet Jonah,

Jonah, in 1531. Speaking of St. Matthew's Hebraisms, he has said, "if ought seme chaunged, or not altogether agreynge with the Greke, let the finder of the faute consider the *Hebrue phrase or maner of speache left in the Greeke words*, whose preterperfect tense and present tense is oft both one, and the future tense is the optative mode also, and oft the imperative mode in the active voice and in the passive ever. Likewise person for person, number for number, and interrogation for a conditional, and such like, is *with the Hebrues* a common usage." By a man explaining his labour in this manner, we shall hardly be slow to believe that a translation of the "*five Books of Moses from the Hebrew into English*" was made in the true spirit of judiciously preferring the original to a version from it.—*Todd's Vindication*, pp. 22, 23.

The next is that of Miles Coverdale, the first Protestant translation of the whole Bible, published in 1535; considered as the joint production of Tyndal and Coverdale. On the sources from which this version was derived, Mr. Whittaker gives a very satisfactory discussion, (pp. 49, 50) which our limits forbid us to insert; after which he proceeds to a still surer evidence of Coverdale's having translated from the original Hebrew, internal evidence afforded by the version itself. He produces several instances in which this translator conforms closely to the Hebrew, and differs both from the Septuagint and the Vulgate, so as to shew most clearly to what source he referred; and among the rest, one (Isai. lvii. 5.) in which the Septuagint, the Vulgate, Pagninus and Luther, all give the sense of the Hebrew with a certain degree of incorrectness; and Coverdale alone, differing from all these, gives it most correctly; a curious and striking proof both of the fact of Coverdale's translating from the original, and of his ability to do so with critical and learned accuracy.—(*Enq.* p. 52.)

The Bible, called Matthews's Bible, published in 1537, was really edited by John Rogers, who had assisted Coverdale, and been his corrector of the press.

'In consequence,' says Mr. Whittaker, 'of Tyndal's tragical death, and the obloquy now thrown upon his memory, Rogers published this Bible under the name of Thomas Matthewe, whom Mr. Bellamy seems to regard as a real personage. It was printed by Grafton and Whitchurch, at Hamburg, as is supposed, though it bears date, London, A.D. 1537. Bale, Bishop of Ossory, says that Rogers translated the whole Scriptures, and that he used the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German and English Bibles. Johnson also tells us that Coverdale revised this translation "*from the Hebrew*," and it was in fact a mere revision of the former Bible undertaken by Coverdale and Rogers together. It ought to be considered as their joint production in the same manner as the first Bible is regarded as the work of Tyndal and Coverdale.'—*Enquiry*, pp. 59, 60.

The Bible referred to in King James's directions, under the name

name of Whitchurch's Bible, was published in 1539; it is called Archbishop Cranmer's Bible, in consequence of that prelate having written the preface, and the Great Bible, as being of larger size than any before published.

'The title-page,' says Mr. Whittaker, 'informs us that it was translated "*after the vryte of the Hebrue and Greke textes* by the dylygent studye of dyverse excellent learned men, *expert in the forsayd tonges.*" These learned men were Tyndal, Coverdale and Rogers. Previous to republication, A.D. 1541, it was revised by Cuthbert Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, and Nicholas Heath, successively Bishop of Rochester and Worcester, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England and Archbishop of York. The former of these is styled by Anthony à Wood "*a very good Grecian and Hebritian;*" by Bishop Goodwin not only "*a profound divine,*" but "*well skilled in Hebrew;*" and by Erasmus, in one of his epistles, "*homo vitæ inculpatissimæ, utriusque literaturæ ad unguem doctus, nec ullius disciplinæ rudis.*"'—pp. 62, 63.

Of the Geneva version, as Mr. Todd accurately states, the New Testament was published in 1557, and the whole Bible in 1560. It was prepared by English refugees, resident at Geneva, during Mary's persecutions. The translators were Coverdale, Goodman, Gilby, Whittingham, Sampson and Cole, to whom some add John Knox, John Bodleigh and John Pullein. Of these, Archbishop Newcome has pronounced Coverdale, Gilby and Whittingham, the chief and most learned. They state in their preface, that they had been for two years and more, day and night, occupied in this translation. And, as they chiefly observed the sense, and laboured always to restore it to integrity, so they had most reverently kept the propriety of the words, and had in many places reserved the Hebrew phrases. To a charge brought against them, of professing to translate from their master Beza, their defender, Dr. Fulke, replies, 'It is a very impudent slander. The Geneva Bibles do not profess to translate out of Beza's Latin translation, but *out of the Hebrew and Greek*: and, if they agree not always with Beza, what is that to the purpose, if they agree with the original text?' (*Vindication*, p. 30, 31.)

The last translation of the Bible, antecedent to that of King James, is known by the name of the Bishops' Bible, published under Queen Elizabeth's authority in 1568; it was the authorized version till the present was formed.

'Archbishop Parker had the superintendence of the whole work, different portions of which were assigned to the most learned men in the realm. These seem again to have associated others with them, so that we frequently hear of men, unmentioned in the Archbishop's list, who nevertheless had a share in this translation. According to the best authorities the following arrangement was adopted in distributing the different parts of the translation. The Pentateuch was committed to
William

William Alley; Joshua, Judges and Ruth to Richard Davies; the two Books of Samuel, two Books of Kings, and two of Chronicles to Edwyn Sandys; Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther and Job to Andrew Pearson; the Book of Psalms to Thomas Bentham; Proverbs, not clearly ascertained; Ecclesiastes and Solomon's Song to Andrew Perne; Isaiah, Jeremiah and Lamentations to Robert Horne; Ezekiel and Daniel to Thomas Cole, and the lesser Prophets to no less a character than Edmund Grindall, Bishop of London.

Fortunately we are not left in ignorance of the attainments of these learned men, and the names of some of them would be sufficient evidence of the care with which this translation was conducted. Dr. Alley, Bishop of Exeter, was educated at King's College, from which place he went to Oxford, and there wrote a Hebrew Grammar. Dr. Davies, Bishop of St. David's, to which see he was promoted from St. Asaph, had been employed in translating the Bible into Welsh in conjunction with one Morgan, which employment he probably forsook when the English version required his assistance. Dr. Sandys was Bishop of Worcester, afterwards of London, and ultimately Archbishop of York. He, as well as Dr. Horne, Bishop of Winchester, received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge; and Strype says that "he was a man well skilled in the original languages." In a letter which he wrote to the Archbishop, he complains that the Hebrew had not every where been diligently followed in the Great Bible, and that too great attention had been paid to Münster's Latin translation. Dr. Bentham, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, had been Fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and during his residence there, Anthony à Wood says that "he did solely addict his mind to the study of theology, and to the learning of the Hebrew language." Being ejected from his fellowship in Queen Mary's reign, he retired to foreign countries and became a preacher at Zurich and Basle, but returned on the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The Book of Psalms passed through the hands of Dr. Cox, Bishop of Ely, and perhaps of some other persons. Possibly this prelate may have been originally appointed by Parker, since Bentham was not nominated by the Archbishop, but by the Queen. Dr. Grindall was educated at Magdalen College in Cambridge, and, as well as Bentham, resided abroad during Queen Mary's reign. On his return he was made Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.—His literary attainments in every branch of theological learning have never been doubted, and have been so well described by his biographer, Strype, that to enlarge here upon them would be superfluous.—*Whitaker's Enquiry*, pp. 64—67.

We now turn to our present authorized version, against which the calumnies and insults of Mr. Bellamy and Sir James Burges are principally directed. It must be superfluous to dwell, at any length, on the singular care and pains taken in the formation of this great national work. The King addressed a letter to his archbishops and bishops, requiring them to inform themselves of all such learned men within their several dioceses, as *having especial skill in the Hebrew*

brew and Greek tongues, have taken pains in their private studies of the Scriptures, for the clearing of any obscurities either in the *Hebrew* or in the Greek, or touching any difficulties or mistakings in the former English translation. A careful selection of these persons was made for conducting the translation of the several parts of the Bible, and regulations were made by which each book, and each division of the Bible, were submitted in turn to the judgment of the whole body. After being thus prepared, the whole underwent two or three revisions from committees specially appointed for the purpose. In cases of difficulty letters were addressed to learned persons, requesting their opinion. More than three years were spent in preparing the work in this laborious manner. Thus it had the benefit of all the theological learning and talent to be found at that time in the kingdom; and this, not hastily applied, but with the most ample time for due investigation and deliberation. It is our firm opinion, that there is no instance on record, in any age, or in any nation, of a great public work of a literary nature, having been conducted with such anxious care to guard against error, as the present authorized translation of the Bible.

But, says Mr. Bellamy, all the care that could be employed in selecting persons for the task was of no avail, for no persons properly qualified could be found. 'The Hebrew language had then been *most shamefully neglected* in our Universities.'—'It is *well known* that there was not a critical Hebrew scholar among them,' (the persons employed on the authorized translation.) We know not that we ever encountered a more severe trial of our patience than in finding a person, like Mr. Bellamy, mean in talents, devoid of all general information, without a particle of classical education, bred, as we understand, to a mechanic trade, and who has deserted that trade to pick up a few scraps of Hebrew, daring to pronounce judgment in this presumptuous manner on the character and attainments of some of the greatest scholars of their own, or any other age.

Let us hear, however, Mr. Whittaker.

'Had this gentleman (meaning Mr. Bellamy) consulted any historical authority, or in the slightest degree investigated the characters of our translators, he would have found that many of them were celebrated Hebrew scholars, and could not have failed to perceive that the sacred language was at that time cultivated to a far greater extent in England than it has ever been since. We have already seen that twelve editions of the Hebrew Bible were printed before the year 1527, four of which were published in one year. Ever since the first dawn of literature in Europe, the study of the Scriptures in the original languages had been an object of the warmest enthusiasm. The turn which religious controversy took at the birth of the Reformation compelled all learned men to take their authorities from the inspired text, and not from

from a Romish version.—In the year 1540, King Henry the Eighth appointed regular Hebrew Professors, and the consequences of this measure were instantaneous. In Queen Elizabeth's reign no person who pretended to eminence as a learned man was ignorant of this language, and so very common did it become, that the ladies of noble families frequently made it one of their accomplishments. We do not require to be told in the nineteenth century, that, when Capnio, Luther, Pagninus and Felix Præsentis flourished, *Christians indeed knew very little of Hebrew*. Neither must the public be informed that, in the age which produced such men as Bellarmine, Sixtus Senensis, Montanus, Buxtorf and Morinus, and educated scholars like Cappellus, Walton and Pole, the King of England found none of his subjects competent to translate the Scriptures from the original Hebrew only, but employed men who had not a single critical Hebrew scholar among them, and were compelled to confine themselves to the Septuagint and the Vulgate. Does Mr. Bellamy imagine that the dauntless effrontery with which he makes these assertions will pass as a guarantee for their truth, or that all records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have perished?

‘Under Queen Elizabeth and King James, who were not only the patrons of learning by their institutions, but examples of it in their own persons, Hebrew literature prospered to a very great extent, and under the last of these monarchs attained its greatest splendour. The Universities, and all public bodies for the promotion of learning, flourished in an extraordinary degree, and at this happy juncture our translation was made. Every circumstance had been conspiring during the whole of the preceding century to extend the study of Hebrew. The attempts of the Papists to check the circulation of the translations, the zeal of the Protestants to expose the Vulgate errors, the novelty of theological speculations to society at large, and even the disputes of the Reformed Churches, gave an animated vigour to the study of the original Scriptures which has never since been witnessed.’—*Enquiry*, pp. 99—104.

After this just and forcible statement, we cannot forbear to quote one particular testimony to the literary character of the age, incidentally adduced by Mr. Todd. It comes from the pen of a contemporary, Dr. George Hakewill, in a work first published in 1627.

“This latter age,” he says, “hath herein (in grammar) excelled so farre, that all the great learned scollers, who have of late risen, specially if they adhered to the Reformed churches, have been by the fryers, and such like people, in a kinde of scorne, termed grammarians. But these grammarians—are they who have presented us, with so many exact translations out of Greke and Hebrew into Latine, and again out of Latine into other languages. To which may be added, the exquisite helpe of dictionaries, lexicons and grammars, in this latter age, beyond the precedent, not only for the easier learning of the western languages, Latine, Italian, Spanish and French; but especially the Easterne, the Hebrew, the Chaldee, the Syriacke, the Arabique. Of all the auncient Fathers, but only two (among the Latines St. Hierome, and

and Origen among the Grecians) are found to have excelled in the Orientall languages; *this last century* having afforded more skilfull men that way than the other fiftene since Christ."—*Todd's Vindication*, p. 66.

But the imputations of Mr. Bellamy are not confined to the age in which the version was made; they are applied also to the individuals engaged in it.—‘It is well known (he says) that there was not a critical Hebrew scholar among them.’ Well known! Is it even suspected by any one, whose talents or acquirements rank a single step higher than his own?

In order to confute this slanderous imputation on the venerable men, to whose services on this great occasion posterity has been so much indebted, Mr. Todd and Mr. Whittaker have taken pains in collecting such historical notices as have been preserved respecting them. It has happened, it is true, that many of them, persons of retired habits and unassuming learning, respected as they were in their immediate sphere, have left no record of their talents and acquirements to posterity, beyond the fact of their having been selected to assist in this work. But, respecting a large portion of them, sufficient is known to claim for them a very high rank of eminence, both as men of general learning and as theologians, and to place beyond all doubt the extent of their qualifications as translators of the Bible from the original tongues.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the particular history of each individual; but we deem it so important to afford a complete confutation of the calumnious assertions which have been made, that we cannot prevail on ourselves wholly to pass them over.

Among the learned persons then employed on our authorized translation are found the following:—

Lancelot Andrews, the celebrated Bishop of Winchester, a man who has always been ranked among the first scholars of his age, well known for his attainments in theology and other branches of learning, and declared by Bishop Buckeridge, who preached his funeral sermon, to have understood fifteen languages.

John Overal, Bishop of Norwich, author of several well known works, a person eminent for his great attainments in theological learning, to which he was solely indebted for his advancement.

Adrian Saravia, the intimate friend of Hooker and Whitgift, who is said by Anthony Wood to have been educated in all kinds of literature, in his younger days; especially in several languages.

Robert Teigh, Archdeacon of Middlesex, called by Anthony Wood, ‘an excellent textuary,’ and a profound linguist, and therefore employed in the translation of the Bible.’

William Bedwell, esteemed the first Arabic scholar of his time,
and

and author of several works connected with oriental literature; to him the learned Dr. E. Pocock and Dr. Lightfoot were indebted for instruction and acquirements in that language.

Edward Lively, Regius professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, who is said to have been exceeded by none of that age in oriental literature. The translation was retarded by his death, which occurred during its progress. He published, among other works, annotations on five of the minor prophets, with a Latin interpretation *ad normam Hebraicæ veritatis*.

Laurence Chaderton, afterwards Master of Emanuel College, of whom it is stated, in a life of him published by Dillingham, that he was 'intimately acquainted with the Greek and Hebrew languages, and a diligent investigator of the Rabbinical writings, as far as they were useful for scriptural interpretation.'

Thomas Harrison, Vice-master of Trinity College Cambridge, who, in a work entitled *Harrisonus honoratus*, &c. a C. Dalechamptio Cantab. 1682, is mentioned as very distinguished 'ob eximiam Hebræi Græcique idiomatis peritiam.'

John Reynolds, president of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, who also died during the progress of the work. He is described by Wood as 'most prodigiously seen in all kinds of learning, most excellent in all tongues,' a living library and a third University; and Hall says of him, that 'the memorie, the reading, of that man, were near to a miracle.'

Richard Kilby, Rector of Lincoln College, who left, among the fruits of his learning, Commentaries on Exodus, chiefly formed from the monuments of the Rabbins and Hebrew interpreters.

Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who, together with Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, was a final revisor of the translation. Anthony Wood says of him, 'so conversant was he and expert, in the Chaldaic, Syriac and Arabic, that he made them as familiar to him, almost, as his native tongue. Hebrew also he had at his fingers' ends.' He wrote the preface to this translation.

William Dakins, described by Ward as having been thought fit to be employed in this work 'for his skill in the original tongues.'

Henry Savil, afterwards Sir Henry Savil, of Merton College, Oxford, and Provost of Eton, a most learned man as well as a munificent patron of learning; editor of Chrysostom's works.

John Bois, who was considered one of the first Greek scholars of the age; described also as extremely well acquainted with the Hebrew language, of which he had acquired the knowledge at a very early age.

Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, one of the final revisors of the work, of whom it is said by Anthony Wood, that he became so complete in divinity, so well skilled in languages, so read in the Fathers

Fathers and Schoolmen, so judicious in making use of his readings, that at length he was found to be no longer a soldier, but a commander in chief in the spiritual warfare.

To these we will only add the names of Harding, King, Spalding and Byng, *all of whom* held the situations of Regius Professor of Hebrew in their respective universities.

Such are a few* (and but a few) amongst those brilliant lights of learning, the illustrious and venerable sons of our church, the champions of her faith, the ornaments of the age in which they lived, of whom Mr. Bellamy has dared to speak with contempt, as mean in attainments, and ill qualified for the office committed to them. The only excuse that can possibly be framed for him is, that he laboured under complete ignorance of the truth : but who can allow the validity of such an excuse, in a case where this foul defamation of the illustrious dead is calculated to produce the most injurious consequences among those who have been taught to confide in their valuable labours?

Far other than this has been the judgment pronounced on our authorized translators and their work, by persons really competent to decide on their merits. Unwilling as we are to enlarge on the testimonies to this effect, we are still tempted to think that the chaste and simple eloquence of the following passage, written by Dr. Field, Dean of Gloucester, soon after the formation of our present version, will find pardon with our readers for its introduction.

“ Lest either the strangeness of the language wherein these Holy books were written, or the deepness of the mysteries, or the multi-

* Sir J. Burges, in his Reply to Mr. Todd, has the confidence to say (p. 28) that, on examining his (Mr. Todd's) account of the translators, he finds only nine to whom he himself ascribes any knowledge of Hebrew; and that, from this number, two are to be deducted, by which they are reduced to seven. This statement is so grossly inaccurate, that it is difficult to conceive he thought of giving the fact. First, the two, that he mentions, are *not* to be deducted: for one of them, Bois, though specially employed on the Apocrypha, was a reviser of the whole; and the other, Professor Lively, though he died before the work was completed, lived long enough to render material assistance. Secondly, instead of nine, Mr. Todd mentions no less than seventeen, respecting whom some notice is produced either that they were professors of Hebrew, or specially versed in Hebrew, or generally skilled in languages so as manifestly to include the Hebrew. But, thirdly, how can he affirm that Mr. Todd, or any one else, ascribes a knowledge of Hebrew *only* to those, respecting whom some particular testimony happens to be discovered? No doubt is entertained by any one who understands the matter, that they were *all* well skilled in the original tongues, and excellently qualified for the office to which they were appointed. It is really singular that, in opposition to Bellamy and Sir J. Burges, who pretend to dispute their competence, (which was never called in question before,) there should be at this late period the means of bringing positive testimony to the qualifications of so many amongst them. The inference respecting the rest is, that they were, undoubtedly, equally well qualified, although we can bring *now* no proof of it besides their having been most carefully selected in a learned age for this important task, and having performed it so well.

plicity of hidden senses contained in them, should any way hinder us from the clear view and perfect beholding of that heavenly brightness, God hath called and assembled into his church out of all the nations of the world, and out of all people that dwell under the arch of heaven, *men abounding in all secular learning and knowledge, and filled with the understanding of holy things, which might turn these Scriptures and Books of God into the tongues of every nation; and might unseal this book, so fast elapsed and sealed, and manifest and open the mysteries therein contained, not only by lively voice, but by writings to be carried down unto all posterities.*—From hence, as from the pleasant and fruitful fields watered with the silver dew of Hermon, the people of God are nourished with all saving food: Hence the thirst of languishing souls is restinguished, as from the most pure fountains of living water, and the everlasting rivers of paradise. Hence the want of needy souls is supplied as out of the best and richest store-house in the world. Hence the soldiers of Christ are armed, as out of the best armoury, that they may be able to overthrow the madness of infidels and the suries of hereticks. From hence, as out of the school of all heavenly virtues, all the life, manners and duties of men are framed and fashioned aright; the unlearned are taught; the learned are exercised; they that are fallen are holpen that they may be able to rise again; they that stand are preserved from the danger offalling. In a word, there is nothing honest, nothing profitable, pleasant, great or rare and excellent, tending either to instruction, godliness of life, or the attaining of endless happiness, but here it may be found.”—*Todd's Vindication*, *preface*, pp. xi. xii.

From the vindication of the character of the age in which this version was made, and of the individuals employed upon it, we now turn to meet another objection advanced on the same side by Mr. Bellamy's coadjutor, Sir James Bland Burges. This gentleman, referring to what took place at the Hampton Court conference, quotes the King's words ‘that he had never yet seen a Bible well translated into English, though he thought the Geneva the worst;’ and thence infers ‘that the sole reason, assigned for the introduction of a new translation, was, *the notoriously corrupted state of all the other existing versions.*’ (*Enquiry*, p. 118). Now we beg to ask, where does he find this complaint of the *notoriously corrupted state* of existing versions? James merely says that he had never seen a Bible *well translated*, words, which, as Mr. Todd justly remarks, can imply no more, than that as yet he had seen no English Bible, in which there were not passages capable of improvement. Had not this been his meaning, he would have been guilty of great inconsistency, in afterwards directing his translators to follow the principal of these English versions, as far as the original would permit.’

‘As to the particular censure,’ Mr. Todd proceeds, ‘of the Geneva Bible; it was probably uttered for private reasons, unconnected with its merits as a translation. For, indeed, against the notes annexed to the Geneva translation (and not the version itself) his Majesty publicly contended,

contended, pronouncing some of them very partial, untrue, seditious, &c.'—p. 21.

Sir James Burges quotes the King's instructions to the translators, and infers from them that it was by no means his intention that they should frame a new translation from the original Hebrew, but only a collation or revision of the existing English versions. Now, even if this were the case, we leave the reader to judge whether there would be any ground for the conclusion at which he aims, that our present version is 'little more than a servile translation of the Septuagint and Vulgate.' We have seen that the previous English versions, Tyndal's, Coverdale's, the Geneva, &c. were all made by persons well skilled in Hebrew, and bear internal proofs of having been drawn from the original tongue as the sole authority, not from the Septuagint or the Vulgate. If, therefore, it were true that our present version was made from the preceding, without any reference to the original, it would still be most untrue that this version was made directly or indirectly from the Septuagint or the Vulgate. But his inference from the king's instructions is so contrary to their true and obvious meaning, that it is quite inconceivable how he could have fallen into so grievous a misapprehension. The instructions, to which he refers particularly, are the 1st and the 14th. They are as follows:

1. The ordinary Bible read in the church commonly called 'the Bishops' Bible,' to be followed, and *as little altered as THE ORIGINAL will permit.**

14. These translations to be used, when they agree better *with the text* than the Bishops' Bible, viz. Tyndal's, Coverdale's, Matthew's, Whitchurch's, Geneva.

Sir James omits the 15th instruction, (probably it was not found in his copy,) which Mr. Todd (p. 11.) supplies from Bishop Burnet's copy derived from Dr. Ravis, one of the translators. It directs that three or four of the most ancient and grave divines in either of the Universities, not employed in translating, should be 'overseers of the translation *as well Hebrew as Greek.*'

Now, how any man in his senses could understand from these directions, that the translators were not to make a new translation from the original, is to us wholly inconceivable. The 1st instruction says that the ordinary Bible then in use was to be as little altered, as the truth of the original would permit. What was this, but to imply that it was to be altered wherever the original required? in other words, that the original was always to be assumed as the basis, the sole standard authority to which reference was to be made, but that the sense of the original, when correctly ascer-

* In a more correct copy followed by Mr. Todd, it stands 'as the truth of the original will permit.'

tained, was to be expressed, as far as could be done, in the words of the Bishops' Bible. Precisely the same meaning is to be derived from the 14th instruction. It directs, from what other translations the words are to be adopted when they agree better *with the text* than those of the Bishops' Bible. With what text? can there be a doubt that it is meant, with the original text; and that this original text was to be the basis of the whole? Then again, the 15th instruction expressly mentions the 'translation as well Hebrew as Greek,' implying the fullest understanding that it was to be made from the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New.

It is clear, then, beyond all question, that the drift of the king's instructions is this. The translators were to ascertain, with their best critical skill, the sense of the original text, and to make that text their sole authority; in expressing the sense in English, they were to employ in the first instance the words of the Bishops' Bible, where they rightly gave the meaning. Where the Bishops' Bible did not convey the sense, they were to apply to the words of Whitchurch's, Matthews's, &c.; where none of these correctly gave the sense of the original, they were of course to express it in words of their own. The king wisely considered that it would be very injurious needlessly to shock the prejudices of the people by altering the words of the Bibles with which they had been familiar, where the sense did not require it; and, therefore, ordered that those words should be retained, where, in justice to the original, this could be done.

But we have to meet Sir James Burges on another point, in which he has fallen into *error*—we use the mildest word that our sense of duty to the public permits us to employ: sincerely regretting, at the same time, that he should have thought proper, in reference to what we stated on this very subject, to accuse us of a gross and wilful suppression of the truth; as if he were anxious to prove himself a worthy disciple of John Bellamy, as well in language, as in knowledge and humility! He says (p. 122.) that the translators themselves acknowledge, in their preface, that they did not make a new translation. We before desired the reader to recollect that they entitle their work '*The Holy Bible, translated out of the original tongues*, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised;' and quoted a passage from their preface in which they say, 'if you ask what they (the translators) had before them, truly it was the *Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the Greek of the New*.' We now produce another equally to the purpose. '*The scriptures in these tongues*, (the Hebrew and the Greek,) '*we set before us to translate*, being the tongues wherein God was pleased to speak to his church by his prophets

prophets and apostles.' All this is as plain as language can be. If, therefore, they did not translate from the original tongues, they were disingenuous towards the public; and, if they have any where stated that they did not, they are inconsistent with themselves. How then does Sir J. Burges support his charge against them? He quotes a passage from the preface, in which they say, 'they never thought from the beginning that they should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; but their endeavour and mark was, to make a good one better, or, out of many good ones, one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against.' The meaning of these words, especially when coupled with those before quoted, is too clear to admit of the slightest doubt. The translators intended, out of many good translations, to make one better: how? by referring to the original, ascertaining critically its sense, and then expressing it in the words of one of those translations, if they would suit, and, if not, in a correcter form. This they were instructed to do; this they affirm that they did, and this it may be, and has been, proved by internal evidence that they did. 'They forgot not the deference due to preceding versions, they admitted the advantages to be derived from them, yet looked to nothing, *as authority*, but the original tongue.'—*Todd*, p. 47. So much ground is there for Sir J. Burges's calumnious imputation, from the very words which he adduces to support it.

We now turn to accompany Mr. Whittaker in the further consideration of Mr. Bellamy's merits as a translator. We produced, from his first part, such glaring proofs of his ignorance in the plainest principles of Hebrew, as we thought must more than suffice for the satisfaction of every reader, stating, at the same time, that we should not have the slightest difficulty in multiplying them to any extent that might be desired. Mr. Whittaker has spared us the trouble of any further investigation; for he has put his patience to the severe trial of making a list of the principal blunders, and produced such a mass as must be perfectly astonishing even to those who are best acquainted with our former articles on the subject.

'It was intended (Mr. Whittaker says) to give a list of certain passages from the Hebrew Bible, accompanied with proofs of the incorrectness of Mr. Bellamy's translation; but, upon entering into a calculation of their number, it very soon appeared that they would increase the bulk of this volume far beyond the author's intention. A selection of about half their number has therefore been made, and it was thought proper to place them in an Appendix. Those mistakes which have arisen from giving words a different sense from that which they really bear, or other senses which they may in some cases require,

comprising all perversions which do not involve the charge of grammatical ignorance, will not be noticed at all. Had any attempt been made to collect such errors, the pile would have been gigantic. By referring to the Appendix the reader will find that our author has made futures, preterites; active verbs, passive; infinitive verbs, participles; and confounded all the conjugations and tenses together in a mass of indescribable confusion. Nouns are made verbs and verbs nouns, pronouns are metamorphosed into conjunctions, and conjunctions into pronouns; in short, Mr. Bellamy has used all the parts of speech indiscriminately for one another, as if his translation had been the effect of blind chance. Had not this gentleman made very many professions of rendering the Hebrew word for word, and in the most literal manner possible, we might have imagined that he had occasionally made an active verb passive, or *vice versa*, for the sake of euphony, to make his periods more melodious and pleasing to English ears; but his own language renders this supposition impossible, and it is to be observed that his ungrammatical alterations do not produce this effect, but always render the sentences more harsh, as well as more obscure, than they are in the English Bible.—*Enquiry*, p. 282—284.

Since the appearance of Mr. Whittaker's 'Enquiry,' a second part of Mr. Bellamy's new translation of the Bible has appeared.—He has himself told us that, when he published his first part, he had devoted not less than *twenty years* to this work: considering with how little advantage this long period had been employed, it was not to be expected that the addition of a few months would much affect his competence as a translator. Our readers, therefore, will not be surprized to hear that, in his second part, he is still himself; the same in ignorance both of Hebrew and of English, in blundering, in carelessness, in arrogant vaunting of his own opinion, and in insolent contempt of that of all others. We have been hesitating whether it could be worth while to produce any specimens of his blunders from this part, and we only determine to do so from the recollection that there is *one* person (perhaps two) who will believe in the fidelity and correctness of his translation.

In the impossibility of producing even a hundredth part of those which are to be found, we will, for the present, confine our attention to the first chapter of Exodus.

V. 7. 'But the children of Israel encreased, *thus* they brought forth and multiplied, for they became exceedingly mighty: and *filled* the land before them.'

To say nothing of his rendering the copulative ו in this one verse by four different words, *but, thus, and, for*, he translates וַתִּמְלֵא 'and filled,' as if it were the third pers. plur. with 'the children of Israel' for the nominative. Now the word is the third pers. fem. sing. fut. in niph. (with ו conversive) corresponding to the Latin impleta est, manifestly agreeing with וַתִּמְלֵא, impleta est terra

terra iis, which he has rendered, through sheer ignorance, as if it was 'impleverunt (illi)'. In addition to this, he translates the preposition **אֶת** 'before,' instead of 'with,' its most usual and its obvious sense in this place.

V. 9. Received Translation—'And he (the king of Egypt) said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel *are* more and mightier than we.' The words of the latter clause are **רַב וְעַצוֹם מִמֶּנּוּ**. The words **רַב** and **עַצוֹם** are manifestly adjectives, and being followed by the preposition **מִן** are used, according to a well-known Hebrew idiom, in a comparative sense, 'more (or more numerous) and mightier than we,' the verb '*are*' being supplied in italics, as obviously necessary to the sense. Mr. Bellamy renders the latter clause 'a multitude which will be stronger than us.' And he complacently adds, 'This (the received translation) does not agree with the history; for, had the Hebrews been more and mightier than the Egyptians, they might have delivered themselves without the interference of the divine power. There is no authority for the word *are*; and the word **וְעַצוֹם** reads *and will be stronger*.' Here is error on error! 1st. There is not the slightest foundation for his assertion that the received translation does not agree with the history. He forgets that the Egyptian is speaking, and, in his fear, represents the Israelites as become more numerous and stronger than his own people; it does not follow that they actually were so. 2. He renders **רַב** as a substantive, whereas it is clearly an adjective. 3. He falsely charges the translators with inserting *are* 'without authority.' They insert it, (as he himself inserts words continually,) expressly marking it in italics, to shew that there is no corresponding word in Hebrew, but that it is necessary to express the sense in English. 4. He renders the copulative **וְ** as a pronoun relative 'which.' 5. He makes the tremendous blunder of taking **עַצוֹם** for a verb in the future 'will be stronger,' whereas it is a noun adjective, as his own words manifestly shew: or if he knew **עַצוֹם** to be an adjective, but inserts '*will be*' to complete the sense, then he actually commits the very error which he falsely charges upon the translators.

We give v. 10. of his translation, as a specimen of his English, and of his skill in punctuation, the latter being a point on which, as we know, he particularly prides himself.

'Come, we will do wisely with *him*: or *he* will multiply, for it will be, when ye proclaim war, if joining also himself with our enemies; then he will fight against us, and ascend out of the land.'

V. 12. R. T. 'And they (the Egyptians) were grieved *because* of the children of Israel.' The meaning is clear; the Egyptians were grieved on account of the increase and strength of the Is-

raelites. The word rendered 'because of,' is כִּמְעַי, which frequently bears this sense. See Deut. xxviii. 20. Nehem. v. 15, &c. Now Mr. Bellamy translates 'and they lamented *before the face* of the children of Israel,' a rendering which, even if tolerated by the Hebrew, (which is doubtful,) departs most widely from the sense; since it expresses, not that the Israelites were the *cause* of their lamenting, but that they lamented in their presence, which *must* be wrong.

V. 13. R. T. 'And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve, with rigour.' The verb עָבַד, it is known, signifies 'to serve;' it here occurs in the hiphil form, third plur. fut. with וְ conversive, וַיַּעֲבֹד, 'and caused to serve.' Mr. Bellamy renders it as if it were in kal not in hiphil, וַיַּעֲבֹד; and this to the utter confusion of all sense; for the whole history shews that the Egyptians inflicted rigorous servitude on the Israelites, not that they endured servitude from them.

V. 16. R. T. 'When ye do the office of midwife to the Hebrew women;' a literal rendering of the Hebrew words. Mr. Bellamy renders, 'when ye deliver the Hebrews;' (the original is femin. 'Hebrew women,' and ought to be conveyed in English,); and then observes—'The words "do the office of a midwife to" are supplied;' so that there are seven words in the 'common version which have no authority in the Hebrew.' He here affirms a positive falsehood; there is not a single word inserted without authority from the Hebrew. The words 'when you do the office of midwife to,' are given as the literal translation of בִּילִדְכֶן, and do most faithfully give that sense. Such is the manner in which he slanders our translators!

V. 17. R. T. 'But saved the men children alive.' The verb signifies 'to live,' in hiphil, 'to cause to live,' and therefore is most closely rendered by our translators. On this Mr. Bellamy, with his wonted sagacity, remarks, 'If they were saved, they were saved alive; there is no authority for "*saved alive*."' Very good. Such is his decision here. But only five verses farther on (v. 22.) the same verb recurs, and how does he translate it? 'Every daughter ye shall *save alive*,' the very expression which he had just condemned!

V. 18. R. T. 'And have saved the men children alive.' Mr. Bellamy renders 'and *how* saved the children.' There is nothing in the Hebrew for 'how,' which he inserts without the least authority. Nor is there any possible meaning in the insertion: for Pharaoh's question to the midwives applies, not to the manner in which they preserved the children, but to the fact of their preserving them at all.

V. 19

V. 19. R. T. 'For they are lively,' Mr. Bellamy renders 'behold they recover,' without the most distant authority from the original. כִּי is a causal, 'because,' 'for.' הֵנָּה the pronoun plur. fem. 'they'; חַיִּים partic. plur. fem. from חָיָה 'to live.' 'Are' is inserted in italics by our translators to fill up the sense. Now Mr. Bellamy entirely omits כִּי, inserts 'behold' without the slightest authority from the Hebrew, and converts חַיִּים into a verb! We have no doubt that he mistook הֵנָּה (illæ) for הֵנָּה ecce, and therefore inserted 'behold.'

V. 20. R. T. 'And waxed very mighty.' On these words, Mr. Bellamy has the following exquisite note:—

'There is no authority for the word *waxed*, it is not only unmeaning, but improper. The word *wax* means a thick tenacious matter; and *to wax* means *to smear*, or join with wax. But certainly there is no sufficient reason to be assigned, why the English dictionary compilers should give to the verb the sense of growing, encreasing, or becoming bigger or more.'

What terms of admiration will Sir J. Burges find for his great master, when he discovers that he is not less profoundly skilled in English than in Hebrew!—But we cannot trifle on so serious a subject. With a degree of ignorance of which there can only be one example more in the kingdom, Mr. Bellamy confounds the verb neuter 'to wax,' to grow, to encrease, (from *peaxan*, *Sax.* wachsen, *Germ.*) with the active verb signifying to smear or join with wax!

V. 21. R. T.—'And it came to pass, *because the midwives feared God.*' The Hebrew words are perfectly clear, and there is no room for any doubt. Mr. Bellamy translates, 'So it was, when *they saw* the midwives *feared* God,' where he inserts '*they saw*,' without the least authority from the Hebrew: our only way of accounting for it is, that he blundered between יָרָא the plur. fut. of רָאָה to see, and יִרְאוּ the plur. præter. of יָרָא to fear; and then, because he did not know how to render the word, made sure of the matter, by translating it *both ways in the same sentence, although the word itself occurs but once!*

Ibid. R. T.—'And made them houses;' 'them' being in the dative, 'for them,' as the English idiom admits. 'This,' says Mr. Bellamy, 'is improper as to expression; and the לְ 'for,' prefixed to הֵם is omitted.' He is evidently ignorant that 'them,' without the preposition expressed, can signify the dative; 'made them houses,' and 'made houses for them,' are perfectly synonymous.

Let the reader call to mind that the foregoing instances (a small part only of those that might be produced) of egregious blundering, of gross ignorance both of Hebrew and of English, of carelessness,

of

of inconsistency with himself, and of false imputations on our authorized translators, occur in the very first chapter in his book, where the language is as plain, as unambiguous, and free from difficulties as any chapter in the Bible: what then must be the probable aggregate of such instances in the whole of this second part, comprising upwards of eighty chapters, most of them of greater length than this which we have examined? But we need not have recourse to probabilities. Blunders and absurdities stare us in the face in every page, and may be produced usque ad nauseam.

Thus at Exodus ii. 6, he renders literally מִלְדֵי הָעִבְרִים, 'a child of the Hebrews,' mistaking מִלְדֵי for a noun in the sing. instead of the plur., with a preposition prefixed.

Ibid. 7. אִשָּׁה מִיָּנֶקֶת, 'a woman to suckle,' as if מִיָּנֶקֶת were a verb in the infinitive, instead of a participle.

Exodus iii. 1. רָעָה אֶת זֶמַן he renders literally 'shepherd of the flock,' as if רָעָה were a substantive, and אֶת the sign of the genitive case, instead of the accusative.

Ibid. 2. He mistakes יֵרָא pass. visus est, apparuit, for יֵרָא act. vidit, at the beginning of this verse, and renders 'saw,' while the true sense is 'was seen,' 'appeared.'

Ibid. 5. He renders the words אֲשֶׁר אֶחָד עֹמֵד עָלָיו, 'where thou standest before him.' Independently of all other objections to this, as it is the Deity who speaks, it ought to be 'before me' in the first pers. to make any sense: and even this would be wrong.

Exod. ix. 2. He here exceeds his ordinary blundering jargon. The verse is thus read in the received translation, 'For if thou refuse to let them go, and wilt hold them still'—It is plain that the latter clause is correctly given; it stands literally, וְעֹדֵר מְחֹזֵק בָּם, Et adhuc tu detinens illos. Now, says Mr. Bellamy, 'this verse exhibits a specimen of the barbarous state of the English language when the Scriptures were translated.' מְחֹזֵק, is rendered *hold still*; but it is plain that the word *still* is unnecessary; for, if he held them, he held them still.' Excellent logician! He has not wit enough to see that *still* is *adhuc*, the translation of עֹד. Again, 'The word וְעֹדֵר is, in the common version, rendered '*and wilt*.' It is no such thing; it is rendered correctly 'and thou still,' et tu adhuc. But let us observe his own improved translation. 'But if thou refuse to send *them*; or henceforth thine detained them;' a model of elegance! The pronoun *thine*, without any thing conceivable to agree with it; and '*henceforth*,' an adverb, carrying on the sense to the future, with the verb '*detained*' in the past! And all this from a man who is to improve on the received translation! and who has the egregious folly to talk of the barbarous state of the English

English language, at a time when it was far more rich; more perfect, and more skilfully and harmoniously modulated than it is at this moment.

The following instance of his utter deficiency in all the qualifications of a competent translator is alarmingly striking. Every person of feeling and taste must have observed the expressive sublimity of the passage (Exod. iii. 14.) where the Deity announces himself to Moses by the title 'I Am that I Am,' a title conveying the most forcible idea of the mysterious nature of Him, to whom the past and the future, through a boundless eternity, are always present, who *is*, for ever and ever, the same, unchanged and unchangeable. Mr Bellamy, with a superior insight into the original language, translates it thus, 'I will be because I will be!' rendering the verbs in the future sense, and the pronoun *אשר* *who, which, that*, in the unusual adverbial sense, '*because*.' The clause in the common translation *having no determinate meaning*, he is constrained (he says) to translate it as it is in the original, viz. in the future tense. He labours in a long confused note, till he is quite lost in a maze of absurdity, to explain what he conceives to be meant by the passage as he interprets it, and he seems to make it bear reference to the time of the Messiah, when all types and sacrifices should be abolished! With respect to his being 'constrained' to translate the passage in the future tense, he elsewhere broaches the preposterous notion that, because there is no regular present tense in the Hebrew tongue, the Hebrews had no mode of expressing a present sense; while it is known to every reader of the language that they had various modes of expressing it, sometimes by the future and the præterite, sometimes by a participle.

It will be remembered that one of Mr. Bellamy's professed objects in his new translation, is to remove the cavils of infidels to the Bible. The plan pursued in his First Part was to state the objection to a passage in the broadest terms of exaggeration, and leave the confutation of it to the proof he was able to adduce that it had always been erroneously interpreted, and that his new translation established a sense to which the objection did not apply. In his Second Part he proceeds in the same course, and with the same degree of success. One example may suffice.

In the passage of the book of Exodus, in which it is related that the Almighty, after having punished, by various judgments, Pharaoh and his people for detaining the Israelites in opposition to his declared will, at last inflicted a more signal judgment by slaying all their first-born, both of man and beast; Mr. Bellamy contends that this meaning has been derived from Scripture, *solely* through the mistakes of all interpreters in every age; and that the real sense is, that God destroyed, not the first-born of man and beast, but the *firstling*

firstling animals which were (as he gratuitously assumes) the idols then worshipped by the Egyptians. On this grand discovery he bursts into the following rhapsody.

‘ Now for the credit of the Bible, of the Christian religion, of humanity, and in justification of the unimpeachable moral justice of God, let it be made known to all infidels, and published in all Christian nations, that there is not any mention made in the original Hebrew text of destroying the first-born children of the Egyptians, but only every idol which was the firstling of beasts.’

The question, he says, has often been asked why the clergy have not given the world the important information of so gross an error having been committed in the received translations of the Bible? and he is kindly and considerately pleased to apologize for them by intimating, that the important work of a national revision of the Bible does not rest with the clergy: as if they allowed the errors, but were prevented by authority from correcting them.

After this display of arrogance, which on any other subject would be ludicrous, let us see how he supports his charge. He begins, after his usual manner, with raking out from the oblivion in which they have long slept, the oft confuted objections of a few dull infidels who have inveighed against these passages, as inconsistent with the merciful character of the Deity. Surely it cannot be necessary to dwell at length on the answers which have over and over been given to this, and a hundred similar objections; namely, that man, with his present limited faculties, cannot be an adequate judge of the dispensations of the Almighty; that instances of sweeping destruction by famine and pestilence, for ends wise no doubt, but for the most part inscrutable by us, are continually taking place under His providential government, of which it would be as reasonable to complain, as of the dispensations of destruction recorded in holy writ. Mr. Bellamy then produces an objection to the received sense, which bears, we think, internal proof of being entirely *his own*. He quotes a passage, (Deut. xxiv. 16.) in which it is said, ‘ neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers;’ and sagaciously infers from it, that the Deity must have contradicted his own command if he really destroyed the unoffending first-born of the Egyptians. Is it possible he can suppose there is a shadow of argument in this? In the passage in Deuteronomy, God is manifestly giving laws for the government of his chosen people, and commanding that the civil magistrate, in the administration of them, should not put the children to death for the sins of their fathers. There is not the most distant reference to any rules prescribed to himself in ordaining his own dispensations; among which, as detailed both in the book of revelation and in the book of nature, it

it is well known that none is more common than the suffering of children for their parents' sins.

The passage which he so marvellously distorts from its true meaning, occurs at Exod. xii. 12. 'I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt, I will execute judgment.' The words translated, 'both man and beast,' are *מֵאִדּוּם וְעַד בְּהֵמָה*, literally 'from man even unto beast,' ab homine usque ad bestiam, in Greek *ἀπὸ ἀνθρώπου εἰς κτήνη*. It is a well known Hebrew idiom for expressing the inclusion of two or more individuals or kinds, precisely corresponding to the English phrase 'both man and beast,' or the Latin, cum hominis tum bestię; or more closely answering to the English expression '*from the highest to the lowest*,' '*from the top to the bottom*.' The two prepositions *מ* and *עַד* occur very frequently in this corresponding form in different parts of the Bible, and we may say with confidence that there is not a single instance in which they do not express the same sense—the inclusion of kinds or individuals mentioned. Thus, Gen. xix. 11, '*Both small and great*.' 1 Sam. xv. 3, '*Both man and woman*,' &c. Now for Mr. Bellamy; 'I will smite every firstling—*before man even to a beast*.' To such a translation there are the following insuperable objections: 1st. It is contrary to the acknowledged use of the language generally, as well as to every recorded opinion of this individual passage in particular. 2d. The preposition *מ*, even if it were not used, as here, in correspondence with *עַד*, does not signify 'before.' We do not assert that no solitary instance occurs in which it may be so rendered in a sense allied to its usual sense, 'from,' but we freely affirm that, to render it 'before,' as if it meant 'in the presence of,' which is the sense he affixes here, is decidedly contrary to every known use of the language. 3d. It is perfectly nonsensical. We suppose he intends, by this uncouth jargon, that every firstling was to be destroyed 'before man, in the presence of man'; what follows, however, 'even to a beast,' can have no conceivable meaning.

But we have not yet done with him respecting this phrase. In the very next chapter, where God is ordaining the consecration of the first-born of the Israelites, in commemoration of their signal deliverance, the same form of words again occurs. 'The Lord slew all the first-born—*both the first-born of man and the first-born of beast*,' *מֵאִדּוּם וְעַד בְּהֵמָה*. Here the word 'first-born' being repeated, the same mode of perverting the sense will not avail him; accordingly he is driven to another shift of translating '*not the first-born of man, but*,' &c. Thus he actually renders the two prepositions *מ* and *עַד* by the two adverbs 'not' and 'but,' without the slightest authority from the use of the language, in defiance of every known opinion,
nay,

may, even in defiance of his own opinion, expressed in the preceding chapter!

We had prepared these remarks on Mr. Bellamy's Second Part, when Mr. Whittaker's Supplement was put into our hands. Here, as before, this gentleman applies his profound and accurate knowledge of the Hebrew tongue to the investigation of Bellamy's merits. 'This selection (he says) of his blunders is considerably more compressed than the former, as none but the more flagrant instances of ignorance and negligence have been recorded: whole classes of them also have been discarded on account of their alarming number.'—(p. 2.) Still, those which appear in his list are in Exodus 99, in Leviticus 63, in Numbers (only fifteen chapters of which occur in the Second Part) 27; total 189. We before stated that we discovered no symptoms of improvement in Mr. Bellamy since the publication of his First Part; we now begin to think that we ought to correct our statement by saying that he appears to have actually retrograded: his blunders in the Second Part being more in number, and not less atrocious in character, than in the First.

But Mr. Whittaker traces his proceedings in another department, in a manner which is highly illustrative of his principles. Mr. Bellamy makes it every where his peculiar boast that he translates solely from the Hebrew without consulting any other version. Mr. Whittaker proves, on the contrary, that he freely copies from other versions, and in particular from the Latin; for in several instances he deviates from the Hebrew in common with that version, in a manner which it is next to impossible he should have done, unless he had copied it.—(*Supplement*, p. 5—8.) But what is still more astonishing, Mr. Whittaker traces him actually copying from that very version, which he takes every opportunity of insulting in the most opprobrious terms. One instance of it is too striking to be omitted. At Leviticus i. 6, the received translation has 'and he shall *slay* the burnt offering.' The word translated '*he shall slay*' is חָפַשׂ. 'This verb in kal means "to put off," or to strip; in hiphil "to cause another to strip," viz. either clothes or skin, and therefore, in the present instance, means "to *slay*" any animal.' Now Mr. Bellamy renders, 'Thus he shall *cause* the offering to be slain.' It is impossible that he should have derived the sense of *slaying* from any lexicon, or from any authorized use of the word, for no such sense was ever given to it. The fact evidently is,—he mistook the received version, and read 'he shall *slay*' instead of 'he shall *slay*,' from the similarity of fl (sl) and fl (fl); and then, observing the word to be in the hiphil form, thought that he should make a grand improvement by rendering 'he shall *cause*—to be slain.' His ridiculous blunder would not have betrayed itself if he had not (for the sake of concealing his obligation)

altered

altered the turn of the expression, so as to use the past participle, when to 'flay' and to 'slay' assume a different form.*

The reader, if we may judge from our own feelings, has by this time had quite enough of Mr. John Bellamy; we proceed, therefore, to consider those parts of Sir James Bland Burges's 'Reasons for a new translation,' which, though they have no bearing whatever on any such reasons, are calculated to mislead the public on some important points. We do this, as well in justice to ourselves as to the cause of truth; for he has attacked us in the grossest manner, and misrepresented our meaning to a degree which cannot well be conceived.

In the outset of his pamphlet, the Baronet affirms that he has been unaccustomed to give a blind and implicit faith to assertions militating against his preconceived opinions, merely because they are confidently pronounced; (p. 2.) and that, consequently, when the strictures of the Quarterly Review on Bellamy's translation first appeared, he thought it his duty to bestow upon them considerable attention. The result, he adds, was, that of *eighteen distinct propositions*, dogmatically laid down by the critic, every one is either positively false, or a gross misrepresentation of the truth. He then modestly hints that, such being his conviction, he entertained the hope that some person 'more especially qualified by his station and his studies' would have condescended to confute these assertions, and that, finding no such person came forward, he had presumed to enter on the undertaking. It would have been well for him if the same modesty had carried him one step farther; had induced him to doubt the justice of his conviction on the ground that he found no one convinced besides himself; and had led him to reflect that the true reason why no person better qualified came forward, *might* be, because no one better qualified thought as he did.

He then proceeds to detail the eighteen propositions, on which, as he affirms, 'the critic rests his cause.' Our readers will be surprized at hearing that we laid down eighteen distinct propositions; for they may search the strictures alluded to from beginning to end, and find no regular statement whatever of propositions. The whole Article consisted, in fact, of general argument and discussion; and, in the sense in which Sir James Burges discovers his eighteen propositions, he might, with equal facility, have discovered eighteen hundred; for he takes sometimes a whole sentence, which we used in our general argument, sometimes half a one, sometimes a quarter of one; and then calls each of these, exactly as suits his purpose, a distinct proposition laid down by us. At the conclusion of his list, he says, 'from these propositions, as

* Supplement, Appendix, p. 27.

from premises not to be controverted, the critic boldly draws his conclusion, that any attempt to make a new translation from the original Hebrew is unnecessary and reprehensible.'—p. 5.

If Sir James really meant to state the truth, he has a most perplexed and tangled understanding. We did not lay down eighteen, or any number of propositions, 'as premises not to be controverted,' and assuredly never came, and never thought of coming, to the conclusion, 'that any attempt to make a new translation from the original Hebrew is unnecessary and reprehensible.'

The conclusions to which we actually did come in that Article, which we have further established in this, and which we defy Sir James Bland Burges and Mr. Bellamy to shake, are these. 1st. That our present authorized version was formed with the greatest care, by persons admirably qualified for the task; that it was made directly from the original tongues, and that, taken as a whole, it conveys the meaning of the original with great accuracy, and great propriety of language. 2d. That Mr. Bellamy is completely destitute of every qualification, as to ability, judgment, knowledge of the original tongues, and of general principles of criticism, which can give him the slightest pretension to improve on our received translation. We never considered that translation as a work which admitted of no improvement, or which it was reprehensible to attempt to improve. On the contrary, we spoke with great commendation of the many learned persons who have devoted their time and talents to the elucidation of Scripture, and only endeavoured to repress the crude attempts of ignorant and incompetent persons, who degrade it by their wild and capricious interpretations. But to proceed.

When we found Sir J. B. Burges drawing up in regular array our 'eighteen propositions,' we naturally expected that he was going, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, to attack them seriatim. But no such thing. From this point to the end of his book, he forgets that he has ever marshalled these propositions, passes over the greater part of them without the most distant allusion, and enters on a long discussion (occupying about two-thirds of his whole volume) respecting the origin and merits of the Septuagint version, in a pretended answer to what he calls our defence of it.

Our readers may recollect, that Mr. Bellamy had pretended that the version now called the Septuagint is different from that which originally bore the name, full of enormous errors, and of no real value in assisting the interpretation of the Hebrew scriptures. In answer to these gross misstatements, we affirmed that it was made about two or three hundred years before the Christian era, at a time when far greater advantages for interpreting the original existed than at present; that from the first it was highly prized by those

those whose opinions deserve the greatest weight ; that it was generally used in the synagogues of all Jews who spoke the Greek language ; and that it is often quoted as Scripture, as well by the inspired writers of the New Testament as by other early writers. We stated further that there is no room for suspicion that the version which we now possess under the name of the Septuagint is not substantially the same as that which originally bore the name. We never meant, of course, to affirm that it had not shared the common fate of all writings of antiquity ; that errors arising from various causes had not here and there crept in, or that, in the progress of time, partial discrepancies had not taken place among the different manuscripts.

Now for Sir James Burges. He opens his discussion respecting the Septuagint with a long dissertation to disprove the well known story of seventy-two interpreters having each independently translated the whole Bible in separate cells, and finding at last that they agreed in every single word. Is Sir James so ignorant of the subject into which he has plunged, as not to know that the miraculous origin of the Septuagint has long been given up by all judicious critics ! We never affirmed, nor thought of affirming its truth. But though this ridiculous discussion is of no possible use to any argument, it answers one very important purpose in Sir James Burges's estimation—that of enabling him to astonish the unlearned reader, by a juggling display of erudition. He traces with much appearance of original research, the history of this wonderful narrative from Aristeas, (the person from whom it is primarily derived,) through Aristobulus, Philo, Josephus, Eusebius, Justin Martyr and others. He makes not the slightest allusion to the numerous other persons who have produced the same quotations from those early writers, but refers to their works, as if he was well acquainted with them. It may not be amiss, therefore, to inform his readers, and ours, that the investigation of the merits of the story related by Aristeas is one of the most stale and hackneyed subjects of theological discussion ; that every thing which is worth saying respecting it has been said centuries ago ; and that, if they will turn to such a common book as Dr. Prideaux's *Connection* (vol. ii. lib. i.) they will find there, at full length, the quotations and references so pompously advanced by the baronet, nearly in the same order and the same words ; Dr. Prideaux himself not pretending to produce it as new matter, but referring to Hody, Dupin, and other preceding writers. True it is, that Sir James, by mixing up some of his own bad reasoning with the good reasoning of others, does what he can to injure the cause which he supports. Notwithstanding this encouragement, however, we feel not the least

disposition to defend the story of the miraculous origin of the Septuagint.

After this trite and useless discussion, which has little to do with the merits of the Septuagint version, and nothing whatever with what we advanced respecting it, he proceeds to deliver his own opinion of its origin with a degree of solemnity that in such a person is truly ludicrous. It is (what he finds, in fact, maintained by almost every writer who has touched upon the subject,)—that: without attributing any sort of weight to the tale of its miraculous origin, this version was framed for the use of the Alexandrian Jews, about the second or third centuries, before Christ, either the whole of the Old Testament having been prepared at once, or, as some think, first the Pentateuch, and subsequently the other books. He then proudly adds—

‘Such being the fair statement of the circumstances attendant on the origin of the Septuagint version—I leave it to the intelligent and impartial reader to decide on the bold assertions of our masterly critic, that “no reasonable doubt can exist that the authors of the Septuagint version possessed the means of making it faithful to the original; and that translations were made when a dialect of the Hebrew was vernacular.”’—p. 64.

There has seldom, we conceive, been displayed a more striking instance of a person being so profoundly ignorant of the method of conducting a plain argument, as to suppose that he is invalidating an opponent’s affirmations at the very time he is confirming them.

Sir James is unable (he says) to comprehend what we meant when we spoke of the general reception of the Septuagint among the Jews *from the first*. (p. 65.) We will assist him a little: We meant that, according to all historical evidence, to the united testimony both of Jews and Christians, and the full belief of all competent judges, the Septuagint version, as it was carefully made for the use of Jews who spoke the Greek language, was, from its first formation, generally received by them, and publicly read in their synagogues, as a true, faithful, and accurate version of Scripture. To produce proofs of this must be quite superfluous: no writer on the subject entertains any doubt of the fact. Scaliger, among others, says that it was read in the synagogues through the whole of Asia, Greece, and Egypt. ‘*All persons*,’ says Walton, ‘agree in this, that it was used, especially among the Hellenistic Jews, *ab ultima antiquitate*, both in public and in private, whence R. Azarias assures us that the interpretation of the Greeks was confirmed by the whole assembly of the Israelites.’ The inspired Evangelists and Apostles often quoted from the Septuagint; this fact alone, if every other testimony were wanting, proves incontrovertibly

tably not only that they believed and knew it to represent Scripture faithfully, but also that it was familiarly used and received by the Jews as Scripture, at that time. Here, then, is what we meant, when we said that it was so generally received 'from the first,' that is, during the centuries immediately succeeding its formation. Is Sir James now able to comprehend it?

We have next a number of pages filled with statements of the practices adopted by the Jews, about a century after the introduction of Christianity, for the purpose of invalidating the evidence which the Old Testament bore to the purity of the Gospel, such as tampering with particular passages of the Septuagint, and procuring persons of their own persuasion to translate anew the Old Testament into Greek, purposely distorting all the texts which were favourable to Christianity; together with an account of the labours of Origen in correcting the copies of the Septuagint, and of the different editions of that version which have since appeared. Every thing that is at all valuable in this discussion Sir James copies, not only in substance, but almost word for word, from Dr. Owen's Inquiry into the present State of the Septuagint version; without, however, making the slightest acknowledgment of the quarter from which he derives it. He is indeed one of the most wholesale but artful plagiarists we have ever known: for he studiously assumes, in every part, the air of an original investigator, and carefully places at the bottom of his page all the references which he finds in his author, so as to make the world believe that they result from his own learned investigations.

We do not think it necessary to follow him over this beaten ground; nor indeed would any reasonable limits suffice to discuss the subject with the fulness with which it ought to be treated, if once entered upon. After all, what is to be inferred from the utmost that can be urged against the integrity of the Septuagint? It is allowed that this version has occasionally suffered from the designs of wilful corrupters, and from the errors unavoidably incidental to frequent transcriptions. It is also allowed by every judicious critic that the Hebrew original has partially suffered from both these causes, for no cause has operated to affect the one, which has not equally affected the other; but, in neither, have these causes operated to an extent sufficient to affect their *general* purity and integrity. 'Take,' says Dr. Kennicott, 'the most faulty MS. now extant in the world, and, I humbly presume, it will be found to contain the same Bible in the main, and to teach the same great doctrines and duties as are taught at present.' The learned Origen, it is true, speaks in strong terms of the errors which had in his time crept into the Septuagint; errors of which some, no doubt, affected the sense, but the greater part of which were variations of

single letters or words of minor importance; such as are found in all ancient manuscripts. This venerable Father, it is known, took incredible pains in collating the different MSS. so as to restore the text to its original purity; and it is allowed, on all hands, that his services in this department were most valuable. In what degree he succeeded, and to what extent partial discrepancies affecting particular passages have crept into the MSS. subsequently to his time, is a question which would be important in a critical discussion of the Septuagint version, but does not bear upon the subject before us. What we before affirmed, and what we continue to affirm without fear of contradiction, is that, taken as a whole, the Septuagint has come down to us in a state of sufficient purity to make it a very valuable mean of guiding us to the interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures.

As to the assertion that our present Septuagint is not substantially the same with that originally designated by the name, it is borne down by such overwhelming proofs to the contrary, that it is perfectly astonishing how any one could dare to make it. The general historical evidence of its identity may probably of itself be deemed sufficient; but this evidence applies with much greater force in the case of the Septuagint than in that of the works of any ancient author, from its having been publicly read as Scripture in many ancient churches, and therefore guarded with the most scrupulous care, the most sacred reverence. Nor is this all. The Apostles and Evangelists undoubtedly quoted in many passages from different parts of the Septuagint; and the very passages which they quoted from the version as it existed in their day, remain in that version as it exists in ours. Again, many of the ancient Fathers, whose works have come down to us, have written commentaries on different books of Scripture which they read according to the Septuagint; for instance, Augustin on the Psalms, Cyril on Isaiah, with many others: and any person comparing their commentaries with the text we now possess, must immediately perceive that it is substantially the same with that which they illustrated. Many of the early Fathers again have made direct quotations from the Septuagint, which appear in our present copies of that version; some have even incidentally remarked on passages in it, to which there are none corresponding in the Hebrew, and vice versâ; and the very same discrepancies which are noted by them are found at the present day.*

Before we finally dismiss Sir J. Burges's publication, we think it right, in justice to ourselves, to advert to one passage, in which he has even outgone himself in a scandalous misrepresentation of our

* See Walton's *Prolegomena*, ix. 37, *et seq.*

meaning.

meaning. In animadverting on Bellamy's absurd pretension of discovering, in plain passages of the Hebrew Scriptures, a sense which had never been thought of before, we remarked how strongly the folly of it was pointed out by the entire concurrence of all translators, ancient and modern, as to the received sense. In particular, we stated that, besides many other versions, the Chaldee Paraphrase, the Septuagint, the versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, as far as they remained, were entitled to consideration in removing doubts as to the sense of the Hebrew, as they were made at a time when many advantages for the right interpretation of that language probably existed, which we do not now possess. It must have been obvious to every reader, that, in stating this, we had not the slightest intention of pledging ourselves for the accuracy of the versions to which we alluded, in every part; we merely meant to say, that, in passages similar to those to which we then referred, (we were speaking of a passage in the book of Genesis,) if the received sense could be deemed at all doubtful, the concurrence of these several versions must make it completely certain. Yet Sir J. Burges, after observing that Aquila translated the Bible with the insidious design of perverting passages bearing testimony to the truth of the Gospel, quotes (copying from Dr. Owen) a particular text (Isaiah xiv. 7.) which he perverts from its true sense of prophetically alluding to our Saviour's miraculous birth; and most unwarrantably insinuates that we approved of Aquila's version *in such passages as this*; and thence infers that, as Reviewers, we have deserted the cause, and sanctioned a passage 'directly contrary to our avowed principles and to the whole tenor of our orthodox and enlightened publication.'—(*Enquiry*, p. 74.)—This gentleman must already have discovered that we entertain no very extraordinary respect for his talents and understanding: but we really do not rate him so very low as to think that he did not, in the passage to which we have alluded, know that our meaning was *not* that which he has represented.

We here take leave of the Baronet. The duty of guarding the public against the errors into which he would lead them, has been by no means a pleasant one, and we greatly regret that he should have adopted a proceeding which has imposed it upon us. We sincerely believe that it is far from his views to impair the credit of the Holy Scriptures; and we therefore lament the more that weakness of judgment which could lead him to act as if he had the worst intentions. It has often happened, that an injudicious friend has proved more prejudicial than an avowed foe; but never, surely, was there a stronger instance of it, than this before us; where a person wishing to support the authority of the Bible, pursues a course by which weapons of the most fatal kind are supplied to its

enemies. We easily see that he has been carried away by the dangerous vanity of seeking to display his erudition in matters of theology; and the stimulant power of the same busy feeling, probably, induced him to obtrude himself into a discussion foreign to his pursuits, and to which he is wholly incompetent. We believe too (and we grieve while we make the humiliating admission) that he is really the dupe of Mr. Bellamy; and that, imposed upon by his bold and confident asseverations, he verily conceives him qualified to improve the present translations of the Hebrew Scriptures! On these accounts, we could have looked with some indulgence on the part he has taken, if he had not assumed a tone of arrogance and invective, which, in a person of his rate of understanding, is perfectly intolerable. For the part of his proceedings which we noticed in the beginning of this article, we cannot possibly frame any adequate excuse; we allude to his production of Bellamy's translation through many pages of his book, under the name of 'a literal translation from the Hebrew,' with a studious concealment of Bellamy's name, in a manner which must lead every reader to suppose that it is a literal translation which he has carefully made himself, or one, at least, for the accuracy of which he is prepared solemnly to vouch. This bears, as we have said, every appearance of a direct and intentional imposition on the public. Our readers have the facts before them, and must judge for themselves.

With regard to Mr. Bellamy, we really grow more convinced, as we become more acquainted with him, that he is perfectly incorrigible. Since the preceding observations were written, he has published what he calls 'A Critical Examination of the Objections made to the New Translation:' in which he again puffs off himself and his performances* in the most extravagant strain; scatters in the wildest profusion opprobrious epithets on all his opponents; pretends to argue while he only gratuitously asserts; and asserts under the profoundest ignorance of every thing on which assertion ought to be founded. In fact, it is the unhappy lot of this writer in his vain endeavours to evince his learning and competence, only to redouble the proofs of his incapacity. But the worst part of his proceeding (and it is a feature of peculiar blackness) is his repeated and wilful misrepresentation of the intention of those who object to his translation. He affirms, in the preface of this last publication, (p. iv.) that 'the design of a few objectors to a new revision of the authorized translation is to shew that errors are consecrated by time, to put a stop to any amendment of the present version, however contradictory to the sacred original, however it

* He especially eulogizes a work which he has recently published under the name of 'The Antideist,' in which he surrenders to the infidel the Bible as it stands in our present version, and considers it to be only defensible, as represented in his translation.

may

may impeach the moral justice of God, &c.” Was there ever a more impudent statement of a palpable untruth?—How often must we repeat that the sole design of those who object to his translation is, to maintain the true sense of Scripture, and to prevent its being grossly perverted and misrepresented? What to say more we hardly know:—but we are almost tempted by this inveterate persistence in detected falsehood, to suspect (and we speak it with equal seriousness and sorrow) that Mr. Bellamy labours under some deficiency of understanding; that he has not, in short, sufficient matter for reason and argument to work upon, and that, therefore, all human means must fail to produce in him any conviction of his error, or to turn him from the evil of his proceeding.

ART. II.—1. *An Essay on certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks.* By the Hon. Frederick Sylv. North Douglas.

2. *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, &c. during the Years 1812 and 1813.* By Henry Holland, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 1819.

3. *Greece, a Poem; with Notes, Classical Illustrations and Sketches of the Scenery.* By William Haygarth, Esq. A.M.

IT is a remark of Lord Byron, that ‘of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough—of the moderns we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve.’ We do not quite agree with the first part of his lordship’s proposition, for we think that we have still much to learn respecting them. Leaving this, however, we readily admit that a multitude of ‘classical’ volumes on Greece has issued from the press since the middle of the seventeenth century: nor ought we perhaps to wonder that a portion of the globe so intensely interesting to the scholar, the artist, and the antiquary, should, by reviving ancient recollections and associations, exert an influence on the feelings, and so completely absorb the eye and the mind of the traveller as to leave him unconscious almost of the present race of mortals, and careless of the existing state of Greece.

‘Yet are her skies as blue, her crags as wild,
Sweet are her groves and verdant are her fields,
Her olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blythe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of her mountain air;
Apollo still her long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli’s marbles glare,
Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.’

It is true that, in most of the accounts of modern travellers, we find, mixed up with the 'remains of ancient glory,' incidental notices of the habits, manners, and condition of the present degraded race of Greeks, more especially in those of our own countrymen. Yet, strange as it may appear, no two maps of Greece are found to agree, nor is there one that is not shamefully defective in all the great features of a country—the mountains, promontories, bays, harbours, creeks, and rivers. We may be allowed, indeed, to notice it as a proof, if not of ignorance, at least of want of taste and feeling, in the compiler of a modern system of geography (Pinkerton) that he has deemed one of the 2565 pages of his three huge quarto volumes sufficient for all Greece, about half a dozen lines for Attica, and half a line for Athens, just to inform the simple reader that 'Atinî, the ancient Athens, is of small population.'

In the cursory view which it is our intention to take of this interesting country, we have no design to swell our pages with notices of ruined cities, temples and tombs; of sacred fountains, hallowed groves, and mysterious caverns; or to seek for coincidences with what Homer and Herodotus may have said, or Strabo and Pausanias described. The task we propose to ourselves is the more humble, though perhaps not the less instructive endeavour of looking at Greece and its inhabitants as they now exist; and of exhibiting, from personal acquaintance, and with the aid of the writers whose names stand at the head of this article, in conjunction with the valuable collections of Mr. Walpole, a general, though necessarily an imperfect sketch of the present condition and state of society among the Greeks.

The peninsula of Greece, properly so called, is a tongue of land jutting into the Mediterranean, like the peninsula of Italy, from which it is separated by the Ionian sea on the west, and from Asia Minor by the Archipelago on the east. In the former sea are situated the Seven Islands constituting the Ionian Republic, which may strictly be considered as a component part of Greece; in the latter, about one hundred islands of various size. All these, together with the peninsula lying between them, compose a territory whose chief population consists of the legitimate descendants of the ancient Greeks.

Assuming the peninsula to commence at the head of the gulf of Salonica on the east, and at that of Avlona on the west, or, about the parallel of $40\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of north latitude, we shall find it extended in the direction of S. S. E. to Cape Colonna (the ancient Sunium) in latitude $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. being about 200 English miles in length, and 100 in mean breadth, and containing an area of about 20,000 square miles. Connected with it on the S. W. by the narrow

narrow isthmus of Corinth, is the sub-peninsula of the Morea (the ancient Peloponnesus), containing a surface somewhat less than half the former country. The islands may be estimated roughly as equal in extent to the Morea; and thus the whole will amount to about 40,000 square miles. The population is more difficult to be ascertained; but by taking an average of that which is stated by various writers, we may assume the following estimate.

The Peninsula of Greece	2,000,000
The Morea and Negropont	1,000,000
The Islands	1,000,000

Making a total of 4,000,000

Of these the Greeks may be computed at not less than three millions; the rest being composed of Turks, Musselman Albanians, Jews, and the mixed descendants of Romans, Venetians, Neapolitans, and other Europeans known generally by the name of Franks.* What may be the number of Greek families spread over the inland provinces of Turkey in Europe, in Asia Minor, in Russia and Germany, it would be idle to offer any conjecture. They have been stated as high as 80,000.

The population of the seven Ionian islands, now under the protection of Great Britain, has been estimated at 200,000, of a very mixed race, but the majority of them Greeks. Of these Corfu may contain from 60 to 70,000; Cephalonia 60,000; Zante 40,000; Santa Maura 18,000; Ithaca and Cerigo, each 8,000; and Paxo 3 or 4,000. Of these islands Zante is by far the most beautiful and fertile, the greater part of its surface consisting of an immense plain of one continued vineyard, interspersed and broken by groves of olives, oranges, and other fruit trees; but the other islands are also exceedingly picturesque and beautiful.

Down the middle of the peninsula, and parallel nearly to its two coasts, runs a continuous range of lofty mountains, varying in height from seven or eight thousand feet in the northern and central part, to as many hundred feet about the southern extremity. Of the former height may be reckoned the loftiest ridge of Pindus and Parnassus; while Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, in Attica, do not exceed the latter. Other branches are thrown off towards either coast from this central chain; to the eastward the celebrated Olympus, rising near the head of the

* Professor Carlyle reckons the proportion of the Greeks in Europe to the Turks as three or four to one; and the former to amount to three and a half millions.

gulph of Salonica to the height of 6,000 feet, forms the northern extremity of an inferior chain, consisting of Ossa and Pelion, Cæta and Othrys, and continuing through the island of Negropont, of which Mount Delphis is the most remarkable. To the westward are the rugged and mountainous countries of Epirus, Ætolia, and Acharnania, forming that part of Greece now generally known by the name of Albania. The highest mountains of the Morea are the Cyllenian range near the western coast, and the Taygetus near the southern extremity.

Extensive plains of considerable elevation above the level of the sea are encircled by the mountain ranges. Of these, Thessaly, Bœotia, and Arcadia, still preserve their ancient character. The rivers by which these plains are watered are little more than mountain streams, with the exception of the Peneus or Salymphria, whose numerous branches, after intersecting the plain of Thessaly, unite and discharge themselves through the celebrated defile of Tempe into the gulf of Salonica; and the Alpheus,* which waters the verdant plains of Arcadia and Elis and Achaia. The Spercheius, or Hellada, the Cephissus, the Asopus, the Ilyssus, and many other streams celebrated in ancient story, would scarcely be deemed worthy of notice in any country but Greece—where every rivulet and rill, as well as every stone, have their verse—for, as Spon has justly observed, these smaller rivers make more noise ‘dans les livres, que dans leurs lits.’

The climate of Greece might be supposed, from its situation with regard to latitude and its surrounding sea, to be similar to that of the south of Italy. It is, however, much more severe in winter, and in many parts warmer in summer. The plain of Ioannina, at an elevation of 1200 feet above the level of the sea, and at an equal distance nearly from the central chain of mountains and the western coast, though in the latitude of $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, is stated by Dr. Holland to experience a degree of cold in winter not less on the average than that of the western parts of England. On the elevated plains of the Morea, in a latitude yet more southerly, the intensity of the cold is still greater, and snow sometimes covers the plain of Tripolitza to the depth of eighteen inches. ‘I had little expected,’ says Dr. Holland, ‘that Arcadia, which fancy and poetry picture as the abode of spring, of softness, and of beauty, would have presented a scenery of this description; nor did I, in the instant of surprize, recollect that Pausanias speaks of its cold dense air, and of the effect it has in giving austerity to the

* It is a remarkable circumstance, noticed by several travellers, that not a year passes in which several ancient helmets are not floated down the Alpheus; from whence, remains yet to be discovered.

manners of the inhabitants.' At no great distance from Tripolitza (the capital) he found the temperature, at six in the morning, down to 16° of Fahrenheit. 'In short,' he adds, 'the degree and continuance of the cold were such as I scarcely recollect to have experienced in England, and this in the very centre of Arcadia ;'—but this was in 1813, a winter remarkable for its severity over every part of Europe. In summer, however, 'the blooming vales of Arcady' assume a very different aspect, and 'present a continual succession of scenery equal to any thing which has been described or imagined in poetic song. Luxuriance and beauty may be pronounced to be the general characteristics ; flowering vallies, winding streams, and hills shrouded nearly to their summits with wood, are the objects which commonly awaken our admiration.*

In the lower region of Attica the atmosphere is more moderate and equable than in most other parts of Greece ; the air being generally clear, dry, and temperate ; the cold less severe, the heat less oppressive, and the fall of rain less copious. To this difference in the state of the atmosphere was ascribed, as we all know, the difference of character between the Boeotian and the Athenian. The temperature of Athens seldom exceeds 88° or 90°, and as seldom descends to the freezing point. Athens is generally healthy ; many parts of Greece are just the reverse during the heat of summer, especially the marshy grounds and rice-fields. 'The whole coast of Achaia,' says Mr. Haygarth, 'is very unwholesome, abounding in marshes ; and the sickly appearance of the natives whom I met is very striking. It is the most depopulated part of Greece.'

The peaked summits of the central chain of mountains are covered with snow for nine months of the year, and in the caverns and recesses of some of them patches of snow may always be discovered. The ascent of Parnassus was supposed to be impracticable on account of its perennial snow ; but Dr. Sibthorp crossed the summit in the month of July, when he found it perfectly free.†

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* Haygarth. *Notes*, p. 252.

† Dr. Clarke, who asserts that he reached the summit of this mountain at the winter-solstice, most assuredly labours under some mistake. We find it as difficult to follow him here as in his discovery of the Corcyrian cave which he did and did not see. This celebrated cave, however, was explored by Col. Leake and Mr. Hamilton, and is thus described by Mr. Raikes. 'The narrow and low entrance spreads at once into a chamber of 330 feet long by nearly 200 wide ; the stalactites from the top hung in the most graceful forms the whole length of the roof, and fell, like drapery, down the sides. The depth of the folds was so vast, and the masses thus suspended in the air were so great, that the relief and fulness of these natural hangings were as complete as the fancy could have wished. They were not like concretions or incrustations, mere coverings of the
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The general produce of the plains of Greece is wheat, barley, rice, maize, millet, and tobacco. Of wheat, eight different kinds are cultivated. Mr. Hawkins found that the *mavrogano* or black-bearded wheat, in the plains of Argos, gave ten for one; in the best parts of Megara and Eleusis, twelve; and near Corinth, fifteen. Another sort of wheat, called *greneas*, in the rich plain of Phenëus in Arcadia, yields twelve for one, and the *devedeshi*, in the plains of Thessaly, in extraordinary seasons, fifteen for one. 'Upon the whole,' says Mr. Hawkins, 'I am disposed to estimate the produce of good soils in Greece, in favourable seasons, at from ten to twelve for one, and in the very best soils and remarkably favourable years, at from fifteen to eighteen for one. It must be observed that the wheat in Greece is generally sown in unmanured ground.'

In Bœotia the soil is very rich, and produces wheat, Indian corn, barley, kidney beans, rice, and sesamum, all of excellent quality, with a considerable quantity of cotton. The lakes of Bœotia still supply, as formerly, Athens and various parts of Greece with eels, water-fowl, rush-baskets, mats, and lamp-wicks.

On the plains of Thessaly are cultivated extensive groves of mulberry-trees for the silk-worm, which is there an object of considerable attention; the trees are cut down to pollards, carefully watered and hoed. But the Morea (supposed to derive its modern name from the Mulberry), is celebrated for the excellence of its silks; and all the accounts given by the ancient Greeks of the fertility of Messenia are realized at this day in every species of produce, more especially in corn, wine, and figs; wheat being said to yield here thirty fold, and two crops a year. The plantations are frequently fenced in with the Indian fig (*cactus*), whose thorny coats form an impenetrable barrier. Yet with all

the rock; they were the gradual growth of ages, disposed in the most simple and majestic forms, and so rich and large as to accord with the size and loftiness of the cavern. The stalagmites below, and on the sides of the chamber, were still more fantastic in their forms than the pendants above, and struck the eye with the fancied resemblance of vast human figures. There was a narrow passage leading into a deep vault at the end of this chamber, at the entrance of which the stalagmitic formations were as wild as imagination can conceive, and of the most brilliant whiteness; a fancy less lively than that of the Greeks might assign this beautiful grotto as a residence for the nymphs. 'The stillness,' adds Mr. Raikes, 'which reigns through it, only broken by the gentle sound of the water, which drops from the point of the stalactites, the *idar' anáorra* of the grotto of the nymphs in the Odyssey, the dim lights admitted by its narrow entrance, and reflected by the white ribs of the roof, with all the miraculous decorations of the interior, would impress the most insensible with feelings of awe, and lead him to attribute the influence of the scene to the presence of some supernatural being.'—*Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey*.

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the fertility of the Morea, Dr. Sibthorp says, 'a face furrowed with care, a body lean with hard labour and scanty diet, represent the portrait of a modern Arcadian. The residence of a number of hungry Turks, the vermin of the Pasha's court, continually oppress this hapless people; and they seem to exist only to furnish food for their lazy masters.' This melancholy picture, we presume, applies only to the agriculturists in the neighbourhood of towns; for, from another author, we have a very different account of the shepherd peasantry in this part of the country.

'Every thing presented the appearance of pastoral tranquillity. The peasants, habited in their picturesque dress, a coloured turban, a linen jacket and petticoat of snowy whiteness, and carrying in their hands a wooden crook, were quietly employed in following their large flocks of goats and sheep; or watched them as they fed, reclining under the shade of an ancient tree, and playing on their pipe of reed the rude airs of their country. The scenes forcibly recalled to my mind the passages of the poets who have celebrated the beauties of Arcadia, and I acknowledged at every step the justness of the taste which fixed upon it as the residence of rural happiness, and the abode of the sylvan gods.*

The cotton plant is in general cultivation. The plains of Trikala in Thessaly alone are said to produce 600,000 pounds of cotton wool. The sides of the hills, and especially those in the vicinity of towns or large villages, are planted with vineyards and olive groves; and the fig-tree and the orange are every where common and abundant. Considerable attention is paid to the culture of the fig-tree. The flowers of the wild fig-tree (*επιφοῖς*) are still used for the caprification of the cultivated fig in various parts of Greece. 'At Athens,' says Mr. Hawkins, 'they take the wild figs in June, when the insect shews itself in them, string a few, and suspend them on the branches of the domestic fig-tree, without which it is believed all the fruit would drop.'

The lands in Greece are generally open; inclosed, however, in some parts with hedges of the *cactus opuntia*, and sometimes separated by trenches. The plough is a rude and simple machine. A wheel-carriage of any kind is unknown in the southern parts of Greece; but in Thessaly they have a sort of cart which Mr. Haygarth says is 'truly Homeric. It has two wheels, each of which is composed of one piece of wood; it is open behind, and supported in front by a pole yoked to the necks of two oxen.' A large proportion of the surface of Greece is appropriated for the pasture of sheep, goats, and horses. Cows are not much esteemed except for the breeding of oxen; their milk is not used,

* Haygarth. *Notes*, p. 254.

and that of goats and sheep serves only for making a poor saltish cheese or a little bad butter.

Greece may be considered as the country of the vine. Thirty-nine different sorts of grapes, besides the currant-vine, are enumerated by Dr. Sibthorp; but none of the wines produced from them can be called good, with the exception of that which is made on a few islands of the Archipelago. The modern Greeks, in imitation of their ancestors, mix turpentine (drawn from that particular species of fir called by botanists *pinus maritima*), with all their wines; a practice which Lord Aberdeen thinks may, in some degree, account for the connection of the fir-cone (surmounting the Thyrsus) with the worship of Bacchus.* This is one of the most useful trees of Greece. It not only serves to preserve their wine from becoming acid, but with the Πιτυς (*pinus pinea*) furnishes the tar and pitch for all maritime and domestic purposes. The resinous parts being cut into small pieces serve for candles, and the cones are put into the wine casks; the wood is employed by carpenters, and the bark by tanners.

The richest produce of Attica, however, is that of the olive. Of this fruit Greece can boast of not fewer than eight or ten different sorts. Those intended for food are preserved either in salt and water, in oil and vinegar, or in the juice of the grape, boiled to a syrup. From the rest the oil extracted is computed at 20,000 measures, or about 30,000 gallons. The plain of Athens, if we except the olive tree, is extremely destitute of wood; but this is by no means the general character of Greece.

Hymettus has for time immemorial been celebrated for the excellence of its honey. It is still in such esteem that presents of it are annually sent to Constantinople. The *satureia capitata* and the *satureia thymbra* are the favourite plants of the bees, and it is to them that the honey of Hymettus owes its celebrity.† Fourmont, who however is not implicitly to be trusted, asserts that the honey of Hymettus produces on those who eat it the same effect as wine; and Dr. Chandler pretends that its odour of thyme prevents flies from settling upon it. The Athenians are particularly fond of honey; they use it in most of their dishes, and, like their ancestors, conceive that it renders them healthy and long lived.

The mountains of Greece, being chiefly of limestone formation, have nothing remarkably grand or picturesque in their

* Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.

† By a strange perversion the modern name is Τρελλοβουν, or 'the mad mountain. From Hymettus came the Venetian appellation of Monte Imetto, and the further corruption of *Monte Mutto*, which retranslated into Romaic gives the present name.

shapes,

shapes, but many of them are well wooded and yield abundance of timber for the purposes of ship-building and carpentry; and few countries, in its milder features, exhibit a more choice collection of elegant flowering shrubs. The *laurus nobilis* (δάφνη), whose berry supplies the Greeks with an aromatic oil to anoint the hair, fringes the skirts of every hill. The *nerium oleander* (πικροδάφνη) borders the banks of the Ilyssus and every torrent bed; its flowers are used to deck the hair, and at Athens its branches to cover the Bazar. The *arbutus unedo* (χομαριά) abounds, on the mountains of Pendeli, and its fruit is esteemed a delicacy: of its wood are made the φλόυγια, or flutes of the Greek shepherds; and in Zante a spirit is drawn from it, and a vinegar of a bright gold colour. The *arbutus andrachne* is everywhere abundant. The *vitex agnus castus* (καννασίττα) the constant companion of the oleander, grows on the borders of the Ilyssus and the margins of mountain torrents; baskets and beehives are made of the twigs, and the leaves give out a yellow dye. 'It is reported,' says old Gerard in his Herbal, 'that if such as journey or travel do carry with them a branch or rod of *agnus castus* in their hand, it will keep them from merrygals and weariness.' So thought the ancient, and so still think the modern Greeks. The *cistus creticus* yields the ladanum, an aromatic substance whose fragrance is considered as a preservative from the plague. The *pistachia lentiscus* furnishes gum-mastic; and the ashes of the wood are used by the soap-boilers. The common myrtle and the many-flowering heath are everywhere met with on the hills. The *hedera helix* hangs like a curtain in the picturesque scenery of the marble caves of Pendeli, where also grows wild the beautiful *salvia arborea*. The wild olive, the *phyllyrea* and carob tree; the flowering ash and the *fraxinella*, the *coronilla*, the *colutea* and the Spanish broom, adorn the sloping sides of the mountains.

Most of the plants of Greece, whether useful or ornamental, still retain their ancient names with more or less of purity. Dr. Sibthorp, in relating his ascent of Parnassus, observes, 'After dinner, I walked out with a shepherd's boy to herborize; my pastoral botanist surprized me not a little with his nomenclature; I traced the names of Dioscorides and Theophrastus, corrupted indeed in some degree by pronunciation and by the long *series annorum* which had elapsed since the time of these philosophers; but many of them were unmutated, and their virtues faithfully handed down in the oral traditions of the country.'*

The climate, the soil, and the various products of Greece, generally speaking, may be considered as superior to those of most

* Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.

countries in Europe of equal extent; but the inhabitants are in no condition to avail themselves fully of its natural advantages, at the same time they are negligent of those which are within their reach. They might, for instance, easily derive very great resources from their extensive line of sea-coast, abounding with a great variety of excellent fish, as mackerel, soles, turbot, red and grey mullet, lobsters, oysters, scollops, &c. but they are, as they always appear to have been, very inexpert fishermen. It might be supposed that the multitude of fast days, exceeding half the whole year, if it did not give them dexterity in their employment, would, at least, give them encouragement: on the more rigid fasts, however, the people are forbidden the use of fresh fish, and they prefer, on all of them, the salt cod and caviar, which they purchase from foreigners.

The little towns and villages scattered over the valleys and the declivities of the Pindus range of mountains and its numerous off-sets, and inhabited by a mixture of Greeks, Albanians, and Wallachians, mostly Christians, form, according to Dr. Holland, the most interesting and important part of the population of these elevated regions. Among these the *Vlaki* (supposed from Wallachia) are particularly distinguished as a hardy and active people, regular in their habits, and less ferocious in their disposition than the Albanians. During the summer months they dwell with their flocks in the mountain ranges of Pindus, and in the winter spread themselves over the plains under tents or temporary huts. A community of these migratory shepherds is thus described by Dr. Holland.

‘ The cavalcade we now passed through was nearly two miles in length, with few interruptions. The number of horses with the emigrants might exceed a thousand; they were chiefly employed in carrying the moveable habitations, and the various goods of the community, which were packed with remarkable neatness and uniformity. The infants and smaller children were variously attached to the luggage, while the men, women, and elder children travelled for the most part on foot; a healthy and masculine race of people, but strongly marked by the wild and uncouth exterior connected with their manner of life. The greater part of the men were clad in coarse white woollen garments; the females in the same material, but more variously coloured, and generally with some ornamented lacing about the breast. Their petticoats scarcely reached below the knee, showing nearly the whole length of the stockings, which were made of woollen threads of different colours, red, orange, white and yellow. Almost all the young women and children wore upon the head a sort of chaplet, composed of piastres, paras, and other silver coins, strung together, and often suspended in successive rows, so as to form something like a cap. The same coins were

were attached to other parts of the garments, and occasionally with some degree of taste. Two priests of the Greek church were with the emigrants; and closed the long line of their procession.'—vol. i. p. 132.

The numerous gulfs, creeks, bays and harbours with which all the sea-coasts of continental Greece, and most of her islands, are indented, afford both convenience and security for shipping. The circumstances under which Europe was lately placed were favourable to the commerce of Greece, and many of her sea-port towns arrived at a pitch of prosperity unknown since the conquest of Mahomet II. The town of Salonica, at the head of the gulf of the same name, became the deposit of English cargoes of sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton-twist and various other articles, which were conveyed thence by land-carriage to the very heart of the continent of Europe. A cavalcade, of a thousand horses at a time, sometimes started with merchandize from that city.

From Livadia a very active commerce is carried on, chiefly by the gulf of Corinth, in grain of different kinds, pulse, cotton, wool, honey, &c. The merchants are wealthy Greeks, many of whom live in all the pomp of grandees, surrounded by dependants, and in large houses magnificently furnished: as the power of Ali Pasha extends to Livadia only in his capacity of Derveni Pasha, or guardian of the passes, it is here of a more modified kind than in Albania or Thessaly.

The disposition of the modern Greeks for active and enterprising exertion gives them a strong bias towards commercial pursuits. This propensity was particularly evinced by the rapid progress of a little colony planted on the barren rock of Hydra, of which we have the following account from Dr. Holland.

'In the distance, and near the mouth of the gulf of Argolis, is seen the small isle of Hydra; a spot which, of late, has become very interesting from the extent and importance of its commerce. Only a few miles in circumference; with a surface so rocky as scarcely to yield the common vegetables; and even without any other water than that collected in cisterns, this little islet has an active and wealthy population of more than 25,000 souls; and a property in shipping, amounting, it is said, to about 300 trading vessels, many of them of large tonnage and well armed. I have heard, and have some reason to believe the statement, that there is a merchant in Hydra, whose acquired property amounts to about a million of dollars, and many others with a trading capital, bearing proportion to this sum.'—v.ii.p.202.

A very considerable and increasing commerce is carried on in the Ionian Islands. Their exports consist chiefly of oil, wine, and currants. Of the last article Zante alone exports, chiefly to England, 7,000,000 lbs.; of oil 60,000 barrels; and 4000 casks of wine. Cephalonia exports nearly the same quantities. The

mixed inhabitants of these islands are said to be generally 'quick and ingenious in their conceptions; cunning as well as active in their affairs; in their manner bustling, loquacious and verbose; and with a temper disposed to litigation and intrigue.' Deeply tainted with the lax manners and vices of the Venetians, who traded in crime, and sold impunity to the highest bidder, the state of morality and religion among them was deplorable. Murders were frequent, and the whole frame of society, from the highest to the lowest, was depraved and corrupt. The late change in the government has already somewhat improved their condition; the factions are suppressed, if not extinguished; the laws are faithfully and rigidly executed, and assassinations have become rare.

The Greeks of the continent have preserved more of their original character, than the islanders, which is still as various as it was at any period of their history. It varies also according to the portion of Roman, Gothic, Catalan, Venetian, and Turkish blood which they may have imbibed. To form a correct estimate, therefore, of the Greek character, the people should be looked at in detail; at the same time every allowance should be made in their favour, as they act under Turkish influence, and their conduct is swayed, in no ordinary degree, by the personal character of the Pasha or Aga by whom they are governed. On continental Greece, with the exception of Megaris, Attica, and the Morea, the influence of Ali Pasha and his two sons is paramount, and at present, we believe, nearly beyond the controul of the Porte. The character of Ali, as given by Dr. Holland, is not unlike that of another extraordinary man, whose powers of mischief, happily for the peace of the world, have been annulled: 'quick thought, singular acuteness of observation, a conjunction of vigour and firmness in action, are connected with an uncommon faculty of artifice, an implacable spirit of revenge, and the utter disregard of every principle interfering with that active movement of ambition, which is the main spring and master-feeling of his mind.' This man too, like the other, has the power of fascinating those around him by an open, placid, and even gentle exterior, which is well characterized by Dr. Holland as 'the fire of a stove burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface.'

Ali, however, is not without some lighter tints to relieve the sombre hue of his general character.

'It is pleasant,' says the intelligent writer we have just quoted, 'to be able to allege, as one proof of his superior understanding, a degree of freedom from national and religious prejudices rarely to be found among Turkish rulers. He has studiously adopted into his territory several of the improvements of more cultivated nations; he has destroyed the numerous bands of robbers who infested the peaceful inhabitants of the

the country; by his direction, roads have been made, bridges constructed, and agricultural improvements attempted. This laudable spirit has added respect to the terror inspired by his government; and even those who, out of the immediate reach of his power, can venture to express hatred of his tyranny, are obliged to allow that Albania is more happy and prosperous under this single and stern dominion, than when divided among numerous chieftains, and harassed by incessant wars. From this opinion, no deference to the principles of despotism can be inferred. The experience of history has proved that a single tyrant is less injurious to the happiness of a people, than tyranny divided among many; and the Vizier of Albania has himself become a despot, only by the annihilation of the numerous despots who preyed on that heretofore distracted and divided country.'

The mountaineers of Albania have always been described as brave, resolute, enterprizing and indefatigable. From them are taken the most faithful guards and soldiers of Ali Pasha.

'The Albanian peasant or soldier, words which in this country seem to be almost synonymous, is here seen in the completeness of his national character and costume. Generally masculine in his person, having features which shew him not subdued into the tameness of slavery, and with a singular stateliness of his walk and carriage, the manner of his dress adds to these peculiarities, and renders the whole figure more striking and picturesque than any other with which I am acquainted. To an eye not yet accustomed to note minute differences, where all was new and imposing, the most remarkable appearances in this costume were the external mantle, falling loosely over the shoulders, and reaching down behind as far as the knees, made of a coarse brown woollen-stuff, but bordered and variously figured with red-coloured threads;—the two vests, the outer one open, descending to the waist, and occasionally made of green or purple velvet; the inner vest laced in the middle, and richly figured;—a broad sash or belt around the waist, in which are fixed one, or sometimes two, blunderbusses, and a large knife; the handles of these blunderbusses often of great length, and curiously worked in silver;—a coarse cotton shirt coming from beneath the belt, and falling down a short way below the knees, in the manner of the Scotch kilt, covering the drawers which are also of cotton;—the long sabre;—the circular greaves of worked metal protecting the knees and ancles;—the variously coloured stockings and sandals;—the small red cap, which just covers the crown of the head, from underneath which the hair flows in great profusion behind, while in front it is shaved off, so as to leave the forehead and temples entirely bare. To this general description may be added the *capote*, or great cloak, one of the most striking peculiarities of the Albanese dress,—a coarse, shaggy, woollen garment, with open sleeves, and a square flap behind, which serves occasionally as a hood, the colour sometimes grey or white, so as to give the resemblance to a goat-skin thrown over the back. I will not venture to say whether this is the *sagum* of the ancients; but unquestionably there are many points of resemblance in the Albanian costume to

that of the Grecian and Roman soldier. In comparing the outlines of this national dress with those of other countries, I find none to resemble it so much as that of the Sardinian peasantry. But the comparison is greatly in favour of the Albanian; and the half-naked Sard, as he is seen in the streets of Cagliari, is but a meagre representative of the majestic figures which keep guard round the palaces of Ali Pasha.—*Dr. Holland*, vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

Very similar in their character to the Albanians in the north of Greece are the Mainiotes at the southern extremity of the Morea. These people, supposed to be the descendants of ancient Sparta, were as daring and resolute by sea as the Epirotes by land; but their piracies of late years have been greatly checked by habits of industry and an increasing commerce. When Guilletiere visited Greece in 1669, it was not safe for ships to approach the southern promontory of Maina. Rows of grottos in the rock facing the sea served as the cells or hermitages of the caloyers or priests, who were always on the look out to give the signal on the appearance of ships, receiving as their reward a tythe of the plunder for the use of the church. Turks and Christians were indiscriminately seized and sold as slaves—the Turks to the Christians and the Christians to the Turks. They even seized and sold one another. A pleasant occurrence, he tells us, took place a few days before his arrival on this coast. Two pirates having quarrelled about the division of the spoil of a Venetian prize, one of them took the opportunity of carrying off his friend's wife to sell her to the captain of a Maltese corsair then in the road. The captain not agreeing to the price demanded, assured him that he had just purchased a much handsomer woman for half the money, as he should himself judge. The woman was brought up, when to the great surprise of the Mainiote, he saw his own wife, his brother pirate having got the start of him. Nothing was now left but to let the master of the corsair have the second woman at his own price: and the two husbands, thinking it best to shake hands, joined their efforts to recover their wives, and to prevent their countrymen from making them the subject of perpetual laughter.

Very few travellers have ventured to trust themselves among the Mainiotes; but the terror which these people have inspired appears to be more imaginary than real, and to proceed from their deep-rooted inveteracy against the Turks. Dr. Sibthorp and Mr. Morrit, who traversed the territory of Maina in the year 1795, found the character of the people just the reverse of that which had been represented. They were every where treated with the utmost attention and kindness. However treacherous and cruel their hostility might be, they had every reason to believe

lieve that their friendship was inviolable ; and that a stranger within their gates bore a title no less sacred than among the Arabs. Not only did every chief receive the travellers with the highest marks of friendship and hospitality, but, on their departure, invariably conducted them in safety to the next neighbouring chief ; and so on through the whole country : and so desirous were all to entertain the strangers, that they found it would have been considered as an insult to pass the dwelling of any one without paying him a visit.

These Mainiote chiefs, who are very numerous, dwell in square towers strongly fortified ; their government resembles in many respects that of the Highland clans in Scotland, being perfectly independent of one another, and very frequently engaged in hostilities among themselves. Judges of their people at home, they are their leaders when they take the field. The most powerful is invested with the title of Bey ; he negociates with the Turks, and settles the annual contribution ; for no Turk is suffered to reside in any part of the territory of Maina. ‘ Here,’ says Dr. Sibthorp, ‘ the nature of man seemed to recover its erect form ; we no longer observed the servility of mind and body, which distinguishes the Greeks subjugated by the Turks.’ Every man carries his rifle, and every woman is trained to arms ; near every village is a piece of ground where the boys practise at a target, and even the girls and women take their part in this martial amusement. Dances on the village green invariably succeed to these gymnastics. The figures of the females are light and active, and their features beautiful ; advantages which, it appears, are not lost on their countrymen ; as their chief assured the travellers that, in their petty wars, they had more than once followed their fathers and brothers to the field, and that the men were always more eager to distinguish themselves before the eyes of their female companions, and partakers in the danger.

A feature in the national character, not less pleasing, is the frank and familiar intercourse which appears to take place between the sexes. Women here partake of the confidence of their husbands, the education of their children, and the management of their families. They also share in the labours of domestic life, and, as we have said before, in the dangers of the field—in short, they live in the enjoyment of full liberty, and it does not appear that they are unworthy of it ; for instances of conjugal infidelity are stated to be very rare. The preceding year a poor German fiddler, in attempting the chastity of a pretty Mainiote girl, had given her such offence, that she drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot.

Maina is a very populous district ; the natives are Christians of the

the Greek church, and the places of worship are numerous, neat and well attended. The country is in general barren and stony; but the earth, which is washed down by the rains and torrents from the higher parts, is retained and supported on a thousand platforms and terraces by the indefatigable industry of the inhabitants: these terraces are covered with corn, maize, olives, and mulberry trees growing apparently out of the rock itself. On almost all the hills are apiaries, the honey of which is nearly equal to that of Hymettus, but of a paler colour. The pastures in the neighbourhood of ancient Gythium are even now famous for their cheeses, which, in the time of the Spartan government, were an article of trade much esteemed by the rest of Greece.*

It might be thought that Athens would afford the best specimen of the modern Greek; but this is not the case. The men of this celebrated city are represented as being less moral, and the women more homely, than in other towns of Greece. The population is still divided, as of old, into four classes—cultivators of the soil, craftsmen, soldiers and priests; the first comprizes the Albanians; the Greeks engage in commerce and mechanics; the Turks garrison the city, and smoke—the priests do nothing.

Most of the early travellers in the Levant speak of the Athenians as remarkable for their cunning; and there is an ancient proverb which classes the lower orders of Attica with ‘the Jews of Salonica and the Turks of the Negropont.’ Matters are apparently not much mended at present. ‘Sir,’ said a French merchant of the name of Roque to Lord Byron, with the most amusing gravity—‘they are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles!’ Opinions of this sweeping kind are little worth. Doctor Spon, a sedate and sensible man, whose intercourse with the Greeks was considerable, describes them as chiefly distinguished by a love of industry, frugality, chastity, and patience under oppression;—these, we suppose, are their good qualities:—their bad ones seem to be pretty much the same as those ascribed to their ancestors by Thucydides, vanity, affectation, inconstancy, greediness of gain, thirst of novelty, and a proneness to breaking their oaths. If, as almost every writer has asserted, a disregard of veracity has in all ages been applicable to the Greeks, any amendment, in that respect, can hardly be expected from them under their present circumstances. ‘Their life,’ as Lord Byron observes, ‘is a struggle against truth; and they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten, snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him.’

* Morrit,—*Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.*

One good trait among the present race ought not to be overlooked. The clergy from the highest to the lowest receive the stranger with open arms into their habitations; the peasantry are always willing to share their humble dwelling and coarse fare with him; and the door of the wealthy merchant is never shut against the European of decent appearance. 'The traveller in Attica,' says Mr. Dodwell, 'is perfectly secure; the inhabitants are kind and hospitable to strangers; and I never experienced either incivility or extortion.—The ancient hospitality which the Greeks considered so sacred and inviolable, is still partially preserved. When the traveller makes a second tour through the country, he can hardly do any thing more offensive to the person by whom he was entertained in his first journey, than by not again having recourse to the kindness of his former host.*' The Protogeroi, or primates, are enjoined to attend to the wants of travellers, and either to lodge them in their own houses, which they generally do, or to procure them lodgings and provisions on the most reasonable terms.

Every liberal minded traveller, who has been able to converse with the Greeks, will be ready to acknowledge that, among the higher class of citizens, there prevails a very acute feeling at their present degraded state, and a degree of enthusiasm and veneration for their ancient heroes, poets, philosophers, and statesmen, which would do honour to any nation. It would be unjust to measure the national feeling by the standard of those who, we are told by Mr. Douglas, 'after the most frantic exclamations of pity for their country and hatred to its oppressors, will retire to join in the intrigues of a Vaivode's antichamber, and to buy some miserable office about his person by the blackest calumnies and accusations against their fellow slaves.' Doctor Holland, whom, on many accounts, we consider a sounder judge of the Greek character than Mr. Douglas, has given many splendid examples of a feeling and conduct just the reverse of that ascribed to those intriguers of Athens. Vellara, one of the physicians of Veli Pasha, at Larissa, when conversing on his favourite subject of the liberation of his countrymen, 'shewed', says our author, 'an accurate understanding of the ancient authors, and a powerful feeling of enthusiasm for the former glories of his country; and his occasional references, from these topics to the present degradation of Greece, were made with a mixed tone of melancholy and satire, which illustrated the character of the man, and did not ill accord with the nature of the subject.'

The character of a civilized nation will always take its strongest

* Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece.

bias from the principles and practice of its religious tenets. All the Greek population, with the exception of some of the Albanians, chiefly those who have enlisted into the service of Ali Pasha, are, as we have said, Christians. It is true the purity of Christianity has been sullied, and its simplicity disfigured, by the multitude of pagan superstitions which inveterate prejudices have engrafted upon its rites. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect that a people who had consecrated every spot of their country, should at once abandon those sacred haunts endeared by so many recollections of ancient glory. It was quite natural, in the early stages of Christianity, that churches should arise out of the ruins of heathen temples, and that painted saints should usurp the place of sculptured gods; that the hills, the groves, the fountains and caverns, should each possess its little church; and, in fact, many of them are at this day places of superstitious resort, where, on certain occasions, votive offerings to the protecting saint are carefully deposited, to deprecate some threatened evil or secure some expected good. In this respect the modern Greeks are nothing changed. Such as their religion is, they scrupulously adhere to its established rites. 'A Greek of the present day,' says Mr. Douglas, 'is generally engaged either in a festival or a fast; and the crowd I once saw roasting two hundred sheep in the open air, round the citadel of Zante, might have led me to fancy that Jupiter, and not the Panagia, (the Virgin,) was the patron of the day.'

It would be well for Greece, even while under the yoke of Turkish tyranny, if some reform could be brought about in her religious establishment. The number of fast days and festivals consumes three-fourths of the year, and the multitude of inferior clergy, poor as they are, and many of them engaged in manual labour, may be considered to derive their chief support from the labour of the community. The caloyers or monks swarm in the monasteries, and the papás or parish priests in every village. The smallness of their stipends occasions their being taken generally from the inferior class of society; they are all, in fact, children of the poor, and have no higher education than that of reading and writing the Romaic, or vulgar language; except that they are taught to repeat, without understanding it, the Church Liturgy in the Hellenic or ancient Greek. The bishops, who appear to be numerous in proportion to the rest of the clergy, are, in general, but poorly provided for. Nothing could be more miserable than the whole establishment of the bishop of Salona, as described by Mr. Dodwell. 'There was nothing to eat,' he says, 'except rice and bad cheese; the wine was execrable, and

and so impregnated with rosin that it almost took the skin from our lips.'

From this state of poverty the archbishops seem to be the only dignitaries of the church who are exempt; but their situations are purchased from the patriarch of Constantinople, who himself purchases the supremacy from the Ottoman Porte. Polycarp, the Archbishop of Larissa, has nine bishoprics under his charge, and a gross revenue of about £9000 a year. This prelate has no learning, nor knowledge of any other language than the Romain and Albanian, mixed up with a few phrases of broken Italian; yet, in performing the service of the metropolitan church, says Dr. Holland, 'his manner was dignified and imposing; and when, at intervals in the service, he rose from his seat, and spreading his hands in benediction over the people, pronounced the simple and beautiful words *Ειρήνη πασι*, *peace be to all*, there was an effect of mingled solemnity and benevolence which could not easily be surpassed.' The hood of black silk thrown over his square hat, and full purple robes richly embroidered with gold lace, set off by a long black beard, gave him a venerable and princely appearance. The decorations of his robes and mitre worn on days of festival, are stated to be singularly splendid and gorgeous; and 'the story of Adam and Eve worked in gold lace with pearls, gave rise,' says Dr. Holland, 'to one or two comments on this subject from the archbishop, which a little surprized me from their freedom.'

The 'comments' of this man were probably the result of ignorance; but we regret to find that the travelled Greeks have imported, together with their literary acquirements, very lax principles of religion and morals from the Italian universities; and 'the tone of satirical scepticism' of Vellara, the companion of the archbishop, and one of the ablest and most learned physicians of Greece, is particularly noticed by Dr. Holland.

The caloyers or monks are unquestionably the most useless ministers of the Greek religion, if they may be so classed. A singular establishment of them (pre-eminently unprofitable) is to be met with in the beautiful valley of the Salympria or Peneus. Out of this vale rise several groups of insulated masses of naked rock, in the shape of truncated cones or pyramids, from a hundred to five hundred feet in height. On the tops of these rocks, sometimes covering the whole area of the vertex, are perched a number of monasteries, like so many dove-cots on pillars. These aerial monuments of vanity and superstition are accessible only by ropes, or by ladders fixed to the rocks in those parts where the surface affords any point to rest on. Ten only of the original number of twenty-four remain, the rest having been abandoned on account of the wearing away of the rock, and the decay of the buildings.

buildings. Dr. Holland, who visited that of Aios Stephanos, which is upwards of 180 feet in height, gives the following interesting account of his ascent.

‘Passing through the ravine just mentioned, we wound round the base of the rock, gradually ascending till we came to the foot of a perpendicular line of cliff, and looking up, saw the buildings of the monastery immediately above our heads. A small wooden shed projected beyond the plane of the cliff, from which a rope, passing over a pulley at the top, descended to the foot of the rock. A man was seen looking down from above, to whom our Tartar shouted loudly, ordering him to receive us into the monastery; but at this time the monks were engaged in their chapel, and it was ten minutes before we could receive an answer to his order, and our request. At length we saw a thicker rope coming down from the pulley, and attached to the end of it a small rope net, which we found was intended for our conveyance to this aerial habitation. The net reached the ground; our Tartar, and a peasant whom we had with us from Kalabaka, spread it open, covered the lower part with an Albanese capote, and my friend and I seated ourselves upon this slender vehicle. As we began to ascend, our weight drew close the upper aperture of the net, and we lay crouching together, scarcely able, and little willing, to stir either hand or foot. We rose with considerable rapidity; and the projection of the shed and pulley beyond the line of the cliff was sufficient to secure us against injury from striking upon the rock. Yet the ascent had something in it that was formidable, and the impression it made was very different from that of the descent into a mine, where the depth is not seen, and the sides of the shaft give a sort of seeming security against danger. Here we were absolutely suspended in the air; our only support was the thin cordage of a net, and we were even ignorant of the machinery, whether secure or not, which was thus drawing us rapidly upwards. We finished the ascent, however, in safety, and in less than three minutes of time. When opposite the door of the wooden shed, several monks and other people appeared, who dragged the net into the apartment, and released us from our cramped and uncomfortable situation. We found, on looking round us, that these men had been employed in working the windlass, which raised us from the ground; and in observing some of their feeble and decayed figures, it was impossible to suppose that the danger of our ascent had been one of appearance alone. Our servant Demetrius, meanwhile, had been making a still more difficult progress upwards, by ladders fixed to the ledges of the rock, conducting to a subterranean passage, which opens out in the middle of the monastery.—pp. 340—342.

The buildings exhibited nothing but the appearance of wretchedness and decay, and were well suited to that of their miserable tenants. A few old volumes of Greek homilies, and some pieces of ecclesiastical history, seemed to constitute their libraries; they knew nothing of the date or origin of their singular habitations, and could only answer *Πολλά παλαιά είναι*, ‘they are very ancient,’

—‘an

—‘ an expression,’ says Dr. Holland, ‘ which was often repeated to me, in a manner that almost savoured of idiotcy.’ Though women are strictly forbidden entrance, by the regulations of the convent, a few are said to be retained as part of the household.

This indulgence, however, is not extended to another of those institutions still more remarkable, in some points of view, than the aerial buildings on the pinnacles of Aios Stephanos ; we allude to the celebrated seat of monastic seclusion on Mount Athos. Of this we have a very interesting account by Dr. Hunt, who accompanied Professor Carlyle thither in the search for Greek manuscripts, which occupied them about three weeks.

Athos, the Monte Santo, or Holy Mountain, rises out of a large peninsula jutting into the Ægean sea to the height of about 5000 feet, the summit of which, for several months in the year, is capped with snow. The isthmus which connects this peninsula with the continent is contracted to a very narrow neck of land by the Singetic gulf on the west and the Strymonic (now Contesa) on the east. Around the base, and on the lower declivities of the mountain, are situated twenty-two monasteries, varying in their dimension, construction, and situation, but all of them, either strikingly beautiful or strikingly magnificent ; and each designed either to soothe the tedium of solitude, or to awaken the fervours of devotion. Nothing indeed can exceed the beauty and variety of the scenery of Mount Athos. ‘ Romance,’ says Dr. Sibthorp, ‘ has not found a situation more wild and picturesque : here was a sublimity beyond what I ever recollected to have seen.’ Immense trees of oak, of platanus and chesnut adorn the ravines and sloping sides of the mountain, whose upper regions are clothed with pines. The laurel, the myrtle, the daphne, and a great variety of beautiful and fragrant shrubs wildly luxuriate among the rocks ; and groves of oranges, lemons and fig-trees surround the convents and the cells of the hermits. The nightingale, and other feathered songsters, fill the air with their warblings, which continue to be heard to a late hour of the night.

Each convent has its abbot, with a number of monks and lay labourers proportioned to its size, who plant vineyards, and make wine, raise fruit and vegetables, and perform all the necessary labours of agriculture and gardening. The total number of resident inhabitants are about six thousand ; but they are exclusively of the male species. No woman is permitted to enter the holy precincts of Mount Athos. Even the Turkish Vaivode, stationed on the isthmus to collect the taxes, is not allowed to bring his harem with him ; and sees no woman during his tedious government of three years. Like the Therapeutæ of Pliny, the inhabitants of the Holy Mountain are ‘ gens æterna, in qua nemo nascitur.’

citur.' But not only are women excluded, but the female of every domestic animal; not a cow, an ewe, a she-cat, or even a hen is to be found here; the consequence of which judicious arrangement is, that milk and butter and eggs (the chief part of the diet of the inhabitants) are brought from the main land at about ten times the cost for which they might be produced on the spot. The monks, however, gravely assert that no female animal could exist for three days on the holy ground; and this too, while the turtle doves are cooing around them, the birds building their nests on the trees, the swallows hatching their young under the roofs, and vermin multiplying their species in the dirty cells, and on the persons of the monks themselves!

Those who are not employed in the cultivation of the ground usually occupy their leisure time in knitting stockings, making oils and essences, painting rude pictures of their saints, or writing out psalters, which they sell or exchange at the town of Chariesa, on the peninsula, for coffee, sugar, tobacco, snuff, and cordials. These are certainly very innocent, if not very important occupations, and may tend, as Dr. Hunt candidly observes, to justify the poor caloyers, individually, from the general imputation of indolent and vicious habits, so generally brought against them: whether his estimate of their utility as a body be as sound and judicious may, we think, admit of some doubt.

'Defects (he says) there certainly are in this religious republic: but even in its present oppressed and degraded state the establishment is an useful one. It contributes to preserve the language of Greece from being corrupted, or superseded by that of its conquerors; it checks, or rather entirely prevents, the defection of Christians to Mahometanism, not only in European, but Asiatic Turkey; almost all the Greek didascaloi or school-masters, and the higher orders of their clergy are selected from this place. If it sometimes hides a culprit who has fled from public justice, yet that criminal most probably reforms his life in a residence so well calculated to bring his mind to reflection. The oath of a person who becomes caloyer on Mount Athos is very solemn and simple; it implies an absolute renunciation of the world, enjoining the person who makes it to consider himself as quite dead to its concerns. Some are so conscientiously observant of this vow that they never afterwards use their family names, never correspond with any of their relatives or former friends, and decline informing strangers from what country or situation of life they have retired.*

We suspect that this conscientious and uncommunicative class is not very numerous. We could furnish more than one exception from our own knowledge; but we prefer the following, from

* *Memoirs of European and Asiatic Turkey.*

Dr. Sibthorp, which we know to be fact, and which is both characteristic and amusing.

‘ In one of the hermitages (he says) belonging to St. Paul, we found a caloyer that had been four and twenty years on Athos, who addressed us with a rapture of joy in English; he was a native of Epirus; had been seven years a sailor in our fleet: tired with the fatigues and danger of the sea, he sought a retreat on this delightful spot; he was not, however, consuming his time in the indolence of monastic life; we found him very busy in manufacturing a coarse kind of woollen cloak, for which Athos is famous. His hermitage was exceedingly neat, and consisted of a hall and two rooms; before his door was an arbour entwined by a vine, from which hung rich clusters of purple grapes: a garden formed on the pending rock furnished a plentiful supply of kitchen herbs, and excellent fruits. With a gratified look he said, “ This is all mine.” ’

It has been already said, that together with the practice of their new faith, the modern Greeks retain many of the customs and superstitious ceremonies of their ancestors. Every fountain within the precincts of a romantic and solitary grove or cavern is an *ἀγίασμα*. ‘ To these fountains,’ says Mr. Douglas, ‘ multitudes will flock at certain intervals to invoke the saint (the genius loci) whose protection they are peculiarly thought to enjoy, and, by their songs and dances, to express the gay and joyous feelings which such situations have ever excited in the glowing constitutions of the Greeks.’ The sick are brought to them and healed; and a lock of hair or a strip of linen is fixed near the spot, as the ‘ votiva tabella’ which at once records the power of the saint and the piety of his votary. No Athenian quits the Piræus without presenting a taper to St. Spiridion on the very spot where Diana Munychia formerly received her offerings; indeed no voyage is begun, no business undertaken, without some offering at the favourite shrine; even the papas sacrifice on the altar a lock of their hair. On the first of May every door is crowned with a garland, and nothing but music and dancing and gaiety are seen and heard throughout Greece. The same fondness for flowers, and the same mystic and symbolic meaning of particular plants, prevail in modern as in ancient times. ‘ I have been shewn,’ says the writer last quoted, ‘ a language of which the cypher is expressed by flowers; elopements have been planned and accomplished solely by means of this invention; and one of the great amusements of the Greek girls is to drop these symbols of their benevolence or scorn upon the various passengers who pass under their latticed windows.’

An old batchelor is rarely found in modern Greece; yet, with a strange inconsistency, no country is so infested with monks, who
always

always incur disgrace by marriage. Among the villagers, marriage is contracted as among Europeans from mutual knowledge and attachment: but in towns and among the higher orders, the match is generally made up by the parents or friends, without the parties seeing each other; or by some matron or go-between who, like the ancient Proxenate, manages the courtship and concludes the treaty: the young couple are then at liberty to see each other, and to converse freely together. This, however, is not always the case; instances occur in which the first glimpse which the bridegroom is permitted to take of his future wife is on the day of marriage.

One of the chief occupations of a bride is that of working her wedding garments; these being finished, on the eve of the day appointed for the marriage, she is conducted by her young female friends in splendid procession to the bath. The following morning, at an early hour, the bridegroom proceeds to the house of her parents, attended by a crowd of young men, singing and dancing, and bawling out the perfections and virtues of the young couple. The bride is led forth loaded with bracelets and necklaces, and, supported by her father and her bridesmaid, (*παράνυμφη*), slowly moves along with measured steps and downcast eyes; as she proceeds, showers of nuts, and cakes and nosegays, are poured out of the windows of her friends, with prayers and wishes for her prosperity. The mother and the matrons close the procession.

The marriage ceremony is performed with a great deal of absurd mummery and but little solemnity. On the heads of the bride and bridegroom are placed, alternately, by one of the priests, chaplets or crowns of flowers, among which, if they are to be had, are lilies and ears of corn—emblems of purity and abundance—two rings of gold or silver are interchanged several times between the parties, and the ceremony concludes by their drinking wine out of the same cup.

The bride is now conducted to her husband's abode with the same mirthful assemblage; and as she passes the threshold (sacred still as of old) she is carefully lifted over by her parents; if the husband entertain the slightest suspicion of his wife's honour, she is made to tread on a sieve covered with a skin; and should it not yield to the pressure, no explanation whatever will induce him to take, as his wife, one whose character has not been able to stand so infallible a test.

Among the peasantry, the bride, accompanied by her bridesmaids and husband's relations, goes from house to house, and receives from each male inhabitant a few paras or piastres. Dr. Hunt thus describes the appearance of one who solicited the customary

tomary present from him. 'Small pieces of coin were strung to the braids of her hair, which hung down her back and over her shoulders, nearly reaching the ground; the skull-cap was covered with larger coins, among these were many ancient medals which we in vain attempted to purchase at a high offer. We were told that the cap she wore was considered as a family treasure, and that it descended as an heir-loom, receiving occasional additions; but was never suffered to lose any of its former ornaments.*—In the more secluded parts of Greece it is customary to collect these presents preparatory to marriage. At a village called Mazée, not far from Livadia, Mr. Hobhouse entered into conversation with some peasant girls; 'they told us,' he says, 'that the males were scarce in that part of the country, and that therefore, contrary to common custom, no woman could get married without bringing about a thousand piastres to her husband. Accordingly, several of those whom we saw, were collecting their portion on their hair; and the tresses of a pretty young girl amongst them hung down nearly to her feet entirely strung with paras from top to bottom. Yet, though in a starving condition, and passing, as they assured us with tears in their eyes, whole days without food, neither the mothers nor the daughters will strip off any of the ornamental coin which has been once assigned for the portion-money.†

Most of the ancient funeral ceremonies, expressive of veneration for the dead, are still preserved among the modern Greeks. The deceased is dressed in his best apparel, crowned with a garland of flowers, and carried in procession to the grave, at the head of which are hired mourners, uttering such howls as are heard, on like occasions, among the lower classes in Ireland. The relations of the deceased, at certain periods, plant or strew flowers on the grave, as is still the custom in many parts of Wales. At particular seasons, groups of women may be seen sitting upon the grave of some relation covering it with flowers, and watering those which had taken root. 'Nor,' says Mr. Douglas, 'are flowers the only offerings placed by the simple piety of the Greek women upon the tomb. Cakes made of honey, flour, and oil, or the colyva, a pudding formed with boiled wheat, honey, and almonds, still unmeaningly occupy the room of the "mellitum far," the propitiatory repast of Cerberus; or the cake *πελανος*, used by the ancients on the same occasion.'

The Greeks, like their ancestors, personify the plague. They represent it under the figure of an old woman clothed in black, who, from her lips, breathes a mortal poison during the night on

* Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.

† Journal through Albania, &c., every

every house which she happens to pass. But they have the happiness of possessing amulets and charms and philtres against every misfortune that threatens them; and the failure is not considered as any want of virtue in the antidote, but of some necessary precaution on the part of those who made use of it. In follies of this kind they are, in fact, as they always were, 'children of a larger growth,' in their creed and their practice. If the eye should give an involuntary motion, a Greek will say that an acquaintance approaches; if the ear tingles, he will give three snaps with the finger close to it, and look upon it as a good omen. If a crow perches on the roof, a friend is coming. If a person happens to sneeze in company, every face is turned immediately towards him, and every one calls out 'Υγια'—'health!' 'Their dreams,' says Mr. Haygarth, 'they explain by contraries; if they see a Turk, they expect an angel; if a priest, the devil.' The shadow of a person falling on another in certain situations is of most ominous import; but the influence of an evil eye is dreaded as much as the plague. Coral, amber, and other amulets are used against the fascination of the *κακο Μαρτί*; and certain sentences of Scripture, enclosed in a bag, and hung round a child's neck, are an infallible preventive of the spell. Should a stranger take particular notice of a child, or praise its beauty, the parents would not be easy until he had spit in its face to counteract the fascination.

Amidst all their oppressions, not an evening passes, in the summer months, in which the young people of both sexes, of the islands or continental villages, do not assemble near some favourite fountain or grove, adorned with garlands and flowers, and their hair loosely floating on the neck, to indulge in their favourite Romaica, or circular dance; which, lively, changeful and replete with grace, is well fitted to display the beauty of attitude in the human form. The Ariadne of the dance is selected either in rotation, or from some habitual deference to youth and beauty. She holds in her left hand a white handkerchief, the clue to Theseus, who follows next in the dance, holding in his right hand the other end of the handkerchief, and giving his left to a second female. The alternation of the sexes, hand in hand, then goes on to any number.

'The chief action of the dance devolves upon the two leaders, the others merely following their movements, generally in a sort of circular outline, and with a step alternately advancing and receding to the measures of the music. The leading female, with an action of the arms and figure directed by her own choice, conducts her lover, as he may be supposed, in a winding and labyrinthic course; each of them constantly varying their movements, partly in obedience to the music, which is either slow and measured, or more lively and impetuous; partly from the

the spirit of the moment, and the suggestion of their own taste. This rapid and frequent change of figure, together with the power of giving expression and creating novelty, renders the Romaika a very pleasing dance, and perhaps among the best of those which have become national, since the plan of its movement allows scope both to the learned and unlearned in the art. In a ball-room at Athens, I have seen it performed with great effect. Still more I have enjoyed its exhibition in some Arcadian villages; where in the spring of the year, and when the whole country was glowing with beauty, groupes of youth of both sexes were assembled amidst their habitations, circling round in the mazes of this dance; with flowing hair, and a dress picturesque enough, even for the outline which fancy frames of Arcadian scenery. It is impossible to look upon the Romaika without the suggestion of antiquity; as well in the representation we have upon marbles and vases, as in the description of similar movements by the poets of that age.—*Dr. Holland*, vol. i. p. 242, 243.

‘I never shall forget,’ says Mr. Douglas, ‘the first time I saw this dance; I had landed on a fine Sunday evening, in the island of Scio, after three months spent amidst Turkish despotism, and I found most of the poorer inhabitants of the town strolling upon the shore, and the rich absent at their farms; but in riding three miles along the coast to visit what is falsely called the school of Homer, I saw about thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of these groups, the girl who led them, chased the retreating wave, and it was in vain that her followers hurried their steps, some of them were generally caught by the returning sea, and all would court the laugh rather than break the indissoluble chain. Near each party were seated a group of parents and elder friends who (“*τιττιγισσιν ἰσχυρίαις*”) rekindled the last spark of their expiring gaiety and vigour, in the happiness they saw around them.’—p. 121.

In Albania the common dance, even among the Greeks, is the Albanitiko, of a character very different from the Romaika, and abounding in strange gestures. This barbarous dance has also been dignified by travellers with a supposed resemblance to the Pyrrhic dance of their ancestors. It is almost exclusively performed by men, who display strength and activity, but without grace. It is thus described by Dr. Holland:

‘An Albanian dance followed, exceeding in strange uncouthness what might be expected from a North American savage: it was performed by a single person, the pipe and tambourine accompanying his movements. He threw back his long hair in wild disorder, closed his eyes, and unceasingly for ten minutes went through all the most violent and unnatural postures; sometimes strongly contorting his body to one side, then throwing himself on his knees for a few seconds; sometimes whirling rapidly round, at other times again casting his arms violently about his head. If at any moment his efforts appeared to languish, the increasing loudness of the pipe summoned him to fresh exertion, and he did not cease till apparently exhausted by fatigue.’—vol. i. p. 114.

These scenes of occasional gaiety, however, are but little enjoyed by the females of the towns, except perhaps at Athens, where the state of society is distinguished from that of other parts of Greece, by its greater vivacity and freedom from restraint; owing in part to the feebleness of the Turkish government, and partly to the frequent visits of foreigners. Yet even here, when the Greeks are inclined to have a ball, they must ask the vaivode's permission. Our countrymen have contributed much to bring the Athenian ladies into company, and to encourage social intercourse, and none more than Lord Guilford: by numerous acts of kindness and generosity, this nobleman so completely gained the affection of the inhabitants, as to induce them to forego some of their most inveterate habits to afford him pleasure. Dr. Holland mentions a ball given by his lordship at which were between thirty and forty ladies, all habited in the Greek fashion, and many of them with great richness of decoration.

The bath has in all ages been the favourite resort of both sexes for health and recreation; but its too frequent and protracted indulgence has been the chief cause of that early decay of beauty and elegance of form, which renders the women, after being, as Dr. Holland observes, 'for a few years the playthings of man, the objects of his contempt and disregard.' Whole days are spent in the enjoyment of the bath; and the scenes which take place, where no restraint is laid on the loquacity still distinguishing the Grecian fair, equal, we are told, the strongest paintings of the Ecclesiastæ and the Lysistrata. Without stopping to inquire into the truth of the picture as drawn by Aristophanes, what transient traveller, we would ask, is likely to know what passes in the female bath at Athens? The very attempt to break in upon its sacred privacy, would subject a man to the risk of losing his life. Of this we have a curious instance before us. The disdar, or governor of the Acropolis, took it into his head one day to conceal himself in the female bath, 'and, like another Actæon, (says Mr. Dodwell,) to feast his unhallowed eyes on the forbidden charms of the young females who were unconsciously exposed to his view. The rash intruder was soon discovered; a scream of terror resounded through the vaulted chamber of the bath; the inexpiable insult was soon known to the infuriated husbands, and the trembling disdar was compelled to take refuge in the Acropolis.' This was not all; he found it necessary to fly to Ægina, from thence to Hydra, and it was not till after many months concealment in a catholic convent in Athens, that he was able to make his peace and resume his command.

There are other causes, however, besides the immoderate use of the bath, which hasten the commencement of decay in the females

males of Greece; they seldom exceed the age of fifteen when married, and frequently do not even reach that age; they lead a sedentary and confined life; and the climate itself is relaxing. 'It shortens,' says Dr. Holland, 'the bloom of youth and the beauty of adult age, takes from the period of mental education, and thereby renders the long latter stage of life more burdensome in itself and less graceful and dignified in the eyes of others.' Their general character is thus given:—

'Their conversation, though commonly lively, yet is deficient in variety; they read but little, and are enslaved to many superstitious feelings and practices. There is an air of indolence in the carriage of a Greek lady, which, though alluring perhaps to the stranger from attitude, dress, and a reference to oriental custom, would soon lose its charm in the fatigue of uniformity. All the movements are slow and languid, and the occupations which occur are performed with a sort of listlessness, that seems ever passing again into a state of inaction. Yet it must be allowed, that there is in these women a feminine softness of manner, which wins admiration; as there is also in their habit and style of dress, something which gains upon the fancy, in its relation to the costume and magnificence of the East. Their address is usually graceful and engaging; and both in the course of medical practice and otherwise, I have met with Greek females of the higher class at Ioannina, whose propriety of demeanour might have fitted them for most European circles.'—vol. i. p. 223.

The female peasantry, as in other countries, are exposed to labour on the land, frequently with a child fastened on their back. 'In going from place to place,' says Dr. Hunt, 'they not only carry their infants in this manner, but have often a lofty jar or pitcher on their heads, and a rock and spindle in their hands, with which they spin as they walk;* yet there is in their appearance a degree of elegance and beauty not commonly to be met with out of Greece. In Bœotia more particularly, the features of the young girls are said to approach more to the *beau idéal* of ancient sculpture than elsewhere; and the traveller who will watch the Hercynian fountain at Livadia, or that of Dirce at Thebes, will find this confirmed even by the appearance of the common washer-women who frequent these fountains. Their profiles resemble those of the ancient statues, or of the figures represented on vases. The face is oval, the nose in general forms nearly a straight line with the forehead, and the eyes are large, dark and brilliant.

It is due to the modern Greeks to mention that drunkenness is a vice almost unknown to them. In this respect they differ essentially from their ancestors. In their eating too, they are far

* Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.

more simple. Fish, poultry and rice, served up in different ways, constitute the principal articles in the cookery of the rich; and salted olives, coarse bread, honey and onions are now, as they always appear to have been, the food of the lower classes. The peasantry of the rich vale of Thessaly, and from the defile of Tempe along the eastern coast as far as Attica, are probably in as good a condition as those in any other part of Greece; yet the most substantial of them is content with what we should call a mere hovel, the principal furniture of which consists of a few implements of cookery, and a large jar, about five feet high, of wicker-work, coated with mud and filled with corn. The dress of the female peasantry in this line of country consists of a coarse woollen petticoat, a short gown, a belt round the waist, fastened in front by two enormous metal clasps, a band round the head, and the hair plaited in two wreaths behind, and descending to the ancles.

The habitations and the domestic economy of the superior classes of Greeks are accurately and minutely described by Dr. Holland from a residence of some weeks in the house of a Greek of Ioannina,—a man of a generous and affectionate temper, whose wife, with much vivacity and beauty, possessed the same excellent qualities of heart, and whose domestic connections were of the most exemplary kind. The family consisted of two sons, two daughters, and an elderly lady, a near relation of the husband.

‘The habitation of our host resembled those which are common in the country. Externally to the street nothing is seen but a high stone wall, with the summit of a small part of the inner building. Large double gates conduct you into an outer area, from which you pass through other gates into an inner square, surrounded on three sides by the buildings of the house. The basement story is constructed of stone, the upper part of the structure almost entirely of wood. A broad gallery passes along two sides of the area, open in front, and shaded overhead by the roof of the building. To this gallery you ascend by a flight of stairs, the doors of which conduct to the different living rooms of the house, all going from it. In this country, it is uncommon, except with the lower classes, to live upon the ground-floor, which is therefore generally occupied as out-buildings, the first floor being that always inhabited by the family. In the house of our host there were four or five living rooms, furnished with couches, carpets, and looking-glasses, which, with the decorations of the ceiling and walls, may be considered as almost the only appendages to a Grecian apartment. The principal room (or what with us would be the drawing-room) was large, lofty, and decorated with much richness. Its height was sufficient for a double row of windows along three sides of the apartment; all these windows however being small, and so situated as merely to admit light without allowing any external view. The ceiling was profusely ornamented with painting and gilding upon carved wood, the walls divided into

into pannels, and decorated in the same way, with the addition of several pier-glasses. A couch or divan, like those described in the *seraglio*, passed along three sides of the apartment, and superseded equally the use of chairs and tables, which are but rarely found in a Greek house.

'The dining-room was also large, but furnished with less decoration; and the same with the other living apartments. The kitchen and servants' rooms were connected by a passage with the great gallery; but this gallery itself formed a privileged place to all the members of the family, and it was seldom that some of the domestics might not be seen here partaking in the sports of the children, and using a familiarity with their superiors, which is sufficiently common in the south of Europe, but very unusual in England. Bed-chambers are not to be sought for in Greek or Turkish habitations. The sofas of their living apartments are the place of nightly repose with the higher classes; the floor with those of inferior rank. Upon the sofas are spread their cotton or woollen mattresses, cotton sheets, sometimes with worked muslin trimmings, and ornamented quilts. Neither men nor women take off more than a small part of their dress; and the lower classes seldom make any change whatever before throwing themselves down among the coarse woollen cloaks which form their nightly covering. In this point the oriental customs are much more simple than those of civilized Europe.

'The separate communication of the rooms with an open gallery renders the Greek houses very cold in winter, of which I had reason to be convinced during both my residences at Ioannina. The higher class of Greeks seldom use any other means of artificial warmth than a brazier of charcoal in the middle of the apartment, trusting to their pelisses and thick clothing for the rest. Sometimes the brazier is placed under a table, covered with a thick rug cloth which falls down to the floor. The heat is thus confined; and the feet of those sitting round the table acquire an agreeable warmth, which is diffused to the rest of the body.

'The family of Metzou generally rose before eight o'clock. Their breakfast consisted simply of one or two cups of coffee, served up with a salver of sweetmeats, but without any more substantial food. In consideration to our grosser morning appetites, bread, honey, and rice-milk were added to the repast which was set before us. Our host, who was always addressed with the epithet of *Affendi* by his children and domestics, passed much of the morning in smoking, in walking up and down the gallery, or in talking with his friends who called upon him. Not being engaged in commerce, and influenced perhaps by his natural timidity, he rarely quitted the house; and I do not recollect to have seen him more than five or six times beyond the gates of the area of his dwelling. His lady meanwhile was engaged either in directing her household affairs, in working embroidery, or in weaving silk thread. The boys were occupied during a part of the morning in learning to read and write the Romaic with a young man who officiated as tutor, the mode of instruction not differing much from that common elsewhere.

'The dinner hour of the family was usually between twelve and one, but from complaisance to us they delayed it till two o'clock. Sum-

moned to the dining-room, a female domestic, in the usage of the East, presented to each person in succession a large bason with soap, and poured tepid water upon the hands from a brazen ewer. This finished, we seated ourselves at the table, which was simply a circular pewter tray, still called *Trapeza*, placed upon a stool, and without cloth or other appendage. The dinner consisted generally of ten or twelve dishes, presented singly at the table by an Albanian servant, habited in his national costume. The dishes afforded some, though not great variety; and the enumeration of those at one dinner may suffice as a general example of the common style of this repast in a Greek family of the higher class:—First, a dish of boiled rice flavoured with lemon juice; then a plate of mutton boiled to rags; another plate of mutton cooked with spinach or onions, and rich sauces; a Turkish dish composed of force-meat with vegetables, made into balls; another Turkish dish, which appears as a large flat cake, the outside of a rich and greasy paste, the inside composed of eggs, vegetables, with a small quantity of meat: following this, a plate of baked mutton, with raisins and almonds, boiled rice with oil, omelet balls, a dish of thin cakes made of flour, eggs and honey; or sometimes in lieu of these, small cakes made of flour, coffee, and eggs; and the repast finished by a desert of grapes, raisins and chesnuts. But for the presence of strangers the family would have eat in common from the dishes successively brought to the table, and even with separate plates before them this was frequently done. The thin wine of the country was drunk during the repast; but neither in eating or drinking is it common for the Greeks to indulge in excess.

The dinner tray removed, the basin and ewer were again carried round—a practice which is seldom omitted even among the inferior classes in this country. After an interval of a few minutes a glass of liquor and coffee were handed to us, and a Turkish pipe presented to any one who desired it. In summer a short *siesta* is generally taken at this hour, but now it was not considered necessary. After passing an hour or two on the couches of the apartment some visitors generally arrived, and the family moved to the larger room before described. These visitors were Greeks of the city, some of them relations, others friends of the family, who did not come on formal invitation, but in an unreserved way, to pass the evening in conversation. This mode of society is common in Ioannina, and, but that the women take little part in it, might be considered extremely pleasant. When a visitor enters the apartment, he salutes, and is saluted, by the right hand placed on the left breast—a method of address at once simple and dignified. Seated on the couch, sweetmeats, coffee and a pipe are presented to him; and these form in fact the only articles of entertainment.—vol. i. pp. 227—232.

In the present degraded state of Greece we should look in vain for any progress in the arts of painting or sculpture; these can flourish only in a wealthy and enlightened nation. It is, however, not a little remarkable that the moderns should have so completely lost all traces of those dramatic exhibitions of which the
ancients

ancients were so fond: not a vestige of these are left; nor have they either taste or skill for music. Mr. Haygarth heard at Athens 'songs exactly such as an admirer of antiquity would wish for'—that is to say, as indifferent as can well be imagined. As far, indeed, as the most careful inquiries have been carried into the state of music among the ancient Greeks, it appears that their scale was always imperfect; that they were ignorant of singing or playing in parts, and that their powers, both of voice and instruments, were exceedingly limited. In the same state they still remain. The beauty and expression of Greek and Turkish music, so rapturously applauded by M. Guys, have no existence.

However disheartening the comparison may be, between the ancient and modern Greeks, we would fain persuade ourselves that the moral regeneration of the latter is not an impracticable event. One thing is at least certain—they have begun, of late years, to direct their attention to the pursuits of literature. 'After an interval of twelve centuries,' says Haygarth, 'their harp is again strung, and though the hand that sweeps the chords is unskilful, and the spirit that inspires the composition weak, yet the rudest efforts of the descendants of so illustrious an ancestry must always be interesting.' These efforts in intellectual improvement, however, are not rude, nor have they been unsuccessful. The progress made, in the last thirty years, in the ancient Greek language, and in general literature, is very considerable; and in the same period the Romaic, or vulgar language, has made approaches towards the Hellenic. That language, in its worst state, may be considered to bear about the same relation to the ancient Greek, as the old Italian to the Latin; perhaps somewhat closer; the approximation, therefore, to the ancient Greek standard may not be attended with those inconveniences which have been apprehended from the recent amended editions of their standard books, while it must necessarily tend to the revival of the ancient authors.

The Greeks of Ioannina, in particular, are celebrated among their countrymen for their literary acquirements. Hitherto they have confined themselves chiefly to translations of the best modern works, which, through the liberality of their merchants, have been executed abroad—and they have done wisely. Ioannina has two academies; one of them kept by Athanasius Psalida, considered as one of the chiefs of the literature of modern Greece; the other, devoted to a younger class of scholars, is conducted by Valano, whose father, the author of some mathematical treatises, preceded him. The physician Sakallarius has produced several original works as well as translations. Koletti, another physician, has published a chemical treatise in the Romaic language, chiefly on the modern doctrines of heat, and translated the Geometry of Legendre, and the Arithmetic of Biot.

In the flourishing town of Volo, situated at the head of the gulf of the same name, and containing about seven hundred houses built of stone; in the large and populous town of Makrinitza, and the group of villages called Zagora, and indeed in the whole region of Thessaly, from the vale of Tempé to the gulf of Volo, the Greeks enjoy certain advantages in situation and commerce, which afford them more liberty and greater scope for exertion than are common to most of their countrymen. 'Much of the literature of modern Greece,' says Dr. Holland, 'has come from this quarter.' The authors of the 'Modern Greek Geography,' were natives of Melies, and so is Gazi, the conductor of the *Εφημερίς ὁ Λογιστής*, at Vienna. Philipidi, another native of Melies, has published translations of La Lande's *Astronomy* and of the *Logic of Condillac*; and Kavra, of Ampelachia, has translated the *Arithmetic and Algebra of Euler*, and the *Abbé Millot's Elements of History*.

The Hellenic language is now extensively cultivated both in and out of Greece. In Constantinople are two schools: one for ancient Greek; the other for logic, physics, and mathematics. At Smyrna there is a Greek college in which the Hellenic language is taught, two on the island of Scio, and one on Patmos; two at Ioannina, and two at Athens; and several in the Ionian islands. In Venice, in Vienna, and many towns of Austria and Hungary, are free schools for the education of the Greeks in their ancient language, and the universities of Padua, Pisa, and Bologna, are open to them. To what extent it is intended to carry the university of Cephallonia, of which the Earl of Guilford has been appointed Chancellor, we know not; but we cannot help thinking that, if the money to be expended upon it were appropriated to the education of the Grecian youths at our own universities, they would have a fairer chance of becoming better scholars, better men, and consequently better patriots, than by receiving their education in the Ionian islands.

Upon the whole, however, the Greeks may be considered as in a progressive state of improvement; and, with their literary improvement, will necessarily be increased that desire for the restoration of their independence, which they have never wholly lost sight of, and of which every lover of freedom must wish to see the accomplishment. There is much, however, to be done before they can be considered ripe for such an event. In their present divided and dispersed condition, without the means of communication, without military skill or military resources, ignorant besides as the bulk of the people are, and low in morals, they are not fit to govern themselves. In such a state, the sudden removal of the Turkish power would prove an evil instead of a good. If from the *Achaean league* to the present day, the states of Greece never united

united in any general object, it will hardly be expected of them when they are more separated by their character, and more divided in their views, that they should agree for the accomplishment of one and the same object. Let it be recollected also, that the circumstances of the world are totally changed since they were an independent people. Greece, which was a civilized and polished nation in the midst of barbarians, is now, compared with the rest of Europe, herself barbarous; and the eternal warfare and disputes which, in her most flourishing periods, prevailed among her petty states, could not now be tolerated. Mere nominal freedom, therefore, in her present state of ignorance, superstition and disunion, would prove a greater evil than the yoke of the Turks. It is perfectly idle to talk, with Sonnini and others of his description, of the restoration of Greece to independence, and of the sacred duty of the nations of Christendom to unite and form another crusade for the liberation of the Greeks. The first victims of any war undertaken for their freedom would be the Greeks themselves. Of this they had fatal experience in the Russian crusade for the liberation of the Morea. 'While we hoped,' says one of them, 'that the days of our ancient liberty were about to regain their splendour, our houses were set on fire, our daughters were ravished, by the very soldiers who came to defend our country, and unhappy Greece felt only the weight of her chains increased.'—But on this subject we have already stated our sentiments at large, (No. XX. Art. VII.) and circumstances have not materially changed since that time.

It has been justly observed by Mr. Douglas, that 'the seeds of rational liberty will never prosper in a soil not antecedently prepared by proper cultivation to receive them.' The Greeks are accordingly preparing their soil by extending the benefits of education; but they have only yet commenced their formidable task. Education must become much more general; true religion and morality must be far more widely disseminated among the lower orders; the idle ceremonies, the numerous fast days, the multitude of papás and caloyers must be greatly abridged; the land cultivated with more care; roads of communication opened; the fisheries encouraged; commerce extended; the oriental custom of shutting up their women and denying them the blessings of an enlightened education must be abolished; and, above all, those who are at present at the head of the Greek church, and those who, from their wealth or power, have any sway over the people, must be more than ordinarily careful not to suffer the poisonous dogmas of infidelity imported from the Universities of Germany and Italy, to be spread among their youth, before they can rationally aspire to the enjoyment of that freedom of which they will only then be truly worthy.

ART.

ART. III.—*A Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review.*
By Wm. Parnell, Esq. Dublin. 1840.

WE generally have the charity to refrain from noticing the answers which angry authors make to our criticisms; but we have departed from this rule on special occasions; and we are induced to do so in the present instance, because we conceive that, amidst a good deal of petty dispute, Mr. Parnell has involved in the controversy some topics of general interest.

The 'Letter' before us is a protest against the justice of our opinion of 'Maurice and Berghetta, or the Priest of Rahary,' the review of which has, we have reason to know, amused not a few readers who had thrown away the work itself in disgust.—We intimated that Mr. Parnell, Knight of the Shire for Wicklow, was the supposed author of this strange novel; he here avows it, and defends his offspring with even more than parental partiality. But as he affects to write calmly, (though we can perceive that he fancies he has levelled some sly and stinging personalities at us,) we shall examine his Reply without any other objects than those of correcting error and establishing truth.

Any one who reads the novel, the review, and the reply, will be satisfied that even if all Mr. Parnell's recriminations were well founded, they would affect but little, if at all, the real question—'the merit of his work.' He might have corrected us on points of agricultural or genealogical detail (such as his pamphlet dwells upon) without disproving the substantial charges: but, in truth, even that paltry victory we cannot allow him; he is wrong throughout—his novel was as dull as an argumentation, and now his argument is as flimsy as a novel.

Mr. Parnell's '*first ground of complaint*' is, that the person selected to review his work should 'be totally ignorant of the most ordinary facts of farming.'—p. 4.

Some may incline to think that if we had amongst us one person 'ignorant of the most ordinary facts of farming,' he was just the person to whom might be committed, without any great impropriety, the examination of a novel. But Mr. Parnell is not of this opinion, nor indeed were we. We can assure this gentleman that we are so far from being 'totally ignorant' on that subject, that we have entertained many practical farmers by our accurate and judicious accounts of his discoveries. To prove *our* ignorance, however, Mr. Parnell employs three pages in abusing the *fac* (the long handled spade), with which he says 'an Irish labourer always works as timidly as a lady tuning her harp-strings;' but when did *we* say a word in defence of the *fac*? Mr. Parnell recommended the short handled spade, the use of which occasioned '*a great stoop,*'

stoop, and he also recommended the use of a scythe with a bent handle, which *prevented* the necessity of '*stooping*.' It was upon the inconsistency of these reasons, apparent we think even to those who may be 'ignorant of farming,' that we observed, and not at all upon the real value of the respective implements: nay, we did not disagree with Mr. Parnell, for our expression was '*the change may be desirable*, but not assuredly for the reasons assigned by the author.'—No. XLII. p. 485.

We had smiled at Mr. Parnell's developing with great solemnity, 'that recondite mystery in the art of mowing, that damp grass is cut more easily than dry, and that it is less fatiguing to mow in the morning and evening than under the meridian sun.' p. 473. To this he replies:

'It is also no discovery, as your Reviewer states, nor is it a very important fact in England, to shew that grass may be mown easier when full of sap and wet with the morning and evening dew; but it is of importance to urge this fact in Ireland, where, if known, it is not attended to; and to any one who has witnessed, as I have done during the last hot summer, the mowers of the country working through the heat of the day on *task-work*, with no diet but potatoes, and actually with no drink but water, an attempt to lighten this severe labour, by transferring it from the heat of the mid-day to the cool of the morning and evening, would not be esteemed a fit topic for ridicule.'—pp. 7, 8,

What we '*ridiculed*' was—*not* the *fact*, which we asserted to be notorious, but—Mr. Parnell's pompous exhibition of it as valuable information, to acquire which, his hero was obliged to make a tour into England. When it was mentioned that Goldsmith intended to travel in quest of useful inventions, Doctor Johnson thought there was danger of his going to Constantinople, and bringing back a wheelbarrow as a wonderful discovery. Did the doctor by this phrase ridicule either travelling or wheelbarrows? or is not the smile excited at the simple Irishman painfully journeying into foreign parts to make a discovery which every peasant in the country was already acquainted with?—And does Mr. Parnell really believe that *Irish* mowers do not work in the evening and morning, and that *English* mowers do not work in the mid-day? and does he know what *task-work* means?—We doubt it—if he did, he could not be ignorant that in England, as in Ireland and every other country, when men work *by the day*, they will gladly accept permission not to work during the heat of the day, but that when they work *by task* they will choose their own time, and work only at such hours as they please. If there be any class of the Irish who less than another want Mr. Parnell's advice, it is probably the mowers; for it may surprise this worthy gentleman to be informed that many of those admirable mowers, whom he sees with

with *bent* scythes cutting the swathe of this favoured country, are no other than Irishmen, who migrate hither during the harvest, and return to Ireland in the autumn with the profits of their labour; and we scarcely suppose that they leave all their experience behind.

Having made such exquisite observations on these two points and these only—on one of which we gave no opinion, and on the other, agreed with him—Mr. Parnell proudly exclaims, ‘So much for your Reviewer’s knowledge of agriculture!’

The royal descent and noble names and titles which Mr. Parnell chose to lavish upon two Irish peasants struck us as supremely absurd; and we incidentally observed, ‘that he christened the girl Geraldine, thereby intimating that the Fitzgeralds, to whom the name of Geraldine is appropriate, were of the ancient house of O’Neal or O’Toole.’—p. 476.

On this Mr. Parnell is very angry and very triumphant; he asserts, that ‘if we had known any thing of Irish history, we *would* have known that the illustrious House of Fitzgerald never disdained alliance with the Irish families;’ and he reminds us that Walter Scott tells us in poetry and prose, that the Fitzgeralds and O’Neals intermarried. This Mr. Parnell might have proved without Sir Walter’s assistance, from Collins’s *Peerage*, a venerable authority with which we are not wholly unacquainted; but *what* we were disposed a little to doubt (and what Mr. Parnell ought to have proved) was that Geraldine was a popular Christian name, or likely to be one, amongst the O’Neals and O’Tooles of our day:—and surely when Mr. Parnell was so curious in the selection of *appropriate* and *septic* names as to call the hero Muirheartach, and the heroine Berghetta, it was not quite congruous to give their child the Anglo-Italian name of Geraldine: but upon this *hint*, for it was no more, Mr. Parnell *speaks* thus—

‘Indeed, sir, I begin to blush at the supposition that your Reviewer should be an Irishman; all the waters of the Shannon will not wash out the scandal of such unpardonable ignorance of the antiquities of his country, accompanied with so much pretension, and contrasted with the accuracy of the Scottish bard.’—p. 10.

On this we will just observe, for Mr. Parnell’s sake, that the effect of an immersion in the Shannon is *not*, in the vulgar notion to which he alludes, to wash out the stains of ignorance or to clear the understanding, but the very reverse; and we shall not be greatly surprised to hear that Mr. Parnell had himself taken a dip in this celebrated stream before he began his pamphlet.

The next reproach may appear somewhat trivial, but as we are obliged to admit it to be well founded, we cannot, in candour, suppress it.

Mr. Parnell had been celebrating the glories of a certain king,
Tuathal,

Tuathal, Tual, or Toole, who reigned over the county of which Mr. Parnell is now a simple Knight-of-the-Shire; and in compliment to the placable disposition of the present *dynast* (to borrow Mr. Parnell's expression) of the county, we contrasted it with the ferocity of the old potentate, by exclaiming somewhat loosely, 'Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!' This unlucky quotation, says Mr. Parnell, 'betrays the reviewer's ignorance of Latin, an ignorance which should at once disqualify him for the *department* in which he has been strangely misplaced.' This sentence, however just in itself, is not quite consistent with the distribution of duty which Mr. Parnell was so good as to make for us in the outset, when he hinted that his novel ought to have been handed over to some gentleman in the farming line! The words, Mr. Parnell says, are in Virgil, but he carefully and candidly assures us, that he entirely acquits that admired writer of the blunder which he has detected, for Virgil (says he) uses the expression 'with great propriety,' inasmuch as the Hector 'who appeared to Æneas was, "*mutatus*," changed from the Hector who set fire to the Grecian ships; whereas the present Knight of the Shire for Wicklow can by no strain of the word be said to be *mutatus* from King Tual, with whom he had never any personal identity.'

No, seriously, not the least! Mr. Parnell not only is not, but never was, King O'Toole; and he is so touchy on the subject of his personal identity, that we hasten to confess our error, and to assure him that we did not mean to confound him personally with either King O'Toole, or with that Hector who set fire to the Grecian ships; we merely meant to express our dutiful joy, that the dynasty of Wicklow had been so much '*mutatus*, *changed*,' for the better.

'Before we part with king O'Tual (continues Mr. Parnell), I must redress a wrong done to him by the *ignorance* of the reviewer. This king NEVER HAD SO VULGAR AN APPELLATION AS TOOLE. His name is written Tuathal, but the middle consonants being mute in the Irish pronunciation, it is pronounced Tual, with a broad accent on the a.'—p. 11.

It may be, perhaps, too hazardous to attempt to meddle with what an Irish gentleman calls 'a broad accent on the a;'—passing this however for the moment, we cannot forbear saying that Mr. Parnell has touched us in a tender point. We prided ourselves a little on our acquaintance with this subject; and, to speak modestly, should have received with more thankfulness than surprise a honorary *adscription into the quiet ranks* of the Irish Society of Antiquaries, for the extent and accuracy of our researches into the archives of this illustrious race.—And to be charged with
'wronging'

'wronging' the head of it!—this we did not expect nor deserve. But we forgive Mr. Parnell: and, in return for his charge of 'ignorance,' shall simply recommend the following authorities to his knowledge.

In that part of Dr. Ledwich's *Antiquities of Ireland*, (a book of the greatest authority on such subjects,) which treats of the very scene where Mr. Parnell has laid this part of his novel, and of the very tomb of the ancient *Dynasts* of Wicklow, in which his descendant Berghetta is buried, we read—'The valley derives its name from its first Tirbolgian possessors the Totilas, *Tuathals* or *Tools*;'—and again, 'the sept of the Tuathals or *Tools* were the ancient proprietors of this district;'—and again, 'the Refeart' (where Berghetta was buried) 'is literally the sepulchre of kings, being the burial place of the *O'Tooles*.'—*Edit.* 1790, pp. 33. 40. And Archdall says 'the Refeart, literally the sepulchre of kings, is the tomb of M'Uthiel or *O'Toole*, an ancient chieftain;'—and again, 'Laurence *O'Toole* was descended from the princely founders of the abbey;'—and again, 'a monastery was founded here by the *O'Tooles*.'—*Monast. Hibern.* pp. 769. 774. 778. Mr. Parnell sees by this time that the 'appellation,' whether 'vulgar' or not, is and ever was written and pronounced *Toole*; and we can further assure him that several worthy constituents of his own, who derive their descent from the ancient Tuathals, will be wonderfully astonished to learn from their Knight of the Shire, that they have an *a*, whether broad or slender, in their names.

'The reviewer next charges me (Mr. Parnell says) with fulsome flattery towards the Catholic Clergy. It might at least be termed praise, not flattery, till the *truth* of the praise is denied. Fulsome flattery, I imagine, is when questionable eulogy is bestowed upon a person possessed of patronage, and who having the power to reward, the motive of the eulogist must be considered, at least, equivocal.'—p. 11, 12.

We might refer this erudite word-catcher to his dictionary, in which he would find that his *only* interpretation of the word '*to praise falsely*,' is but its secondary meaning: but we will grant him his meaning, and we will go still further and avow it for our own. We meant to charge him with fulsome flattery of the Catholic clergy in the sense which he gives to the words, and his sole answer to this is, How can those be flattered who have no patronage to bestow?—A mob then is never flattered!—the base passions of the populace are never pandered to!—popularity is never sought by gross and unblushing deviations from truth and principle! Alas, of all flatteries, that which Mr. Parnell excludes by his definition is the most dangerous. We have seen it in France, we now see it in England; and yet Mr. Parnell with a grave face tells us, that there can be no flattery but of

of persons possessing patronage. But again, we will accept his definition—have the Roman Catholic clergy no patronage? no power? Will Mr. Parnell venture as a man of honour to say, that he, or his brother, or several of his friends, could hold their seats in parliament in spite of the Catholic clergy?—But we called the flattery fulsome; Mr. Parnell obliges us now to shew that it is false; this is easily done. Notwithstanding the *extravagant praise* of his dedication, the priest of Rahery (Mr. Parnell's representative of the body at large,) confesses that *he was little fitted to benefit his flock—that he had no religion in his heart till he began to read Protestant writers—that the priests are generally religious impostors, and practise impious impositions on the ignorant people!*

Mr. Parnell's next complaint is, that, 'in wondering how he could swear at the table of the House, that the Roman Catholic church holds doctrines *impious and idolatrous*, when he asserts in his dedication, that that church in Ireland possesses talents, simplicity, piety, and purity, *far beyond that of the Protestant or any other church*,'—we accuse him of perjury; but we beg Mr. Parnell's pardon, it is he who accuses himself. We offered him an *alternative*, 'IF (we said) he sincerely believed the Church of Rome to be purer than that of England, we wonder why he does not embrace the former—why at least he does not tell us how he reconciles those sentiments with the epithets superstitious and idolatrous;' but 'IF, ON THE OTHER HAND, Mr. Parnell be really a Protestant, and that these praises of the Popish church be the mere flattery of a dedicator, we cannot praise his good taste or sincerity.'—p. 479.

Against our charge, (which involved a dilemma,) he has made no defence, and he has given occasion to a new charge—which we make without dilemma or alternative—of the *suppressio veri*, by withdrawing the second member of our sentence, and of the *suggestio falsi*, by saying that we *directly* charged him with perjury. Of the cap which Mr. Parnell has thus forced upon his own head, he is naturally very impatient; and complains grievously of making the deficiencies of an author

'a pretext for censuring his conduct as a member of parliament, but more particularly as a man and a Christian. And if it be answered that this evil results from members of parliament writing novels, we may reply that greater evil results from members of parliament turning reviewers. And the former class have this plain advantage, that they "shun secrecy and talk in open sight," whereas the latter are always exposed to the odium that rests upon safe malignity.'—p. 18.

This is very fine! but who that reads only this passage would believe that Maurice and Berghetta was, in fact, an *anonymous* publication?

publication? When the honourable member chose to avow it—whether before our remarks appeared or since, we really do not know, and have no great reason to care: the bravado about *shunning secrecy* could only have been justified by his having, at the outset, put his name to his book, and he will allow us to say that if he had done so he would have saved us more than half the pains we took in reviewing it.

He next tells us that ‘we proceed to what is fair ground of remark, the supposed seditious tendency of the work’—but does he deny this? No; ‘*all he can say* is that his design was to discourage sedition.’ This is no more than we ourselves said of him: we never said nor thought that he *meant* to promote sedition; we clearly acquitted him of any kind of meaning; we expressly declared ‘that Mr. Parnell did not know what he was saying’—that ‘he was a child playing with fire-arms; an *innocent* who, by way of giving light to his neighbours, sticks his farthing candle into a barrel of gunpowder.’—p. 485.

The true question, however, is, whether, in substance, our opinion of the seditious tendency of the work was correct or not; and to this, our most serious, indeed our only serious charge, Mr. Parnell, after abusing us for the accusation, pleads *guilty*:—‘As this representation of a rebellious and infidel spirit,’ he says, ‘has given offence to those whose opinion I regard, *I have altered the work* so that the hero cannot be exposed to a verdict either of high treason or of *felo de se*.’—p. 19.

His next complaint is, ‘that in ridiculing the respect paid by the Spanish Court to the Irish *dynasts* we *continue* to shew our ignorance.’ We certainly continue our course, whatever it may be; and Mr. Parnell, our readers will find, continues his.

In support of the probability of this part of his narration, he tells us that the O'Donnells and O'Neils have been received with cordiality, and risen to high rank in the Spanish service. This, like the alliance between the Fitzgeralds and O'Neils, is very true; but what has it to do with the object of our ridicule? what we exposed to the wonder, or, if Mr. Parnell pleases, the ridicule of the world, were the following extracts from his work, which we quoted without adding a single observation.—

“When we reached the circle where the queen sat, I made a *slender curtsey*, (a *slender Curtsey*!) preserving myself from that mean assiduousness which characterises courtiers both male and female.—She said, in Spanish, “we are obliged to the princess Hi Sullivan for *the honour she does our court*,” and seemed as if she would have said more, but was restrained by the forms of this most formal court; but these few words were accompanied by a smile of great sweetness.”

‘The boys, *in right of their father*, had the title of Prince acknowledged,

ledged, and the rank of Grandees of Spain superadded. And they and Geraldine received much courtesy from the Spanish court.'—p. 477.

The title of *Prince—in right of their father*—Maurice the mower lately hanged for felony! and Mr. Parnell tells us that in wondering at this, we 'continue to betray our ignorance.' But this is not the worst proof of it;—we had observed—

'The Queen of Spain took as great a fancy to Geraldine as she had done to her Highness of Hi Sullivan; and having resolved to see her well married, her majesty, with a delicacy of sentiment and an easy familiarity peculiar to the court of Spain, had a list of all the unmarried grandees made out, and the grandees hereupon were drawn up in a line in the drawing-room, in order that Geraldine might *pick out a husband for herself*.'—p. 477.

To this Mr. Parnell gloriously replies.

'The reviewer ridicules the circumstance of a young lady being disposed of in marriage, without freedom of choice, by a Queen of Spain. But many things, which are not so, appear ridiculous to ignorance. The reviewer might have known that the Spanish court, in common with other despotic courts, exercises that most revolting prerogative of tyranny, the disposal of the hands of its noble subjects in marriage. That it exists at the present day, the following article, inserted last year, from Madrid, testifies.

"The beautiful Duchess de la Roca has, after three months, been liberated from her confinement, to which she was subjected for having expressed her intention of marrying the Marquis del Valle de La Palermo. She has been pardoned only in consequence of the pregnancy of the queen, and remains single."—p. 22.

We smiled at the picture of all the nobility of Spain being drawn up in file, and an Irish peasant girl being desired to make a *free choice* of which of them she pleased for a husband; and Mr. Parnell defends himself with a newspaper story of a Spanish lady who was *not* allowed to choose a husband for herself. But this tale (which we disbelieve altogether) only makes the matter worse, by shewing how unlikely it is that the Irish peasant girl should be treated with an attention which even the grandees of Spain do not receive.—If Mr. Parnell had said that the queen had *forced* his Princess Hi Nial to a match with some particular individual, we should not have wondered—that would be in the character of this formal court; but the whole of the grandees of Spain subjected to her choice!—that, indeed, is somewhat a different case!

And so Mr. Parnell himself now begins to think; 'he has,' he says, 'prepared an edition of his work adapted to Ireland, and another adapted to England:'—in the former he has preserved the Spanish scenes, because, without some qualification of this kind (namely, the prospect of being made grandees of Spain), so much

censure on their old habits would not be tolerated by the Irish peasantry.'—p. 23.

This is a precious avowal. One edition is prepared for people of common sense; but for the Irish, the nonsense, and the prospect of being made Spanish princes, are necessary to render it palatable; and yet Mr. Parnell goes on abusing us for *ignorance and malignity*, in animadverting on *this very trash which, in consequence of our advice, he has now expunged*.

Mr. Parnell next protests against our remarks on the potatoe diet of the Irish peasantry. Upon this subject Mr. Parnell seems to us to be stark mad—he was bad enough in his Novel, but he is ten times worse in his Letter. Our readers will recollect that this judicious philanthropist proposed, that the Irish peasantry should, from and after the day of publishing his novel, eat *cold meat and bread*, as a *cheaper* food than potatoes and milk, their ordinary diet. Upon this proposition, which, absurd as it is, was supported by arguments still more ridiculous, we observed, with, we think, singular forbearance, 'that we wished the food of the Irish peasantry could be improved; but that none but a visionary could think of changing it *all together*, and, above all, changing it for such reasons of *economy* as had occurred to Mr. Parnell.' p. 484.

We shall not stop to defend ourselves from Mr. Parnell's imputation of advocating the use of the potatoe as the sole diet of the Irish—we have expressly stated, in the strongest manner, an opposite wish; we only took the liberty of calling *visionary* the means by which Mr. Parnell would overturn, by a single stroke of his pen, the habits of a nation, and the reasons by which he would justify the attempt. We think for instance, that it is nearly as advantageous to the English poor to have a mixture of potatoes with their meat, as it would be to the Irish to have meat with their potatoes; but what would be thought of the man who should pretend to commence a reform of the diet of England by proscribing at once both bread and meat, and insisting on the immediate and exclusive use of cold potatoes! Mr. Parnell seems to think that whenever he can raise himself above what he calls a prejudice, he has a right to abuse every one who doubts whether a whole people, bigoted to that very prejudice, could, all of a sudden, and upon his ipse dixit, get rid of it. The following is part of his tirade against potatoes, and is really comparable to nothing but good King James's 'Counter-blast' against tobacco.

'This dirty crop is first to be clawed out of the ground by the women's hands, then when pitted it must be perpetually turned and the shoots rubbed off to prevent spoiling; before it is cooked the women must take the potatoes to some stream of water to wash, no very short operation

operation, as any one that has observed it knows; three times a day she has to cook, and often to collect the fuel from the hedges, and twice she must walk, through all weathers, to carry this sorry meal to the man, let him work at ever so great a distance. But the evil does not end here—this unwholesome food produces a whole tribe of stomach complaints, besides the constant attendant on insufficient nourishment, scrophula; and there probably does not exist in any part of Europe so sickly a peasantry as the Irish.—p. 24.

In his concluding sentence Mr. Parnell has unluckily run his head against more formidable opponents than he probably considers us. Adam Smith, after some observation on the strength and beauty of the lower orders of Irish, observes ‘that no food can afford a more decisive proof of its *nourishing* quality, or of its being *peculiarly suited to the human constitution*.’ And Arthur Young says, ‘when I see the people of a country (he is speaking of Ireland) with well formed vigorous bodies, and their cottages swarming with children; when I see the men athletic and the women beautiful, I know not how to believe them subsisting on unwholesome food.’ But Mr. Parnell seems to think that we have made common cause with the potatoe, and that while he abuses *it* he abuses *us*. There is, as our readers know, one deleterious effect which is sometimes jocularly attributed to the Irish potatoe; if there were no other ground for rejecting this vulgar notion Mr. Parnell affords a strong one; the most potatoe-eating of his countrymen could not exhibit a more inveterate disposition to blunder than this sworn enemy of the national root.—We will now, as on former points, not only avow all that we have said, but go a little further with Mr. Parnell, and tell him that the reasons he brings against the potatoe diet are the very reverse of those which in truth can be alleged against it. He charges it with being *expensive* and *unwholesome*—the common sense of mankind, the experience of ages, contradict these assertions:—and, in truth, the evils which the use of this food is supposed to aggravate are connected with its *cheapness* and *powers of nutrition*. Indolence and want of foresight and economy are the chief defects of the character of the Irish peasant, and these dispositions are fostered by the ease, the certainty, the cheapness with which a sufficient quantity of potatoes may be produced and cooked for the sustenance of man, and by the effective nature of that sustenance, which renders any higher industry, or any more costly nourishment, unnecessary.

Human wants are the first, and, with the lower orders, the only stimulants of human industry, and when we concurred with Mr. Parnell in wishing that the Irish peasantry could be brought to improve the quality of their food, we did so because we disagreed altogether from his reasoning, and because we know from the his-

tory of the whole human race, and from a contemplation of the distributions of Divine Providence, that our duties and our wants operate upon each other, that the morals of a people must be founded in its industry, and that in proportion as man is relieved from the necessity of labour he is debased in the scale of existence.

But Mr. Parnell maintains that bread and meat are cheaper than potatoes; potatoes, he says, must be dug, *and taken to a river* and cleaned, and boiled, &c.—whereas bread and meat cost no time or trouble.—This strange fallacy we have already exposed, but Mr. Parnell repeats it in his Letter, and enforces it with this grave argument that beef may generally be killed at Christmas for about 2½*d.* a pound, while potatoes at that season are 6*d.* a stone, so that six pounds of potatoes are about the price of a pound of meat. Now observe the accuracy of our economist!—he takes the cheapest season of beef and the dearest of potatoes, and then makes his comparison;—and again—he reckons beef at the price it bears when, according to his own account, more than half the Irish nation never taste it, and he reckons that potatoes, when more than half the demand is diminished, will continue to bear their present prices. Those who are not acquainted with Mr. Parnell's works will scarcely believe in the possibility of such absurdity.

Mr. Parnell's final attack upon us is conveyed in the following sentences—

'The last hazardous assertion made by the reviewer, "that the Irish have always governed themselves," after exciting general surprize, must, I believe, have excited a general smile.'

'This writer seems to me not to be able to explain clearly his own ideas. *If he means, as he certainly must do,* that the Irish have been the instruments of governing each other, *he is perfectly correct,* and nothing is more easy and common. India may be kept in subjection by seapoys, and the African slaves are best managed by African drivers.'—p. 29.

Mr. Parnell '*seems to us not to be able to explain clearly his own ideas;*' for, accusing us, in the first line of his sentence, of this confusion and incapacity, he in the very next retracts his assertion, and admits that we do understand and clearly explain our own meaning, and moreover that we are quite correct in the inference.—'*If he means, as he certainly must, then he is perfectly correct,*' and this is what Mr. Parnell calls not being able clearly to explain one's own ideas!

But let us examine the *substance* of our difference: Mr. Parnell accused the *Irish* of being 'filthy,' 'lazy,' 'tricky,' 'fraudulent,' 'thoughtless,' 'extravagant,' 'drunken,' 'base,' 'cowardly,' and 'treacherous;' and he imputes these scandalous vices to their connexion with the *English*, whom he represents as cleanly, active, open, honest, prudent, temperate, loyal, bold, and generous;—
and

and we naturally asked him how any man with a grain of logic or common sense could attribute these vices in one people to its intercourse with another which possesses all the opposite virtues? —Oh! replied Mr. Parnell, it is the fault of the *English government*. Nay, we rejoined, but ‘Ireland for the last century has, in every thing that related to morals, manners, and domestic economy, (the points in which she is most deficient,) been governed by herself.’—p. 481. And to this Mr. Parnell replies by the passage just quoted;—first of all inserting the word *always* instead of ‘for the last century,’ and omitting the important limitation upon which the whole argument hinges, ‘in morals, manners and domestic economy.’ A bolder (not to use a harsher term) attempt at falsification we have never seen—and trivial as the difference, between *always*, and for *the last century*, may appear, it was not insignificant to Mr. Parnell’s mind nor unimportant to his argument; for he had stated in the very preceding sentence, ‘that to govern men ill is to make them slaves, is a clear process of reasoning held from Terence down to Sir John Davis, by whom it is applied to the case of the Irish,’ p. 29. Now we admit that in Sir John Davis’s time Ireland was not governed by herself; but Sir John Davis did not live within the last century, he having died, we mention it for Mr. Parnell’s information, about 300 years ago.

The suppression is of yet more importance; because undoubtedly in great political measures, which are usually understood by the word government, the English cabinet may be said to have governed Ireland:—but we repeat it, (and Mr. Parnell, by calling his countrymen *seapoys and slave-drivers*, cannot refute us,) that the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Privy Council, the magistracy, the parochial clergy, being *all Irish*, the Irish must have governed themselves in ‘*morals, manners and domestic economy*.’

If Mr. Parnell means that all those authorities basely sold themselves to England, and misruled their native country under the corruption of England—he would only impute to his unhappy country one class of depravity more than he has already accused her of, but he would not overthrow our argument:—the Irish parliament *may* have been corrupt, and *may* have sold themselves, and *may* have betrayed the people that they governed; but they *did govern* that people, and they *were Irish*, and that was the whole of our assertion.

But, we totally deny his fact, to the extent, and for the purpose for which he states it: that there has been considerable misgovernment in Ireland we ourselves admitted;—but that the whole aristocracy of that country has for the last century deserved to be treated as African slave-drivers, we totally and in-

dignantly deny. Mr. Parnell's own father was, for the most important quarter of that century, a public man in Ireland, for a great while a minister—no less than Chancellor of the Exchequer; was he a slave-driver? was he sold to English corruption? did he do nothing for the advancement of the manners, morals and internal economy of Ireland? We could go through a long list of names as pure and still more illustrious, but it is idle to put even the plainest questions to a person of Mr. Parnell's obliquity of understanding.

Mr. Parnell having censured our learning and approved his own, by defending *Virgil's propriety*, and coupling Terence with Sir John Davis, as Lingo does Heliogabalus with Jack the Painter, crowns his scholarship by finding that the Duke of Bedford and Earl Fitzwilliam are Brutus and Cassius.—He accuses us of omitting the names of these noblemen in our list of the viceroys of Ireland, in these gentle words :

‘ And, to make the *inversion* of all *moral* and political judgment more striking, the names of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Fitzwilliam are omitted. Has the reviewer never heard of the memory of Brutus and Cassius being more forcibly recalled by the *absence* of their statues?’ —p. 32.

We forgive Mr. Parnell his zeal for Earl Fitzwilliam, as we were inclined to do his praise of the Catholic priests, as a good *electioneering manœuvre*; but no electioneering or any other zeal, should induce a writer to suppress the words of his antagonist, and upon such suppression, to found a charge of the *inversion* of all *moral* judgment (by which we believe, he means *justice*). We confess that in our list of Irish viceroys we omitted these two noblemen, but we omitted also several others—Lords Buckingham, Westmorland, Camden, Hardwick, Whitworth, &c.—and we stated expressly, that in our list, we ‘selected only a few,’ and selected those ‘who were *now no more*,’—and this we did to avoid all pretence for the very imputation, which Mr. Parnell has now made, of undue partiality.

We have now gone through *every one* of Mr. Parnell's charges as fully as our limits would allow; and now we ask has he substantiated one of them—grave or gay, light or serious—always excepting that unhappy error of mistaking him for King O'Tool? And has he given any thing like a defence of any one of that series of absurdities which has made his Maurice and Berghetta the jest book of the united kingdom wherever it has been read or heard of?

Having thus replied to our Critic, we think it right to add, that, with the exception of his electioneering flatteries, we really believe that Mr. Parnell's motives are sincerely honest—that
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he would do good if he knew how—and that any blame which his works may incur should be attributed to his capacity or rather his incapacity. But he is certainly singularly disqualified by his mind and character from being a useful public man; as we could easily shew, were this the place for it, by the history of the three Bills (for we believe they never grew into Acts) which he introduced into the House during the last and present parliament.—In a word, whether advanced in a bill or in a novel, in sad reality or fantastic fiction, his theories are the wildest and yet the meanest,—the most impracticable, and the most idle even if they could be put in practice,—that we have ever witnessed. For these reasons, and because Mr. Parnell is a very likely person to go on writing, and very unlikely to discern the tendency of what he may write; we have thought it advisable to endeavour, once for all, to render his follies innocuous, and to enable our readers to form a fair judgment of what they may expect from any future attempt at domestic or general reform by this amiable but weak, this well-intentioned but extravagant gentleman, who hoped by the agency of a novel to eradicate sedition and potatoes out of Ireland, and who thinks that the example of his hero is, on the whole, beneficial to his countrymen, because, with the little faults of high treason and suicide, he combined a high and ardent love for short handled spades and long handled scythes.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Facts and Observations respecting Canada and the United States of America; affording a Comparative View of the inducements to Emigration presented in those Countries: to which is added an Appendix of Practical Instructions to Emigrant Settlers in the British Colonies.* By Charles F. Grece, Member of the Montreal and Quebec Agricultural Societies; and Author of Essays on Husbandry, addressed to the Canadian Farmers. 8vo. pp. 172. London. 1819.
2. *The Emigrant's Guide to Upper Canada; or, Sketches of the Present State of that Province, collected from a Residence therein during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819. Interspersed with Reflections.* By C. Stuart, Esq. Retired Captain of the Honourable the East India Company's Service, and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Western District of Upper Canada. 12mo. pp. 335. London. 1820.
3. *A Visit to the Province of Upper Canada, in 1819.* By James Strachan. 8vo. pp. 224. Aberdeen. 1820.

WE had occasion in a late Number to discuss generally the subject of emigration; but it is too important a topic to be speedily exhausted of its interest: and the public attention has

been of late so particularly directed to the Cape, that it becomes a duty to prevent, as far as our influence extends, an undue neglect of our North American colonies.

In fact, the growth and prosperity of the Cape and of Canada, do not necessarily interfere with each other: both are well deserving the most careful attention of government, and both hold out great advantages to individual emigrants; while these advantages are in many respects so different in the two colonies, as very materially to lessen the rivalry between them. Those whom health or inclination leads to prefer a much warmer climate than our own, will naturally prefer the Cape: those, on the other hand, who wish for a climate and soil, and produce, and culture, the most nearly approaching that to which they have been accustomed, will be more nearly suited, we apprehend, in Upper Canada, than in any other spot they can fix upon. The comparative shortness of the voyage also, will be likely to influence the decision of many emigrants; and the number of colonists of British origin already fixed there, will be an inducement to others, especially to such as have connexions or friends among the number.

Of those, however, who resolve to settle in North America, a very large proportion fix on some part or other (the western territory especially) of the United States, in preference to our own provinces; a preference which, in many instances at least, arises, as we are convinced on the best authority, partly from the exaggerated descriptions of Mr. Birkbeck and others, of the superior advantages held out by the United States, and partly from the misapprehensions and misrepresentations which prevail respecting Canada. Of the effect produced by those exaggerations, a remarkable instance has been transmitted to us by a most respectable correspondent in Upper Canada. A person went from the district of Newcastle, (selling his farm there,) and another, from the Bay of Quinty, allured by the hopes of better success in the United States; one of them looked about for an eligible spot to the north and east of Washington; the other in the western territory: but both ultimately returned, and fixed themselves in the settlements which they had quitted.

The ignorance and misrepresentation also with respect to our own provinces are astonishingly great and wide-spread: Lower and Upper Canada are perpetually, even by those who ought to know better, confounded in a great degree in what regards their climate, productions and inhabitants. Many persons have a vague general idea of Canada as a cold uncomfortable region, inhabited by people of French extraction: but even those whom a glance at the map has satisfied of the wide interval between the extremities of Lower and of Upper Canada, may not be prepared to
expect

expect (and indeed the interval of latitude is not sufficient to account for it) so great a difference as between five months of winter and three; or to believe that the Upper Province enjoys, on the whole, a much warmer climate than this island.

We need not indeed wonder at the prevalence of erroneous opinions on this subject among the mass of the community, when we find even official persons stating in general terms, that 'our North American colonies labour under the disadvantage of a barren soil, and an ungenial climate!' How remote this representation is from the truth may be readily inferred from the remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding the high price of labour, and the utter worthlessness, in most cases, of timber, the settler not only can always find persons willing to clear his land for him, on condition of having the first crop from it, but is considered as having made, if he resorts to this method, a very disadvantageous bargain, and much overpaid the labour. Nor can that be called an ungenial climate which brings to perfection, not only all the fruits of the earth which this country can boast, but others, which we are precluded from cultivating. We need only mention the maize or Indian-corn, which would be an invaluable acquisition to the British agriculturist, if our ordinary summers were sufficient to ripen it, from its producing on moderate soils an immense return, frequently above sixty bushels per acre, of a grain particularly serviceable in feeding all kinds of cattle and poultry, and furnishing several nutritious and not unpalatable articles of diet for man.

Strongly impressed with the importance of our Canadian possessions, and the desirableness of having some authentic and practical information respecting them as widely diffused as possible, we were much gratified with the appearance of the works whose titles are prefixed to this Article.

Mr. Grece's is evidently the production of a plain, sensible, practical man. He has manifestly no great skill or experience in authorship; but, what is much more important, he seems to possess those requisites in the subject of which he treats; and it is no slight recommendation to the greater part of his readers, and we may add, to his reviewers, that he seems altogether exempt from the ambition of making a book, and conveys his information briefly and plainly, with the air of a man who writes, not because he *wants to say something*, but because he *has something to say*.

As a Canadian, his statement of the comparative advantages of settling in his own country, and in the United States, will naturally be exposed to the suspicion of partiality: but those who will judge for themselves by a perusal of his book, cannot fail, we think, to be impressed with an appearance of candour and veracity; and

and where he expresses himself the most strongly, he is borne out by the testimony of unexceptionable witnesses.

‘And now let us pursue our comparison of these and other advantages of the Canadas with those which are so pompously held out to settlers in the western territories of the United States.

‘The difference as to distance, and the consequent expense of travelling, by sea and land, have already been sufficiently noticed; as also have the relative situations of the respective markets from the abodes of the growers in Canada and in the Ohio States, by which it has been shewn that in a much less time than a boat can pass between the Ohio country to the Orleans depôt, and return, might a ship make a voyage from Quebec to Europe or the West Indies, and return again to the Canadian port.

‘Let us suppose, however, that an emigrant has surmounted the perilous and expensive voyage from Europe to the western territory; on his arrival there what a host of difficulties, expenses, and inconveniences has he got to combat.

‘Perhaps, with a delicate wife and a family of children, he finds himself seated under a tree in the midst of a wild and trackless region, where not a single human face besides those of his own retinue can be seen; not a hut or a cabin can he behold; and the alluring stories he had been told about luxuriant natural meadows, called *prairies*, waiting only for the hand of the mower and a day’s sun to be converted into food for his horses and cattle, turn out to have been lavished upon wide open fields of grass, towering as high as the first floor window of the comfortable house he has forsaken in Europe, and penetrating with its tough fibrous roots into the earth beyond the reach of the ploughshare, requiring the operation of fire ere the land can be converted to any useful purpose.

‘Under a burning sun, and with but little shelter from the foliage of trees, or the retreats of the forest, he has to dig wells ere he can quench his thirst, there being no cooling and refreshing springs! and although he may still hope that time will enable him to surmount all his difficulties, and reconcile his complaining, perhaps upbraiding, family to their isolated condition, his heart will be apt to sicken within him, especially when he finds that he must wander many miles in search of some one to assist him in the very commencement of his operations. At length, however, that assistance is procured; but of what species of beings does it consist?—Alas! alas! they are those very unfortunate wretches whose degraded condition he has, while in Europe, learnt most humanely to commiserate.’—pp. 62—64.

There is much practical detail in Mr. Grece’s book, which is calculated to be of great service to emigrants; the chief obstacle to whose success appears to be either the misapplication of their little capital, or the consumption of it in fruitless delays, while they are hesitating what spot to fix on, and what measures to adopt.

‘Emigrants intending to proceed to Upper Canada take their departure

parture from Montreal to La Chine, a distance of nine miles. From thence they go to Prescott in boats, 111 miles. From thence there is a steam boat to Kingston, where there are other steam boats proceeding to York, the capital and seat of government for the Upper Province. After landing passengers, the boat proceeds to Queenstown, on the Niagara frontier. Between Queenstown and lake Erie there is a portage of eighteen miles. The total expense from Montreal is generally considered to amount to about five pounds each person.

‘Those who proceed farther take carriage past the portage, to avoid the Niagara falls, and embark in vessels on lake Erie for Amhurstburgh on the Detroit river. Few people, however, proceed that distance, except for curiosity: they generally concentrate themselves near market towns, where labourers are plentiful, and artificers are to be found to perform the different kinds of work that may be required. There are, nevertheless, many extensive settlements in the Erie country.

‘Those persons who wish to proceed to the Ottawa river will find a packet boat at La Chine, which leaves that place every Sunday morning, from May to November, for St. Andrew’s and Carillion, being the foot of the rapids on that river, extending about nine miles. A steam boat is expected to ply between the head of these rapids and the river Rideau, the present summer, to carry goods and passengers to the Perth and Richmond settlements, where, during the summer of 1818, a road was made to communicate with the Ottawa. Another road has been made through the townships of Chatham, Grenville, the seignioriy of the Petit Nation, the townships of Norfolk, Templeton, and Hull, forming a regular communication by land from the above settlement to Montreal and Kingston in Upper Canada.—pp. 51, 53.

‘As every article of real utility, and even of luxury, can be easily procured in the Canadian cities, and that too at nearly as easy a rate as in London, emigrants need not expend their cash in goods for sale, but preserve as much specie as possible. The emigrant may, however, provide himself with such articles of clothing as are suitable to the climate: viz. coarse Yorkshire cloth trowsers and round jacket, a long great coat, striped cotton shirts, and worsted stockings, with boots or high shoes. For the summer dress he may provide Russia-duck trowsers, and smock frock. He may also take out bed and bedding. Kitchen furniture may or may not be taken out; he might, however, include a few rough carpenters’ tools. Axes, chains, hoes, and ploughs for new land, are made in Canada, better adapted to the work than can be had in any part of Europe.’—pp. 58—60.

The system of husbandry pursued in both the Canadas appears to be still very defective; a circumstance which ought to be taken into account by those who estimate the quality of the land from reports of the produce. We mean defective in comparison of what it might and should be under actual circumstances; for we are well aware that it would be absurd in the case of a new colony to draw our notions of a perfect system of husbandry from what is considered such in Great Britain. The ratios of the price of an

an acre of land in a state of nature to that of a day's wages to a common labourer, in the two countries, may be taken on a rough estimate, in the one case, as more than two hundred to one, in the other, as something less than five to one; a difference which must in many points occasion a material distinction in the mode of agriculture which prudence would suggest in each. The want of capital also, under which most of the colonists labour, is an insurmountable obstacle to many improvements which would answer abundantly if they could be carried into effect: but there appears to be also, a great deficiency of skill; which indeed to any one who considers the materials of which colonies are generally composed, will by no means be matter of wonder.

Mr. Grece seems to have exerted himself very laudably, and not altogether unsuccessfully, for the improvement of his countrymen in this respect; his agricultural essays having attracted great and deserved attention.

How much the progress of Canadian agriculture would be accelerated by the diffusion of scientific knowledge, if not among the whole body of the farmers, at least among their leaders and instructors, may be conjectured from the following extract from the appendix to Mr. Grece's work, under the head 'Plaster of Paris.'

'This valuable manure, almost unknown, though very easy to be obtained, merits the attention of every farmer; there is scarcely a farm in the Provinces but it might be applied to with advantage. The practice of nine years on the following soils and crops may suffice to prove its quality. On a piece of poor yellow loam, I tried three grain crops without success; with the last, which followed a hoe crop, I laid it down with barley: the return was little more than the seed. The grass seed took very well. In the month of May the following year, I strewed powder of plaster, at the rate of one minot and one peck to the arpent. In July, the piece of land being mowed, the quantity of grass was so great that it was not possible to find room to dry it on the land where it grew. The produce was five large loads of hay to the arpent. It continued good for five years. A trial was made with plaster on a piece of white clay laid down with clover and timothy—the grass was very thin. After the plaster was strewed, it improved so much as to be distinguished from any other part of the field; the sixth year after, the field was broke up in the spring, and sowed with pease: the spot where the plaster had been put produced twice as much as any other part of the field. The haulm was of a deep green colour, nor were they affected with the drought, like the others on the part of the field where no plaster had been put. A trial was made on a strong loam; the crop, Indian corn, manured in the hills with old stable dung, lime, and plaster: the stable dung surpassed the other two, the Indian corn being finest where that was applied. In the spring of the following year, the field was ploughed and sowed with pease; where the plaster

plaster and lime had been the year before, the pease were as strong again as in any other part of the field. I tried plaster on cabbages and turnips, but did not perceive any good effect. From the frequent trials of this manure on various soils, it is evident that it is applicable to both strong and light soils for top dressings of succulent plants.

Method of reducing it.—Take an axe and break the stone to the size of a nut; then take a flat stone two feet diameter, and break it into powder with a wooden mallet. It must be reduced very fine; those that have an iron pestle and mortar can pound it expeditiously that way. Should plaster meet its deserved attention, it might give employment to people in the houses of correction to reduce it to powder for the use of the farmers, when no other objects of industry present themselves.

‘In order to give an idea of the measure of a ton of plaster in stone, it will measure three feet square on the base and two feet two inches high, English measure. This is cited in order to assist persons that may wish to buy from the vessels going up the river, where weights cannot be had to weigh. That which is taken from the mine is best, and is of a silver grey colour; that from off the surface is red, and is of less value. A ton will produce fourteen minots of powder when broke; a man can break eighty pounds in one day, in a mortar of six inches diameter, in its natural state. Having a great deal to prepare for the spring of 1817, I had it broke about the size of a goose egg, and then put into the oven of a double stove; it remained about half an hour, after which a man could reduce two hundred and ten pounds in twelve hours, with a sledge hammer, pounding it on a flat stone. As this is an experiment, *time must determine whether the heat diminishes its quality.* —*Facts, &c.* pp. 147, 150.

A very slight knowledge of chemistry would have decided this important question, and led the Canadian farmers at once to the result which they will probably arrive at gradually by experiments, viz. that heat, abstracting nothing from the sulphate of lime, except its water, cannot lessen its value as a manure; and consequently, that its *complete calcination*, which renders it so friable as almost entirely to supersede the laborious process just described, would be the fittest preparation.* To any one who considers the great value of this manure, together with the high price of labour, and the cheapness of fuel in the newly settled districts, this single improvement will appear of incalculable importance.

Captain Stuart’s book is in some respects recommended by the circumstance of its *not* being written by a Canadian. One who is familiar with a different state of society is at least the better qualified to convey to those similarly circumstanced a clear idea of the state of a new colony; besides that he may be expected, by

* Sir H. Davy is of opinion, that this substance is essential as a component part of many vegetables of the description which are usually called grass crops; and hence accounts for the extraordinary effects which in many cases it has produced.

taking

taking more enlarged views, to form a better estimate of it. Both kinds of authority, however, have their respective advantages; and it is therefore most desirable to be enabled, as in the present case, to have recourse to both.

There is much interesting information in this book; and it conveys an impression of the author's sincerity and good intentions. Unfortunately, however, he is deeply smitten with the ambition of being an eloquent writer: a character for which he is so little qualified, that we cannot forbear applying to him the celebrated precept which is said to have been given by some austere critic to a young author; viz. 'whenever he had written any thing that he thought particularly fine, to scratch it out.' Captain Stuart has not yet attained even correctness in the use of his language; (an acquisition which should precede every attempt at ornament;) and in good taste he is lamentably deficient.

We refrain from giving any specimens of his unsuccessful attempts at sublimity, because we think too well of the design and of the probable utility of the work, to have any pleasure in drawing ridicule upon it: but in case the author should have any thoughts of re-casting it in a second edition, or of publishing anything further on the subject, we would beg leave to advise him to omit all extraneous matter, and say what he has to say on the subject in a plain way; leaving solid arguments and statements of facts to plead their own cause, without calling in the aid of high-flown declamation. Let him absolutely forswear the use of notes of admiration; and let him express his religious sentiments in their proper place, boldly and strongly, but undebased by the cant-language of a religious party. It is, indeed, most consolatory to find a settler and promoter of settlements in Canada, strongly impressed with a sense of the paramount importance of religion. To a layman, and not least to a military man, this is peculiarly creditable; and we fear that such a spirit is in few places more wanted: but great disservice is done to the cause by those injudicious friends of it, who, setting calm discretion and good taste at defiance, by their manner of introducing and discussing religious topics, and by the style which they employ, tend to excite disgust and contempt in the less serious minds, and in those of more sober reflection suspicion of themselves as enthusiasts;

‘———Haud illud quærentes num sine sensu,
Tempore num faciant alieno.’—

We must in justice however assure our readers, that they will find Captain Stuart, in every thing that relates to Canadian affairs, deserving of much greater confidence; many of his remarks are just and important, and in his statements of facts we have had the good fortune to possess most satisfactory means of verifying his accuracy.

On

On the whole, there is more good sense and candour in his work than one would at first sight expect to find.

On the subject of the deeded lands, (a most important one,) Captain Stuart has a passage which is very much to the purpose :

‘ The province, originally an immense wilderness, yet possessed of a soil and climate which promised every thing, presented attractions to its first visitors which naturally produced a corresponding effect. They (as other men would have been) were at once desirous of appropriating to themselves the most fertile tracts, and of avoiding the trouble and expense of rendering them productive. They necessarily foresaw that in the course of years the country would be peopled ; that as population increased, the fertile tracts, in this manner secured, would be enhanced in value ; and that thus at length an important property would be obtained for their posterity without any exertion or care of their own. They probably foresaw not the evils necessarily resulting from such property so abandoned to nature. Let every man, before he condemns others for this conduct, lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself, if, under such circumstances, he would not have done the same. There doubtlessly may be men who would not have done so ; but, for my part, though I now irresistibly perceive its pernicious consequences, and lament them, and earnestly desire, as far as may be consistent with justice, to have them rectified ; yet I have no hesitation in acknowledging, that in every probability such would have been my own conduct ; and I blush thus to find in myself, amidst a thousand others, this new corroboration of the darkness and guilt of my nature.

‘ Under this influence, however, blind, and selfish, and base as it is, immense tracts of some of the finest lands in the province have been secured by possessors, who either no longer form even a nominal part of its population, or who, dwelling amidst its plains, revel in anticipation upon the benefits which their sloth shall derive from the labours of others. Having obtained the grant, they are gone whither their more immediate interests or affections have led them (as others would have done), leaving their possessions here to improve in value by the toils and exertions of others ; to whom, as far as depends upon them, they yield not only no reciprocation of benefit, but produce even a most positive and glaring disadvantage ; or they reside in the province, keeping back their fertile possessions from more industrious hands, and leaving them in the wildness of nature, to become eventually valuable by that very industry which they counteract and chill.

‘ Thus wherever you go, wastes of deeded land, sometimes the reward of merit or of service, as often the fruit of falsehood and intrigue, glare in your face, and withstand you under the mighty barrier of law, which protects them, while, with all the stupidity and sordidness of the dog in the manger, they abuse it.’—p. 176—179.

To illustrate more strongly what the author has here said, we will mention a fact which has come to our knowledge respecting the settlement of Perth, first inserting his description of that settlement.

‘ Struck

' Struck by events of the last war with the risks incident to the navigation of the head of St. Lawrence, in case of contest with the United States, it became an anxious object with the government to provide for the public service another route more sheltered from those risks ; and the result of the research produced by this desire was the choice of Perth, as an original port, for the prosecution of the work.

' At the distance of about forty miles from Brockville, the nearest and most favourable frontier to it, and far out of the route of common observation, this place would probably have slumbered unknown, beneath the retired wildness of its native forests for another half century, had not this circumstance called it forth ; and its remoteness, even when thus produced, required for it a fostering hand to support what had been founded. The assistance of government was liberally advanced ; a fine soil, with a salubrious climate, corroborated the effort ; the unusual impulse produced a corresponding effect ; and Perth, though commenced but the other day (that is, about four years ago), already assumes the appearance of a flourishing colony. The extension of the settlement is continuing both towards Kingston and the Ottawas ; and the spirit which planned and supports it sees this great object of public utility apparently approaching to a favourable conclusion.'—pp. 42, 43.

Now it was originally intended that Perth should be fixed on the River Rideau, (not Radeau, as Capt. Stuart calls it,) but this was found impracticable, from the government lands not extending far enough in the requisite direction, but being interrupted by a tract of land (left in a state of nature and *waiting to become valuable*) which had been granted to the heirs of General Arnold ; in the rear of which tract (on the banks of a comparatively insignificant stream) the settlement was ultimately placed, and through which a road was necessarily cut, to open a communication with the rest of the province, at a heavy public expense, and to the incalculable profit of the owners of that grant.

The subject of the government and clergy-reserves also deserves consideration in many points of view. The obstacle to improvement which they present, is the same with that of the private grants above noticed, and ought, if possible, to be removed. But a more serious and urgent evil is the inadequate *present* provision for the clergy. We are far from agreeing with Captain Stuart in his apprehensions of evil hereafter, from a liberal independent provision for the clergy ; or, in his ' indifference as to the *denomination of protestants*,' on which the support of government should be bestowed,* but we heartily sympathise in his dissatisfaction at the spiritual state of Canada in the mean time. It matters little that we have a prospect at some remote period of having a nume-

* This indifference does not extend to the *Roman Catholics* ; so that we presume he believes that there is a kind of charm in the *name* of Protestant, which secures those who bear it from all essential errors.

rous and well-supported clergy in the province, if its present inhabitants are suffered to remain in a state of heathenism; for, besides that they have souls to be saved as well as their posterity, what chance of success will the clergy have who are appointed to superintend parishes in which religion shall have been for a long time wholly unthought of?—in which several generations, reckoning back to *the present time*, (we speak advisedly,) shall have successively grown up *without baptism*? We do not impute blame to any particular parties; but it is quite clear that, if this state of things be suffered to go on without redress in a part of an empire calling itself Christian, a heavy responsibility must attach somewhere.—If we slumber, we must expect that anabaptists, methodists, and sectaries of all descriptions from the United States, who are already making great progress in Canada, will completely supplant the church. Their exertions cannot be blamed, since they are, in many instances at least, not sowing divisions among Christians, but *making* Christians; nor is their success even to be deprecated, unless we exert ourselves, since any form of Christianity is better than none.

‘There are at present in Upper Canada twelve or fifteen clergymen of the established church, and not quite so many churches. These are supported partly by the government and partly by the Society for propagating the Gospel. I need not add (stationary as they are, or at least confined to narrow circuits,) how totally insufficient such a provision must be for the spiritual wants of a secluded population, scattered over a frontier of nearly one thousand miles. To the mass of the people it is almost as nothing.

‘Yet the province has not been left entirely thus destitute. The spirit of the establishment seems improving; and the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, have concurred in keeping alive in it the worship of God. Of these, the most active and the most successful are the Methodists.’—pp. 111, 112.

We have good grounds for believing that Captain Stuart’s opinion of the American methodists is far too favourable: they are for the most part gross and ignorant enthusiasts, and actuated by a spirit of bitter *hostility against the English methodists*, who are a far more respectable body of men. The existence of a national jealousy, so strong as thus to prevail over religious agreement, is well worthy of attention, as it may hereafter lead to important consequences.

But, whatever may be the character of the sectaries, it is surely incumbent on those who, as individuals, profess themselves members of the Church of England, and, as a community, acknowledge that church as an ally of the state and a part of the constitution, to provide for the instruction of their fellow-subjects in its principles.

Among the measures which appear to be called for, with a view to this object, one of the most obvious seems to be, the appointment of an archdeacon, or some other functionary, to exercise, in the Upper Province, (unless indeed it were constituted a distinct see,) those ecclesiastical duties which cannot possibly be adequately performed in person by the Bishop of Quebec. It would, in fact, be an office of no small labour, to afford the requisite superintendence to the affairs of Upper Canada, such is the extent of territory, the difficulty of travelling, and the number of new demands continually arising for pastors and for places of worship.

Mr. Strachan's book is by far the most interesting that we have seen on the subject; and we strongly recommend it to those of our readers who wish for full information respecting Upper Canada, compressed into a very moderate compass, and conveyed in an unpretending and yet agreeable form. The author presents us with his own first impressions as a stranger, together with the accurate local knowledge obtained from his brother, a settler of long standing, who has access to the best sources of information: and accordingly he appears to have fully made good the profession of his preface, 'that almost every thing which an emigrant going to Upper Canada wishes to know, will be found in his small volume.'

His account of the state of religion in the province (a subject which he treats of like a sincere, but sober-minded Christian) is such as fully to bear out the remarks which we have already made: it is such as ought to encourage, but not to satisfy us. The baptism of some adults by his brother, at a chapel which was indebted for its existence to his exertions, is well described: the fact which he subjoins may create surprise in the minds of some of our readers, and is certainly well worthy of attention. 'On our return home,' he says, 'I inquired of my brother whether such occurrences frequently happened.' 'Since the building of this church,' he replied, 'I have baptized nearly 400 persons, half of them grown up.'

Mr. Strachan gives a very interesting account of a conversation at which he was present, between two American citizens on the subject of their grand canal: (of which a detailed description may be seen in the Appendix to Mr. Gree's Book, No. 1, p. 81.) one of them he represents as appearing by no means convinced of the commercial advantages which others anticipated from the scheme:

'It is so easy, (turning to us,) gentlemen, to improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, that all our efforts to divert the trade will prove in vain. And it is well that it should be so; for the produce of the vast countries which surround us will be enough for both. It is not as an instrument of commerce that I admire the canal which we are digging, but as an emblem of peace. Had we not despaired of conquering the Canadas, the hope of which produced the late war, this great work had never been commenced.'—p. 107.

The

The information which the author subjoins respecting the proposed improvements in the inland navigation of Canada, is the more valuable from the circumstance of his brother being, if we are not misinformed, the person to whom the province is principally indebted for the suggestion of the plan.

‘Ships can come up to Montreal; but here dangerous rapids commence, and continue nine miles. The canal, to avoid them, may require a length of ten miles; and is now beginning under an incorporated company. It is to pass behind Montreal, and have a lateral cut from the St. Lawrence, at the entrance of the town. The ground is easy of excavation, and the supply of water inexhaustible: in two or three years it will be open for transport. The whole expense is not expected to exceed 80,000*l.*; and such is the trade that must pass through it, that the stock-holders will, in two or three years after it is in operation, share their maximum, or 15 per cent.

‘Lake Ontario is reckoned 200 feet above the St. Lawrence at Montreal, which may be divided into three unequal parts. From the head of the St. Lawrence, where it leaves the Lake, to the Rapid Plat, a distance of ninety miles, there is not more than forty feet fall; from the Rapid Plat to Lake St. Francis, a distance of forty miles, there is a fall of fifty-five; the next twenty-six miles, called Lake St. Francis, shew some current, and may give a declivity of six feet. From the Coteau du Lac to Lake St. Lewis, nearly twenty-two miles, the fall may be estimated at fifty-seven feet; and the Lachine Rapids forty-two feet, in a distance of twelve miles. It is obvious that much of conjecture enters into this calculation; but it will not be found very wide of the truth.

‘To allow sloops and steam-boats to go from Montreal to Lake St. Francis, two canals are necessary of about equal difficulty—the Lachine canal just begun, and the Cedar canal of much the same length. This canal commences near the junction of the Ottawa, or Grand River, and the St. Lawrence, and enters Lake St. Francis near the east end. The estimated expense 75,000*l.*; so that 155,000*l.* would cure all the defects of the St. Lawrence within the limits of Lower Canada. The impediments in Upper Canada are less considerable; it is not thought a greater sum than 60,000*l.* would be necessary to remove every impediment. But the provincial revenue is too limited at present to admit the disbursement of this sum, small as it is, and great as the advantages must be to the colony. The House of Assembly, in conjunction with the legislative council, sensible of these advantages and their present inability, have petitioned his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, through his excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, for a grant of 100,000 acres of land, to assist in such improvements; and as the request goes home favoured by his excellency, there is little doubt of its being favourably received.

‘Now this quantity of land, if located in a favourable situation, will sell for two and a half dollars per acre; that is, 62,500*l.* for the whole, or 2500*l.* beyond our estimate of the necessary improvements. But should the sum wanted exceed this ten or twelve thousand pounds, no

impediment would arise, for the legislature would very willingly provide for this contingency.

‘ Having thus, at a small expense, opened a direct communication between Niagara and the ocean, the next great object is the junction of the two Lakes Erie and Ontario, which may be more easily effected than is commonly supposed. There are several parts of the Chippawa where it is navigable for vessels of any reasonable size within fifteen miles of Lake Ontario. For thirty miles the Chippawa resembles a canal: the current almost imperceptible, and very little affected by rains; the channel deep and without obstruction. A canal of fourteen miles would reach to the head of the mountain, close on Lake Ontario, in several places; four locks would be sufficient in this distance.— The height of the hill within a distance of two miles of Lake Ontario is 250 feet, requiring upwards of thirty locks, all very near one another. The great expense of so many locks, and the time lost in passing and repassing them, seem to point out a rail-way as more advantageous. The basin at the end of the canal should be formed at some distance from the top of the hill, making the rail-way, with its windings, about four miles before it reached the wharfs on Lake Ontario. The distribution of the height of 250 feet would hardly be perceptible in this distance. The canal, fourteen miles long, will cost 40,000*l.*; and the rail-way, four miles, 10,000*l.*; and 10,000*l.* for stores and wharfs—forming an aggregate of 60,000*l.* for joining the two Lakes.

‘ After passing into Lake Erie, to which there is no difficulty, from the mouth of the Chippawa, except a mile of rapid water at Black Rock, the navigation is open through Lakes Sinclair, Huron, and Michigan; and a trifling expense at the Strait of St. Mary will enable vessels to proceed into Lake Superior.

‘ There is one other improvement connected with this line which I consider of great importance to a large and wealthy section of the province, namely, a communication between the Grand River and Chippawa. The Grand River is navigable for boats to a great distance from its mouth. It abounds in mill seats of the best description, capable of turning any machinery whatever; and the country through which it runs is of the first quality, and must in a short time become rich in the production of grain. It would, therefore, be of infinite advantage to possess a water communication to Lake Ontario, which may be effected by a canal of five miles in length; for so near do the Grand River and Chippawa approach to one another. This would complete the main line of internal navigation, and bring the greater part of the province close to the ocean. What is peculiarly encouraging, there is no expense to be incurred which can be considered beyond our reach. The communication between the two lakes will not be required for a few years, as the surplus produce for some time will find an immediate market among the new settlers, who are flocking in great numbers to the London and Western districts; and before that period elapses the provincial treasury will enable the legislature to appropriate, without any difficulty, a sum sufficient to pay the interest of the capital laid out in making the canals, rail-ways, &c.’—pp. 108—112.

Of

Of the whole process by which lands are cleared, settled, and improved, Mr. Strachan gives, in an unaffected style, the most distinct and graphic descriptions we have met with in any of the numerous publications on the subject: and his book may, on the whole, be safely recommended as the best calculated, not only to amuse the curious, but also to afford to those who have thoughts of emigrating, clear notions (which in such a case is a matter somewhat difficult as well as important) of the very novel state of things they have to expect.

We cannot dismiss the subject without noticing a little more fully than we have yet done some prevailing objections both against emigration in general and emigration in the direction of Canada in particular; and we shall be enabled to point out, as we proceed, the nature of the advantages it promises.

It is objected, in the first place, that all hopes of counteracting by emigration the evils of a redundant population must be utterly illusory; since the necessary expense of the voyage and outfit would place the remedy beyond the reach of those very persons for whose benefit it is proposed. Mr. Malthus, therefore, concludes, from his review of the history of several settlements, 'that the reason why the resource of emigration has so long continued to be held out as a remedy to redundant population is, because, from the natural unwillingness of people to desert their native country, and the difficulty of clearing and cultivating fresh soil, it never is, nor can be, adequately adopted.'—B. iii. c. iv. p. 301. 8vo.

And, accordingly, when it is proposed to afford, either at the expense of government, or from charitable contributions, such assistance to persons willing to emigrate as may enable them to surmount the obstacles opposed to them, it is not unfrequently answered that their maintenance at home would be less expensive: while on the other hand it is urged that those who have such a capital as to enable them to emigrate with advantage, though it would be most unjust to prohibit them from taking that step, yet ought by no means to be encouraged in it, because the capital which they withdraw is so much loss to the mother-country. These objections, however, though undoubtedly sound and weighty under certain modifications, will not bear to be pushed to the utmost extreme; and no one has been more ready to admit this than the candid and able writer already cited. In a passage almost immediately following the one we have given, he says, 'it is clear, therefore, that with any view of making room for an unrestricted increase of population, emigration is perfectly inadequate; but as a partial and temporary expedient, and with a view to the more general cultivation of the earth, and the wider extension of civilization, it seems to be both useful and proper.' And in the supple-

ment to his great work, which was published in 1817, he expresses himself strongly as to the occasional expediency of emigration :

‘ If, from a combination of external and internal causes, a very great stimulus should be given to the population of a country for ten or twelve years together, and it should then comparatively cease, it is clear that labour will continue flowing into the market, with almost undiminished rapidity, while the means of employing and paying it have been essentially contracted. It is precisely under these circumstances that emigration is most useful as a temporary relief; and it is in these circumstances that Great Britain finds herself placed at present. Though no emigration should take place, the population will by degrees conform itself to the state of the demand for labour; but the interval must be marked by the most severe distress, the amount of which can scarcely be reduced by any human efforts; because, though it may be mitigated at particular periods, and as it affects particular classes, it will be proportionably extended over a larger space of time and a greater number of people. The only real relief in such a case is emigration; and the subject at the present moment is well worthy the attention of the government, both as a matter of humanity and policy.’
On Population, vol. ii. pp. 304, 305.

In fact, the expediency of resorting to emigration for the relief of a distressed population must always depend on a variety of circumstances, which are to be distinctly considered in each particular case. But it should not be forgotten that there are cases in which that mode of relief might be suggested by the wisest economy, even when the *immediate* support of the individuals in question might cost less at home: if, at a somewhat heavier expense, we have a fair prospect of getting rid of a permanent, and perhaps (as in the case of an increasing family) a growing burden;—if we can, by such an expedient, not only provide for the individuals in question, but benefit others of the same class, by lessening the injurious competition in an overstocked market of labourers,—we may attain advantages which would have entirely escaped the view of a more short-sighted calculator.

As for the apprehensions of impoverishment to this country by the transfer of her capital to the other side of the Atlantic, we are convinced that they are altogether visionary. In the first place, we may be sure that whatever inducements we may hold out, few, after all, will be found willing to carry their capital to Canada, who have a reasonable assurance of deriving from it the means of living in independence and prosperity at home; and those who have *not* such a prospect, are probably consulting the interest of their country, as well as their own, by emigrating. A man, who in the vigour of life, may have acquired a little capital of 200 or 300*l.*, may feel, under many circumstances, a very reasonable doubt whether he shall be enabled so to provide for the wants of a numerous family,
and

and for the infirmities of old age, as to be secure against becoming dependent, for his children or himself, on parochial relief or private charity. Surely, in this case, his emigration to a country where such a capital, with common prudence and industry, will ensure an independent competence to himself, and comparative affluence to his posterity, is rather a relief than a loss to his own.

In the second place, since, whatever opinion may be entertained respecting this loss of capital, it is quite certain that men *will* transfer it from one country, or one employment, to another, when they find their advantage in so doing, it should be the object of the politician to direct that stream which it would not be possible, even were it desirable, to dam up. We would be the last to encourage an illiberal jealousy of the United States, or to grudge them the advantages they may derive from this country; but it is not going too far to feel a preference, at least, for our own colonies;—to wish that they should receive that accession of numbers and of capital from English emigration, which has hitherto, in a majority of instances, been intercepted by a foreign power.

Lastly, it should be remembered that a commercial country, like this, should not consider all the capital carried out of it as so much loss: the market for our commodities, which is afforded by a flourishing and increasing colony, is a source of wealth to the mother country far exceeding probably what would have been produced by the amount of the capital bestowed on it, if retained at home. It is speaking, we are persuaded, far within compass, to say that for every 1000*l.* carried out to Upper Canada, 500 acres of fertile land, which would otherwise have remained an unprofitable desert, will have been within twenty years brought under cultivation. Let any one calculate the supplies of corn and other produce which these 500 acres will afford us, and the demand for our various manufactures which they will create in return. Mr. Malthus speaks indeed of the impolicy of ‘founding a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers;’ but neither the means nor the end to which his remarks apply are the same as those now under consideration: it is not proposed to lay out the *national* capital in founding a colony at the public expense; but merely to encourage and facilitate the enterprize of those individuals who are willing so to employ their own capital. It is impossible indeed to contemplate attentively the present state of the continent—the extreme jealousy of this country which prevails in most parts of it—the zeal for improving their own manufactures,—together with the superior cheapness of labour,—without anticipating, as at least probable, a great and progressive diminution of that enormous demand which has hitherto existed in Europe for the productions of British enterprize and skill. With such an expectation

tion before us, nothing can be more consolatory than the prospect of that boundless market for our commodities which seems to be opening in the new world, from which the other nations of Europe, even should they hereafter become our rivals there, can never hope to exclude us. In this point of view, the revolution in Spanish America is likely to prove of incalculable importance to us: but our own colonies are on many accounts calculated to offer greater advantages to our commerce than those of any other country; our own countrymen possess in a peculiar degree, and are likely to transmit to their descendants, both a taste for that description of luxuries which commerce and manufactures furnish, and a persevering industry in acquiring the means of commanding them: not to mention the preference generated by habit, for such articles in particular as are most in use in the mother-country.

There are many, however, who, though friendly to emigration in general, entertain certain objections to our North American colonies in particular: one of these, the supposed 'barren soil and ungenial climate,' we have already noticed; but there is another, which is not unfrequently acknowledged, and probably still more frequently felt, viz. a conviction that Canada must at no distant period fall into the hands of the United States, and that consequently while we are aiding to colonize and improve it, we are in effect labouring for the advantage of a formidable rival.

Now, without professing to 'look into the womb of time' quite so far as some transatlantic politicians, we cannot forbear suggesting a doubt whether the probability here supposed is altogether well established: we suspect that the confident boasts of some American writers on this subject have produced an undue effect, not only on their own countrymen, but on ours. Let it not be forgotten how fully and how arrogantly they anticipated the conquest of Canada at the commencement of the late American war. The parent state was indeed at that time under circumstances of peculiar difficulty; exhausted by the length, and embarrassed by the continuance, of a most desperate struggle in Europe. Yet the Canadians, amidst all these disadvantages, amidst the imbecility and despondency of their own commander, made good the defence of their country against all the efforts of the Americans. They appear indeed to come short of no British subjects throughout the world in devoted attachment to our government and (what to them is a necessary part of that attachment) in a rooted aversion to that of the United States.

But it is urged, that though the Americans were not able to subdue Canada quite so early as they expected, their power is increasing so rapidly that they must ultimately accomplish it. Now to any one who examines the map, it will be plain that the resources of
Canada,

Canada, in improvable territory, are practically inexhaustible, no less than those of the United States. Why then, we would ask, if a proper use is made of these advantages, should not Canada, we do not say overtake the United States, but at least preserve the same *comparative* strength which she has at present? If in her infancy she has strangled the smaller serpents that assailed her, why may she not, in maturer strength, successfully encounter the Hydra?

In fact, however, such are the circumstances of aggressive war, that its success or failure does not depend entirely on the relative, but partly also on the absolute, strength of the parties engaged; and the greater this is, the less is the advantage of the assailant: 10,000 men can make a far better defence against 50,000 invaders, than 10 could against 50; and if the wealth and population of Canada and the United States were each increased exactly tenfold, the former would be in much less danger of subjugation than at present. We have not, in this view of the subject, adverted at all to the probability of a separation of the United States; which it would perhaps be rash, confidently to foretell, but which those who speculate so freely on future contingencies ought certainly to take into their account. Nor have we taken any notice of the superior advantages possessed by Canada in many points, especially its greater facilities of inland navigation, and the salubrity of its climate.

Nevertheless we are far from maintaining that Canada is *certain* of being a part of the British empire to the end of time, or even for the next three or four centuries: but what worldly events *are* certain, or what possessions eternal? Our empire in India has been long since described as precarious; but the certainty of its downfall, and the precise limits of its duration, have not yet been made sufficiently clear by any of our political seers, to occasion the removal of that immense capital whose security depends on its continuance. The events which have taken place in Europe, during the last thirty years, have so baffled all calculations, that we are hardly authorized to call any political change impossible. It is unreasonable, therefore, to depreciate our Canadian possessions on the ground of an uncertain tenure, unless it can be shewn that they are exposed to very peculiar and imminent danger: and this we profess our inability to perceive, at least to any thing like the degree in which some seem to apprehend it. There is no doubt, however, that prophecies frequently cause their own fulfilment: the patient hardly stands a fair chance for his life, if he is left to the care of a physician who is convinced that he cannot possibly recover; and if our government were unfortunately to act with respect to Canada, under the conviction that it must inevitably in a few years be wrested from us, the event would probably confirm their expectations. If no
means

means of education were provided either in England or in Canada, so that those intended for the church,* and all others who were desirous of education, should resort for it (as is too generally the case at present) to the colleges of the United States, from which students return deeply imbued with prejudices against our constitution both in church and state,—if no impediment were offered to the retention of large tracts of land in the hands of those who will not improve them, but wait for their increasing in value by the labours of others,—if no measures were taken for facilitating inland navigation,—if, in short, a general neglect of the interests of the colony prevailed, and abuse and mismanagement were allowed to creep into all departments of the government,—then indeed it is probable that the Canadians would not long have either the power or the inclination to maintain their connection with this country. And yet, since no one will suspect that Great Britain would resign the possession of the colony without a blow, we should still have to look forward to a contest for it with the United States more expensive in blood and treasure than any former one.

Such, indeed, as the Canadians have shewn themselves in the late contest, it would be a degradation of the British character to abandon or to neglect them: but every motive of policy, as well as of honour, concurs in recommending that Canada should, with the utmost diligence, be cherished and fortified. Should a line of conduct be adopted in all respects opposite to that which has been above sketched out as tending to its decay, we see no reason to doubt that the result would be altogether opposite likewise: and where else shall we find so strong a barrier to the boundless increase of that power which threatens to prove the most formidable rival that Great Britain has ever encountered?

Let any one but carefully inspect the map, and he will see that Canada is, as it were, the bridle of the United States; while at the same time it is the less likely ever to throw off its allegiance to this country, from the apprehensions which it reciprocally entertains of its powerful neighbour. We are far from sanctioning the

* A scheme was proposed, not long since, of establishing four or five exhibitions of about £200, each, for the education, at one of the English universities, of native Canadians designed for the church: such persons would be in many respects better qualified for the ministry in that province than natives of this country; (not to mention the difficulty of finding respectable persons willing to emigrate in that capacity;) and they would have a better and *safer* education than they now get in the United States, to which they are principally driven by the want of means to bear the expense of education in England. The amount of the proposed exhibitions is too trifling to deserve a moment's hesitation, when compared with the sum total of what Canada cost us, and with the greatness of the proposed benefit. We are aware that it is in contemplation to establish a college in Canada: and this may be a ground for withholding the exhibitions when the college shall be in *full activity*; but a merely contemplated college educates no one.

policy of those who make the fear of remote danger a plea for immediate warfare, or for hostile precautions ; but such measures cannot surely be censured as tend at once both to diminish the probability of a contest, and to strengthen us in the event of its occurrence ; both which effects, as we have endeavoured to shew, would result from a timely attention to our Canadian possessions. The requisite measures to be adopted for advancing the prosperity of the colony, and for deriving from it the advantages it offers both to the state and to individuals, are many and various ; some of them fall entirely within the province of government ; others depend principally on individuals : we have already noticed several in the course of this article, and many more will be suggested by a perusal of the works reviewed. But if we were asked what is the principal thing wanted, we should reply, (as Demosthenes did, concerning action in oratory,) that the first, second, and third requisite is *Information*. Information as to where Canada is situated, and how it is to be reached :—information as to the capital required,—the articles to be provided,—the spot to be fixed on for settling ;—and, in short, as to every step to be taken. With a view, principally, to this object, societies have lately been established in different parts of Canada, which have also raised liberal subscriptions for the relief of those multitudes of our countrymen who, from having emigrated without knowledge of the means of procuring subsistence, or from having wasted their little store in idle schemes, have been reduced to utter destitution.* A society is also, we understand, just established in London, whose object is to correspond with, and further the views of those in Canada. We heartily wish success to their benevolent exertions ; and with a view to this object, beseech them not to attempt too much at the commencement. Let them content themselves in the first instance with communicating information, by handbills and pamphlets, and opening offices at the ports whence the greatest number of embarkations take place, at which the applicants might receive such instructions as would secure them from being grossly imposed upon with respect to their passage, or at least from being left at New Brunswick instead of Quebec. Afterwards it might be thought desirable to make some little addition to the store of those who bore a good character, as likely to prove industrious and useful settlers, and who had collected nearly enough of their own to defray their expenses, but needed some small additional aid.

It has been proposed, we understand, to form a company for the purchase of lands in Canada, on a plan which promises greatly to

* We are assured, on the best authority, that not less than 13,000 emigrants arrived in the course of the last season at Quebec.

promote

promote its colonization, and which it is supposed might be carried into effect, not only without ultimately diminishing the funds employed, but so as to afford a reasonable prospect of considerable profit. Any such scheme, if only so far successful as to cover expenses, would have this decided advantage, that its beneficial operation might continue indefinitely; whereas mere charitable contributions are continually tending to exhaust their source. The proposed plan is said to have for its object the accommodation of those who are competent to the management of a Canadian farm, but have not the means of defraying the expense of the voyage and outfit: persons so situated would in general accept with eagerness the offer of having these previous expenses (including the stock, provisions, &c. requisite to enable them to begin farming) advanced to them, on condition of occupying as tenants a portion of uncleared land, from 100 to 200 acres, for a term of years (say 21) at a very low rent, such as would return on the average about one per cent. on the cost of the land and stock advanced; and of receiving, at the end of that term, provided they then replaced the stock originally advanced, one-third or a half of the land as freehold property. It has been calculated, that from the immense increase in value of land brought into cultivation, the portion remaining to the proprietor, would, together with the stock replaced, be worth two or three times as much as the capital originally advanced. The success of any such scheme as this must evidently depend on the obtaining of proper agents resident on the spot. The task of such an agent indeed would not require either great labour or remarkable ability; but vigilant attention, and perfect integrity, would be indispensable. We earnestly hope, however, that no schemes of this nature will be permitted to interfere with that which ought to be the primary object—the diffusion of information.

The subjoined estimate of expenses, drawn up by a person of undoubted knowledge and judgement, is well calculated to further this object, and may be interesting to such of our readers as may not have chanced to meet with it:

‘ 1. Ships sail for Quebec from London, Liverpool, Hull, Glasgow and Cork; the passage (usually about six weeks or two months) costs from £7. to £12. per head, passengers finding their own provisions.

‘ 2. Emigrants will do well to take out with them (besides clothes) bedding, handsaws, hammers, chissels and planes. All other tools, furniture, &c. they can procure in the country itself.

‘ 3. If they mean to settle in the Upper Canada, (which is far preferable, as the climate is much milder, and the language and society are English,) they will proceed from Quebec to Montreal (180 miles) by steam-boat; from Montreal to Kingston (180 miles) partly by open boats

boats and, partly by steam-boats: from Kingston there is a steam-boat to the head of Lake Ontario. On their route they will find different Emigrant Societies, which will furnish them with any information they may require respecting obtaining grants of land, &c.

‘4. The following may be given as a rough Estimate of the necessary expenses of emigration, in the case of a married man, with four children;—

	£.	s.	d.
‘Travelling expenses, (including both the passage by sea			
and on the river, together with provisions,) say	70	0	0
Materials and labour for erecting a log-house	16	10	0
Fees paid on receiving a grant of land, (usually 100 acres)	5	0	0
For a cow, tools, &c.	10	0	0
Subsistence for one year.—N. B. Provisions are cheaper			
than in England	40	0	0
	<hr/>		
	141	10	0

‘It would answer for a farmer who has some capital, to take out with him a few steady, industrious men, paying their passage, &c. on condition of their working for him the first year for their board and lodging only, and afterwards for such wages as might be agreed upon.

‘5. The soil of Upper Canada is generally good; when first cleared it will produce from twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. The climate is healthy; the winters are, indeed, more severe, and the summers are hotter than in this country; but no great inconvenience is experienced therefrom. The harvest season is usually extremely dry and fine: the hay crops are got in with very little trouble. Wood fuel is, of course, very abundant.’

The communication of such hints as these cannot but be desirable, even if it should produce no other effect than that of deterring from the enterprise those who have not the requisite means, and securing them from the misery which may ensue from the failure of their hopes. When, however, emigration is recommended as in any case desirable, it is natural to inquire what kind of men should be encouraged to take such a step. This question is indeed sometimes brought forward as an objection, in the form of a most tremendous dilemma: ‘Would you,’ says the querist, ‘send out the idle and profligate, who can do no good at home? you would then do the colony more harm than good. Or would you send out the best and most industrious men you could find? this would indeed be a benefit to the colony, but a loss to the mother-country, and would be holding out, as a reward for superior merit, a perpetual exile.’ This kind of argument well deserves to have been honoured with a distinct name by the ancient schools of dialectics; for it is applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to all subjects, and may be employed to prove any thing whatever. The principle indeed, on the assumption

tion of which it proceeds, viz. that the two extremes of each class comprehend the whole of it, is one which could not conveniently be *acted on*; if it had been, in the case of Bias's argument for instance, (which is a fine antique specimen of it,) the human race would probably have long since been extinct; for he contended that marriage altogether was to be avoided, because an eminently beautiful wife might be a source of jealousy, and a hideously ugly one, of disgust; but still the argument is found serviceable for the purposes of an argument; i. e. to perplex an opponent. We shall endeavour to pass between the horns of this dilemma, by replying, that it is neither by the very best, nor the worst, of our countrymen, that we would see our colonies stocked; and as nine-tenths belong neither to the one description nor the other, this exception produces no great difficulty: the former class, indeed, are not likely to be induced to emigrate, as they generally thrive very well at home; and the latter are not likely to thrive anywhere.

But in an improved and fully peopled country, and especially in times like the present, there cannot fail to be great numbers of persons not deficient in industry and good conduct, who, from the unfavourable state of the markets, from excessive competition in every profession and branch of labour, or from casual misfortunes, find themselves either at a loss to obtain a comfortable independent maintenance for themselves or their families, or excluded from the prospect of some respectable situation in life, or perhaps of some matrimonial union, on which their hopes had been fixed. To persons so situated, emigration seems to be precisely the appropriate resource. It need not be apprehended that all the facilities and encouragement, or even all the persuasion and assistance, that can be bestowed, will ever induce those to emigrate who are so circumstanced, and so disposed, as to be contented with their lot at home; and if they are not, their departure is not to be regretted: but it does not follow that all such are of so restless and dissatisfied a temper, that they will never be steady and contented any where: e. g. suppose a strong attachment to exist between a young couple, who are, perhaps, secure from indigence in a single state, but have no prospect of decently bringing up and providing for a family; if they are uneasy at being compelled to renounce an object, the desire of which is so natural, and, in itself, so blameless, are they therefore to be reckoned among those restless characters, who are impatient of every hardship and privation, and unfit for any settled and regular course of life? If, indeed, the violence of a romantic passion prompts them to set at defiance the dictates of prudence, and to marry without a reasonable prospect of supporting their offspring, they are much to be blamed; though even in that case they are generally prepared and willing to undergo much toil and privation,

privation, though they may have over-rated the prospects of success. Now there is no reason why persons so situated may not prove industrious and prosperous settlers. They will have difficulties and hardships to encounter,—for these we have supposed them prepared ;—but these difficulties and hardships are all at the beginning of their course. Instead of having to look forward to a continual increase of them, as their family increases,—to regret the past, and dread the future, more and more, each succeeding season, they will find their prospects growing continually brighter, and their resources more abundant. Year after year the forest recedes before the persevering cultivator: fresh fields are clothed with corn or herbage ; his cattle multiply ; his increasing produce enables him to proceed with still greater rapidity in extending his improvements; the log-hut is enlarged into a convenient dwelling, and fitted up with those articles of comfort and luxury which perhaps he had at first been compelled to forego ; and his children inherit, in the place of an unproductive thicket, a fertile and well stocked farm.

It is not too much to say that the degree of industry, frugality, and temperance, which are absolutely essential to enable a person in the middling or lower orders, in this country, to maintain his station in society, and preserve himself from want, are in Canada, sufficient to raise him to comparative wealth. We know from most respectable authority, that one of the wealthiest individuals of a considerable town of Upper Canada arrived in that country as an emigrant, with no other property than the axe with which he was to labour. And though several fortunate circumstances must have concurred to produce such an extraordinary degree of success, there is no presumption in calculating, in the case of every settler, on an independent competence, as the natural result of steadiness and good conduct.

It is not, however, generally speaking, desirable, that men should be encouraged to go out as mere labourers, without having either more money than just enough to pay their passage, or any preconcerted arrangement for obtaining employment when they arrive ; and especially is such a step to be deprecated in the case of those who have families : much severe distress has been the consequence of such imprudence ; for though there are perhaps many settlers who would be glad to hire them, yet from their remote and scattered situations, and the difficulties of communication, much time may elapse before their mutual wants are made known to the parties, so that the demand and supply may be brought to balance each other ; and in the mean time the emigrant is perhaps starving in a strange country. It was for the relief of this distress, the amount of which has been very great, that the societies to which we have already alluded were first established in Canada.

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The best plan perhaps would be that which is hinted at in the printed statement; viz. that those who are emigrating as farmers should, either at their own expense or otherwise, take out with them such labourers as they might personally know, or have good assurance of, as honest, steady, and skilful; making some bargain with them beforehand, as to the time and terms of the engagement. Arrangements might also be made through the medium of such societies as those already established in Canada and in London, for supplying with labourers the settlers already established there; many of whom probably would be glad to receive men bringing from this country testimonials as to character.

One description of workmen, who would be especially well-suited to the colony, is not, perhaps, so frequent in this country now, as formerly, viz. a *Jack-of-all-trades*: in some remote districts, such artisans are still prized; but, in proportion to the increase of population, and the consequent subdivision of labour, they fall into disrepute. As Plato remarks of a certain class of philosophers, (who, notwithstanding the lofty appellation bestowed on them, were neither more nor less than artists of this description,) no one chuses to employ the one man who can do many things tolerably, when he can have access to several who can do each of them excellently: and hence, though in general men of superior ingenuity, their poverty is become proverbial. They have accordingly the more reason to try their fortune in a young settlement; which is exactly their proper field. A scattered population, bad roads, remoteness from towns, and a novel situation, leave in a most helpless condition the man who has concentrated all his powers in learning to perform some one operation very skilfully, and who has no resources.

It would appear indeed that from this cause a nation like our own, in which the subdivision of labour has been brought to the utmost perfection, is less fitted for furnishing colonists than one which has made far less progress in the arts. To illustrate this by a single instance—no one can doubt that the querns, or hand-mills, which were in use not long since in the Highlands, as well as among the ancients, occasioned much waste of labour, and that a great accession of wealth has been gained by the powerful machinery which is now employed: but if we look to the case of a new settlement, the picture is reversed; we find, in the Illinois district, the farmer obliged sometimes to carry his corn fifty miles, through bad roads, to the nearest mill, and to wait when he comes there, perhaps a week, before his turn comes to have it ground; yet he submits to this evil as utterly irremediable. What a prodigious saving of labour would a colony of highlanders with their querns have in this case obtained! We really think that the manufacture
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of hand-mills, or of small horse-mills for this purpose, would be well worth the consideration of those who are interested in the prosperity of the Canadian settlers.

Perhaps too the society we have been speaking of may hereafter be led to adopt the plan of establishing a kind of mechanical school in this country, for communicating a slight degree of instruction in several of the most necessary arts: it would take but a very short time to make a man a tolerable carpenter, smith, &c. and the acquisition would be, in a new settlement, invaluable. We have no doubt, however, that the combined activity of intelligent individuals on both sides of the Atlantic, guided by local knowledge, and stimulated by benevolent zeal, will in time, if their numbers and funds should become considerable, devise and bring into practice every expedient, as far as the power of individuals extends, by which the prosperity of the colony may be promoted; and if the fostering hand of government is extended, to afford free scope for their exertions,—to co-operate with them, where its aid is indispensable,—and to rectify from time to time the various abuses which must be expected to creep in,—we see every reason to anticipate both a valuable resource to the redundant population of this country, and a great accession of strength to our transatlantic dominions, by the diversion thither of the better part of that tide of emigrants which is now poured into the territories of the United States; we say, the *better* part, because there are doubtless many emigrants of a character which would not promise much benefit to the colony; and one of the chief advantages perhaps which would result from the labours of a well-constituted society for promoting emigration, would be the careful selection of proper persons on whom to bestow their encouragement and assistance. Those in whom a rooted aversion to our constitution in church and state is one of the principal inducements for emigrating to republican America, it would neither be easy nor desirable to divert from their purpose. That is the best place for them. If they are disappointed in finding that a democratical government and the absence of a church establishment do not imply freedom from taxes, and the universal diffusion of virtue and happiness; though their hopes are not gratified, their complaints, at least, will be silenced, or at any rate will cease to disturb our government. There may nevertheless be many, who, though not *radically* corrupt in their notions, nor altogether hostile to our government and religion, may have been goaded by the pressure of distress, combined with the inflammatory declamations of designing men, to feel a great degree of impatience of the burden of taxes, tithes, and poor-rates; and such men may become, by the removal of the cause of their irritation, loyal and peaceable subjects in that part of the empire which

which is *entirely exempt from those burdens*. At least their angry feelings will have time and opportunity to subside, in a country where there are no tumultuous meetings in populous towns of unemployed manufacturers; but where all their neighbours, as well as themselves, have something better to do (as Mr. Gourlay found by experience) than to set about new modelling the constitution;—where the chief reform called for is to convert forests into corn-fields, in which no one will hinder them from laying the axe to the root of the evil;—and in which the desire of novelty may be fully gratified, without destroying established institutions;—where, in short, the whole structure of society is to be built up, without being previously pulled down.

ART. V.—1. *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men, collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope, and other eminent Persons of his Time*. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Now first published from the original Papers, with Notes and a Life of the Author by Samuel Weller Singer. London. 8vo. 1820.

2. *Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men*. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Arranged with Notes by Edmund Malone, Esq. London. 8vo. 1820.

3. *The invariable Principles of Poetry, in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq. occasioned by some Critical Observations in his Specimens of British Poets, particularly relating to the Poetical Character of Pope*. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 1819.

AT length, after a tedious retention by one possessor, and, as we now find, a concealment by another, appear the ‘*Anecdotes of Spence*,’ an authentic collection which has hitherto remained unpublished, but not unREFERRED to, during the many years in which it has enjoyed a sort of paradoxical existence. The history of books is often curious, but that of the present is mysterious; and the mystery originates in the nature of the work itself, which was wished to be, and not to be, suppressed. The late Duke of Newcastle was supposed, till Mr. Singer’s volume appeared, to be the sole possessor of the manuscript; and his Grace having liberally submitted the volume to Dr. Johnson for public use, when it became a desideratum among the lovers of literary history, it was sullenly announced as a sealed book. Mr. Malone, however, was afterwards allowed to rifle it for his own purposes, and some imperfect transcripts, or capricious selections, crept abroad from time to time.

The close of the history of this publication seems as mysterious

as its progress; for, after contending with the obstructions of half a century, two editions appeared *on the same day!* Mr. Singer, the only person who could elucidate the matter, has not informed us *how* he himself obtained the manuscript, and we can only supply the vacuum by the report which has reached us. Spence, who was known to have been engaged during many years in the design of this work, had prepared it for posthumous publication, and conditionally sold it to Dodsley: but his executors, among whom was his old friend Bishop Lowth, uniting with his patron Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, prevailed on the bookseller to relinquish his claim, as the time, it was alleged, had not yet arrived when the anecdotes could be safely published.* Joseph Warton formerly told us that 'these Anecdotes were sealed up and delivered into the hands of the late Duke of Newcastle;' and this manuscript was long appreciated as an *unique*. It now appears, that it was no such precious thing, but a transcript of *part* of the Anecdotes which had been prepared for the press; the originals of which, with valuable supplements, were deposited in 'a chest with all Spence's manuscript remains.' From this chest (which was in the Lowth family) we have heard that a late speculator in fine editions had the dexterity to extract it, and probably designed it, like the Arabian Nights, for some splendid publication adapted to the literary dandyism of Bond-street. What means he used, we have not heard, and cannot pretend to guess. It was a sacred deposit, and such the late Bishop had always considered it; for, during this long interval, no one appears even to have suspected its existence. How it travelled down to the present publisher might perhaps form an amusing incident in the story. But such is the history of the *original Spence*. That of the *Malone Manuscript* is no less enveloped in mystery.

The Newcastle Manuscript, as we have said, was put into the

* The lovers of literary history may be gratified by our giving the particulars, which we are enabled to do, and which have not been published. The manuscript was deposited in the library of the Duke of Newcastle, to whom Spence had been private tutor, by his three executors, the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Ridley, and Mr. Rolle, and the following elegant address, probably by Bishop Lowth, assigning their reasons, is pasted in the first volume of the Anecdotes.

'The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Ridley, and Mr. Rolle, executors of the late Mr. Spence, present their most respectful compliments to the Duke of Newcastle, and beg his Grace's acceptance of the manuscript fair copy of Mr. Spence's Anecdotes. They did not think it advisable to publish this work, and they were confirmed in this opinion as they had reason to believe that it coincided with his Grace's judgment. But that it may not run the hazard of being lost or of falling into improper hands, they beg leave to commit it to his Grace's custody; and they propose to act in the same manner, with his Grace's approbation, in regard to any other of his papers, which they think it right to preserve; being persuaded that in so doing they shall act most agreeably to Mr. Spence's sentiments, and shall place his literary remains in those hands to which his love, respect, and gratitude would certainly have directed them.—May 15, 1771.'

hands of Dr. Johnson, who drew from it many of those personal traits and those domestic incidents which, with such skill, he has introduced into his admirable life of Pope. Yet while Johnson said, 'I consider this communication as a favour worthy of public acknowledgment,' he studiously concealed the name of the noble benefactor; and it is understood that the Duke felt that his own zeal claimed a more particular notice than an acknowledgment, where a pomp in the manner served only to conceal a penury in the feeling. It was therefore (as we have seen) somewhat indignantly closed. Mr. Malone, however, when employed on the Life of Dryden, had sufficient influence to procure its use, and made, not as Mr. Singer supposes, 'a complete transcript,' but a selection; to which he added some useful notes. This copy was presented to the late Mr. Beloe, who sold it to Mr. Murray. For more than two years past it was announced as in the press, while the publisher persisted in its suppression; an incident quite in keeping with the rest of this strange history. Motives of delicacy probably induced him to refrain from publishing what the noble possessor of the (supposed) original would not sanction, while it was rumoured that the precious 'unique' was mislaid or lost; and the editor, who was no more, could no longer authenticate the transcript. When Mr. Singer's Spence was unexpectedly announced, it probably ceased to be a matter of choice; and the Malone Manuscript, with all its imperfections on its head, was eagerly hurried through the press.

Mr. Singer has prepared his enlarged edition with greater care; and has given proofs in its progress of the skill and intelligence ever necessary in such a work, of which however the authenticity is the main recommendation.

It is evident that these 'Anecdotes of Books and Men' were designed by Spence to belong to the numerous race of *ANA*, of which though we possess but few in our literature, yet those few are excellent. Our vivacious neighbours, more fond of talk, found a pleasure, when silent, in writing down the talk of others, even to their *Arlequiniana*, for Harlequin too must talk in France. Of their flock, the bell-wether is the *Menagiana*. Yet the four volumes, improved by the learned editor La Monnoye, are eclipsed by the singular splendour of Boswell's Johnson.—On this work we must make one observation. An Italian, a man of letters and of genius, compares Johnson 'to some uncommon bear, and Boswell to the Savoyard who goes shewing him about.' This sarcasm has been anticipated by some of our own wits; but wits are bad critics! All other *Ana* are usually confined to a single person, and chiefly run on the particular subject connected with that person; but Boswell's is the *Ana* of all mankind: nor can the world speedily

speedily hope to receive a similar gift ; for it is scarcely more probable to find another Boswell than another Johnson.

It must not be concealed that such collections as this of Spence have frequently spread an alarm in their circles. It is a case of conscience whose solution we leave to some future Paley, how far may be practised the liberty of chronicling conversations, or perpetuating domestic incidents. Is friendship, placed under the rose, no longer to look up to that emblem of secrecy and silence? When our heart moves with our lips, or circulates with the warmth of wine, are our unpremeditated thoughts, our negligent assertions, and our playful deceptions, the mere odds and ends of our fancy, all our humours, good and evil, to be permanently recorded? Are love and hatred to be the short-hand writers of social life, and are men to be brought to a bar without even a suspicion that they are undergoing a trial? These observations extend to the writers of *Diaries*,—from Cole, the literary antiquary, to Bubb Dodington, the jobbing statesman. The very precaution which some of them used, (and Cole among the rest,) that their papers should not be opened till a given period, only served to protract the torture of the sufferers; while the calumny begins to live just when the calumniated had passed the power of vindication. We believe that these examples have occasioned the destruction of much of this kind of secret history by those who trembled at the imprudence of future editors, or dreaded the consequences of their own too faithful chronicle. The late Dean of Christ-Church, Cyril Jackson, an extraordinary character, who, if he did not feel the ambition, at least possessed the genius of governing, and who (after a reign of twenty years) retired, like the imperial philosopher of antiquity, into the uttermost solitude, appearing to forget all men and all things, and himself as much forgotten as the greatness of the character he had left behind him allowed, had kept, it is said, a Diary of his life, which, in an unfortunate hour, he destroyed,—from an apprehension that his records, by the imprudence of friends, or the maliciousness of cynics, might be productive of some of the mischief which he had witnessed in those of others.

Even Spence had long raised similar alarms by his '*Anecdotes.*' Not only had his own friends (as we have seen) protested against their publication, (for they were then treading on ashes whose fires were not extinct,) but even some of the editors of Pope have vented their outcries against opening this box of Pandora. Listen to Mr. Bowles, a sort of sentimental critic :—'I tremble for every character when I hear any thing of "*Spence's Anecdotes.*" Neither friend nor foe are spared. He seems to have opened his mouth and his ears to every thing Pope told him ; and it makes the heart sick to think

how often Pope has altered his tone,' &c. The book has at last appeared! and if the reverend gentleman still 'trembles,' it can be only to find that the Pope of 'Spence's Anecdotes' is not the Pope of Mr. Bowles. Spence, who seems once to have wavered on the propriety of publishing them, has written on the leaf of one of the paper-books—'All the people *well acquainted with Mr. Pope* looked on him as a most friendly, open, charitable, and generous-hearted man; all the world, almost, that *did not know him*, were got into a mode of having very different ideas of him: how proper this makes it to publish these anecdotes after my death.' The truth is, that Pope, alive to the most generous feelings, was excessively irritable in whatever touched his art. Poetry was the delightful craft of his life, and the craftsman had his mysteries. This great poet furnishes not the only instance where bland and tender dispositions may be associated with that keen searching spirit, so irritable and caustic: the habits of the mind are often distinct from the habits of the man.

Mr. Singer has furnished a copious life of Spence. The fresh materials which the writer has been enabled to bring to his work, and particularly some interesting evidence of the true character and feelings of Spence, render it valuable; but though the hand of the artist is faithful in tracing the lines, it wants a delicacy of touch; and as a composition, we regret to add, it is often inelegant and incorrect: the narrative moves on with great caution, it is true, but it moves heavily, and frequently reminds us of those alphabetical lives which we consult as a sort of troublesome convenience. Of Dr. Birch, to whose zeal our literature owes more than can here be acknowledged, a critic of the day familiarly observed, 'Tom was a dead hand at a Life;' the lineal descent has not been enlivened by any fortunate cross-breed,

'And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.'

There was a moral loveliness in the character and the life of Spence, which could not fail to engage the affections of such an elegant scholar as Lowth, and those of many other men of genius. Cultivating literature and the arts with the ardour and the playfulness of a lover, it was fortunate that the vicissitudes of life rendered him a traveller. Having retired from college to a small living, he was invited at various times to accompany several distinguished persons in their tours through Europe; but the feelings of this pilgrim of taste were purely domestic; and amidst the interesting objects around him, nothing occupied his mind so entirely as his mother and his garden:—a mother, in whom all his affections were concentrated, and a garden, his ideal 'Tempe;' a work, under which title he proposed to illustrate gardening in all ages, and which he was meditating and writing all his days! these, amidst his foreign enjoyments,

enjoyments, his ardent patrons, and his literary amusements, were the real subjects of his reveries.

The author of the 'Tales of the Genii,' a work which, to a feeling mind, bears the most pathetic of all terminations, for, with its last page, the life of the author too closed, was one of the warm admirers of Spence; and has thrown into his charming fiction a beautiful sketch of his friend.

'The Dervise of the groves, (it is under this name that he describes him in his tenth tale,) with a fond generous affection, made the life of his dear mother smile in age, and happy in affliction; the chief glories of his youthful soul were to please her that gave him birth; and like the stork, he made the nest of comfort for his parent, and bore her into light and life on his industrious wings, then pleased alone with all mankind when they were pleased with her.'

To his mother Spence addresses his happiest letters; and it is refreshing, amidst the formal monotones of society, to be recalled to all those natural touches and minute particularities made up of pleasantry and affection; to see him preparing his little fop of a garden, 'strutting, and pretending to be bigger than he is,' to make some show, after inviting his mother and sister to take such a journey for a pippin.' 'From the little green plat at one end of it (he writes) we may stand like three statues on one pedestal, and look out on a prospect that is no inconsiderable one for *Hertfordshire*. By this word you may see the pride of my heart, for, to say the truth, I don't care to be thought in *Essex* here, and take all the advantage I can of my neighbourhood to a better county.' With his mother, Spence kept up a constant intercourse; and the three letters which Mr. Singer has selected are fortunate in their subjects. In one of them he sets before us, with all the fidelity of a Flemish painter, a chattering gesticulating droll of 'a mountaineer barber-surgeon, born amidst the Alps, and as learned as people generally are among wild mountains, who from father to son were so, without any interruption for twenty-eight generations.' The family annals, it seems, did not reach up to Noah; but when asked if he had a history of the twenty-seven surgeons, his predecessors? he briskly replied—'Have I? yes, that I have; and I would rather lose my legs than lose it.' Another letter gives an account of a Frenchman, one of the 'adepts,' who carry 'the great elixir in their pockets,' and look 'very genteel and very grave,' and 'as fresh as forty,' at two centuries old, and who can make gold, yet are always wanting some from those who cannot. A third gives a minute and spirited description of the representation of a Mystery, called 'the Damned Soul,' which Spence, lounging one evening at Turin, saw performed under the portico of an hospital by a set of Italian strollers;

the plot, the scenery, and the actresses, for they were all women except the devils, are inimitably described.

The mother whom Spence was so solicitous to delight was a dependant on his kindness. This warm filial fondness seems very distinguishable from the *Storge*, or the instinct of parental affection. It is a love in the very next degree to wedded love, and perhaps is often its substitute. Men of the good-nature and the good temper of Spence,—under the influence of constitutional languor, are alive to all those endearments which can only come from a female—from her eyes, from her voice. It has been by adopting a mother, a sister, or a humbler friend, that such men have reflected back a tender image of themselves. Such domestic emotions were experienced by Cowper, they were sought after by Pope; but they enlivened the studies of Spence, and inspired that unvarying cheerfulness which induced him to write letters to his mother, as if he felt an ambition to please her.

Had it been our happiness to live with SPENCE, such as we have portrayed him we are confident that we should have found him. Johnson has spoken indifferently well of him; Gray with his usual fastidiousness; Walpole has commemorated himself more than Spence by this exquisite description!—‘As I knew Mr. J. Spence, I do not think I should have been so much delighted as Dr. Kippis with *reading his letters*. He was a good-natured harmless little soul, but more like a silver penny than a genius. It was a neat fiddle-faddle bit of sterling, that had read good books and kept good company; but was too trifling for use, and only fit to please a child.’ This is no bad specimen of the sort of affection which this vivacious Momus ever bore towards literary men:—but

‘Il vostro topo è tutto Fra Pasquali!’

this ‘fiddle-faddle bit of sterling’ was himself.

Spence indulged a singular delight in bringing out men whose genius was clouded by the obscurity of their situations. It was he who first took by the hand ‘The Muse in Livery,’ of Dodsley; who secured patronage for the self-taught Thresher, and the blind poet Blacklock; who introduced to the world the erudite tailor, Robert Hill, by his ingenious parallel with his old friend Magliabechi. Spence was the first writer who noticed Thomson, in his ‘*Essay on Pope’s Odyssey*,’ which being a popular book, contributed to make the poem more known, and Thomson always acknowledged the value of this recommendation. The ‘*Essay*,’ though it necessarily contained many free strictures, was so far from irritating the bard, that it served as the foundation of their friendship; and opened that intercourse which produced the accounts Spence has delivered to us of Pope’s habits, studies, and conversations, which, as Mr. Singer

Singer well observes, exhibit 'a complete, though brief, auto-biography' of the great poet.

Spence had a turn for dialogue-writing; all his works are composed in this manner, and it seems to have served his purpose on the present occasion much better than on the others. We believe that he has given all the words he recollected, for, in some places, he expresses a doubt whether he had retained the precise language: assuredly it has received no embellishments from his careless, ungrammatical, slip-slop pen: but we must not transfer our notions of style to the days of Spence, when they were more occupied by simple impressions than by abstract generalities; in a word, when the study of effect in writing was an artifice not yet practised.

In these *Anecdotes* we are not only listening to Pope at his fireside, in full colloquy about himself and his works, but are at the same time introduced to a goodly company. Ficoroni, the Roman antiquary, Cocchi, the Florentine man of letters, Ramsay, Dean Lockier, a very extraordinary man, and other persons still more celebrated, all saying something on subjects which they well understand, contribute to diversify these modern *symposia*. Nothing can present a more inviting appearance than this literary chit-chat; yet we have frequently closed the volume in weariness. There is in the nature of the work an insurmountable defect; it has all the distraction of conversation, without leaving us the power to ask a question or pursue a discussion. In this book of infinite little things, nothing comes prepared to us by introduction or reflection: the hurry of our ideas is oppressive; there is a sort of variety which, so far from exciting attention, puts us half to sleep; it is like the tumbling of waves, one runs over the other, till amidst the rapid changes the mind grows insensible to the successive motions.—But we must hasten to Pope.

It is with pain we have so long witnessed the attacks on the moral and poetical character of this great poet by the last two of his editors. Warton, who first entered the list, though not unwilling to wound, exhibits occasionally some of the courtesy of the ancient chivalry; but his successor, the Rev. Mr. Bowles, possesses the contest *à l'outrance*, with the appearance, though assuredly not with the reality, of personal hostility. It had been more honourable in this gentleman, with his known prejudices against the class of poetry in which Pope will always remain unrivalled, to have declined the office of editor, than to attempt to spread among new generations of readers the most unfavourable and the most unjust impressions of the POET, and of the MAN. We confidently hope, that the world has not yet reached that point of degradation, where to depreciate excellence in art, and to vilify one whose virtues were of no ordinary cast, shall be considered

sidered as a matter too unimportant to investigate, or too light to reprehend gravely. To refute errors is no trivial task, for the labour is not very amusing. It requires more time and cost to repair an edifice than to damage it; and certainly more zeal to defend the calumniated than care to raise the calumny. An attack, if it deserves notice, is necessarily lively, and our attention is roused by that air of novelty it carries with it; but a defence can only boast the honest intention of carrying us back to the same place we had formerly occupied; and nothing short of a miraculous demonstration will so completely eradicate a false or an aggravated charge, as to leave no traces of it behind in the minds of those who have long received the erroneous impressions.

Joseph Warton had the merit of first declaring of Pope, that 'he did not think him at the *head of his profession*, and that his *species of poetry* was not the *most excellent one of the art*.* Many years after, Johnson interrogating this critic, inquired, 'If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found?' To circumscribe poetry, he added, by a definition will only shew the narrowness of the definer.' Yet such a definer arose in the disciple of Warton, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who has distinguished himself in this idle controversy by his 'Observations on the Poetic Character of Pope;' and his recent pamphlet on 'The Invariable Principles of Poetry,' in reply to Mr. Campbell's masterly vindication of Pope. Mr. Bowles has adopted a system which terminates in an exclusion of a great poet from the highest order of poets.

How this wonderful operation has been carried on, it is of some importance to state—it is the history of the past, if Mr. Bowles triumphs; or the history of the future, should good sense and good taste return to Pope. It is said that the *subjects of Pope* are 'not poetical,' while 'in his *execution* none ever was superior.' This is demonstrated, by propositions 'connected and consecutive;' and on a particular self-triumph, Mr. Bowles adds,

* An unnatural civil war has often been renewed between the Drydenists and the Popists. Such parties originate in an undue undervaluing of the one for his deficiency in some eminent quality of the other, and not unfrequently from adverse tastes, with the concealed design to elevate their own favourite pursuit; too often perhaps have they been fomented by a baser principle. There are times when the populace become restless at the excellence to which they have been accustomed; and take a malicious delight to lower and overshadow an established genius, by a new successor and new tastes. The world of literature has been deeply infected with this madness. We have no doubt that Virgil was often vexed in his days by a parallel with Homer, and that the Homerists often exulted over the Virgilians. Modern Italy was long divided, and feuds as dreadful as those between two highland clans, were raised concerning the Petrarchists and the Chiabrierists. A perpetual skirmishing is carried on between the Ariostoists and the Tassoists; and we find, in Spence, a Tasso man ready to prove what the great Galileo declared, that 'Ariosto's poem may be compared to a melon field: you may meet with a very good thing here and there in it, but the whole is of very little value.'

'The

'The reader will see in this statement, a *general proposition connected with its illustrations*;' the critic comes armed at all points; he strikes with 'the inevitable inference' of a syllogism, or arrays before Mr. Campbell a whole line of cuirassiers in a Q. E. D.! It is not, however, for the logic which he deems so conclusive in *demonstrating* Pope to have been no great poet, that we quarrel with Mr. Bowles, but for a kind of mysticism in the language of his criticism, nebulous as the dreams of a Muggletonian or a Swedenburghian. It is however but doing Mr. Bowles justice to acknowledge, that he has taken the greatest pains imaginable to make himself understood; 'I beseech you,' he says to Mr. Campbell, 'not to ask whether I *mean* this or that, for I think you must now understand *what I do mean*.' Indeed as Mr. Bowles advances, or retrogrades, he has explained every thing—and he merits to be himself explained. There are three hundred terms in the glossary of the Kantian transcendental philosophy, all which are to be understood as Mr. Kant chuses, but as the world has never chosen; so that it is not always easy to comprehend what, if intelligible, would be very good *de se*. Take for instance, Mr. Bowles's admirable explanation of the term *execution*, a quality in which he acknowledges Pope excelled. 'By EXECUTION, I mean not only the colours of expression, but the design, the contrast of light and shade, the masterly management, the judicious disposition, and, in short, *every thing* that gives to A GREAT SUBJECT, *relief, interest, and animation*.' While the reader admires the clearness of these ideas, and the perspicuity of the style, he may be surprised to be told, that so much excellence after all, only describes a poet, whose subjects were not 'INTRINSICALLY *poetical*.' To us indeed, Mr. Bowles's term of *execution* remains still a mystery as occult as any in alchemy; and doubtless as profitable for the furtherance of the *grand æuvre*. But what are we not told of 'Nature!' What chimes and changes has not the delighted critic rung on 'Nature,' on 'General Nature,' on 'External Nature,' and on 'Moral Nature'—and so on! 'Nature' is a critical term, which the Bowleses have been explaining for more than two thousand years—and they still throw us into that nervous agitation of spirits which always arises when we sit down to our favourite studies of squaring the circle, or beginning the perpetual motion.

Mr. Bowles opens his 'Observations on the poetic character of Pope' with two regular propositions; that 'images drawn from what is beautiful and sublime in *nature* are MORE *poetical* than images drawn from *art*,' and that 'the *passions* are MORE adapted to poetry than the *manners*.' Mr. Campbell judges that 'the exquisite description of *artificial objects and manners* is NO LESS characteristic

characteristic of genius than the description of *simple physical appearances*.' It is clear to us that a theory, which frequently admitting every thing the votary of Pope could desire to substantiate the high genius of his master, yet terminates in excluding the poet from 'the highest order of poets,' must involve some fallacy; and this we presume we have discovered in the absurd attempt to raise 'a criterion of poetical talents.' Such an artificial test is repugnant to the man of taste who can take enlarged views, and to the experience of the true critic. In the contrast of human tempers and habits, in the changes of circumstances in society, and the consequent mutations of tastes, the objects of poetry may be different in different periods; pre-eminent genius obtains its purpose by its adaptation to this eternal variety; and on this principle, if we would justly appreciate the creative faculty, we cannot see why Pope should not class, at least in file, with Dante, or Milton. It is probable that Pope could not have produced an '*Inferno*,' or a '*Paradise Lost*,' for his invention was elsewhere: but it is equally probable that Dante and Milton, with their cast of mind, could not have so exquisitely touched the refined gaiety of '*the Rape of the Lock*.'

It has frequently been attempted to raise up such arbitrary standards and such narrowing theories of art; and these '*criteria*' and '*invariable principles*' have usually been drawn from the habitual practices and individual tastes of the framers; they are a sort of concealed egotism, a stratagem of self-love. When Mr. Bowles informs us that one of the *essential* qualities of a poet 'is to have *an eye attentive to and familiar with*,' (for so he strengthens his canons of criticism) 'every external appearance of nature, every change of season, every variation of light and shade, every rock, every tree, every leaf, every diversity of hue, &c.;' we all know who the poet is that Mr. Bowles so fondly describes. 'Here, Pope,' he adds, 'from infirmities and from physical causes was particularly deficient.' In *artificial* life, 'he perfectly succeeded,' how minute in his description when he describes what he is master of! for instance, the game of ombre in the *Rape of the Lock*.—If he had been gifted with the same powers of observing *outward nature*, I have no doubt he would have exhibited as much accuracy in describing the appropriate beauties of the forest where he lived, as he was able to describe in a manner so novel and with colours so vivid a game of cards.' It happened, however, that Pope preferred *in-door* to *out-door* nature; but did this require inferior skill or less of the creative faculty than Mr. Bowles's *Nature*? In Pope's *artificial life* we discover a great deal of *nature*; and in Mr. Bowles's *nature*, or poetry, we find much that is *artificial*. On this absurd principle of definition and criterion, Mr. Wordsworth,

worth, who is often by genius so true a poet, is by his theory so mistaken a one. Darwin too ascertained that 'the invariable principle of poetry,' or, in his own words 'the essence of poetry, was picture.' This was a convenient principle for one whose solitary talent lay in the minute pencillings of his descriptions; and the idea was instantly adopted as being so consonant to nature, and to Alderman Boydell, that our author-painters now asserted that if the excellence of a poem consisted in forming a picture, the more perfect poetry would be painting itself:—in consequence of this 'invariable principle of poetry,' Mr. Shee, in his brilliant '*Rhymes on Art*' declared that 'the narrative of an action is not comparable to the *'action itself before the eyes,'* and Barry ardently exclaimed, that 'painting is poetry realised!' To detract from what itself is excellent, by parallels with another species of excellence, or by trying it by some arbitrary criterion, will ever terminate, as here, in false criticism and absurd depreciation.

We have frequently observed that *rural* editors and writers often incur the danger of effecting discoveries which are not novel, and are apt to imagine that they have completed their journey, when they have only proceeded as far as they were able to go. Plutarch long ago declared that an author should live in a great and populous city, which only could supply him with that abundance of books he requires, and with that traditional knowledge which floats in the memories of men of letters. Matters have by no means altered in this respect, for even at this day, there are some works, particularly an edition of Pope, which cannot properly be prepared in a country town.

Provincial authors too are liable to a sort of literary hypochondriasm, where they see nothing but the creation of a morbid fancy, a phantom in a dark room. To this we owe the wild speculations of Monboddo on the original state of human nature, and of Bryant on human language: hence too Blackwall, in his '*Court of Augustus*,' imagined that he had invented a new and beautiful manner of writing by describing the Roman affairs in the style of the *beau monde*; and we ourselves were acquainted with an honest curate, who, living at the extremity of a moor in Devonshire, passed his whole life in detecting all the discoveries in Bell's Surgery, in the modes by which Homer dispatched his numerous heroes. It is only on this principle that we can account for the injury inflicted on Pope by the strange proceedings of his last editor, who, having probably possessed himself of all the ravings of all the dunces on their arch-enemy, dwelt on them till their sinister influence operated on his imagination, and prompted him to hesitate, and suggest, and surmise away every amiable characteristic of the poet; and, incredible as it may appear, to accuse him of the contrary dispositions!

Solitary

Solitary attention strangely magnifies by its intensity. Had he rather, in these distempered moments, opened the window—fresh air and ‘rural sights’ might have thrown over every object the hue of truth and nature.

We find Pope aspersed for ‘a sordid money-getting passion—for taking bribes to suppress satires—for the most rankling envy of Addison—for the worst of tempers—for duplicity and fickleness of opinion—for the grossest licentiousness.’ Will our readers now believe (what is really the case) that Pope was kind from his nature—that his heart was open at all times to the claims of his humbler friends—that he was adored by his intimates—that he could have no one to envy—and finally, that he was no lover of money?

The race of minor commentators pitch their notes to the key first set them. Johnson had observed that—‘the great topic of Pope’s ridicule is poverty. He seems (he says) to be of an opinion, not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing. In his letters and his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, some *hints of his opulence* are always to be found.’ This opinion of our great moralist appears somewhat tinged by his own early habits and misfortunes in life: the ridicule of the poverty of vulgar scribblers wants novelty, and indeed efficacy, as a preventive remedy; but Johnson, it is well known, was destitute of that sympathy of taste for ‘gardens and grottos’ which formed the sole delight of the poet, and, therefore, were not so much ‘*hints of his opulence*’ as the objects which his skill and his muse loved to decorate.

Pope’s paternal fortune was only the wreck of a moderate one, which his father, a conscientious Catholic, would not invest in the public funds of a government he could not uphold; and it was the want of money, chiefly to purchase books, as Pope tells us, which induced him to plunge into the translation of Homer. The truth is, he gained inconsiderable sums by his original poems; a circumstance which we were not made acquainted with till Mr. D’Israeli discovered ‘*Lintot’s Book of Accounts*.’* The great bards of our times would indignantly spurn at the mean remuneration of three five-pound notes for the labour of two or three years, for such was the price of ‘*The Art of Criticism*’; or, about double that sum for ‘*Windsor Forest*,’ or ‘*The Temple of Fame*.’ Yet Pope—we are transcribing the confession of one of his calumniators—when he was apprehensive that the contract made with Lintot, of his Homer, might end in his ruin, endeavoured to persuade him to think no more of it;—but the bookseller was more sagacious than the bard. It was this translation which secured his independence.

* See the Appendix to the first volume of ‘*Quarrels of Authors*.’

In a letter to Martha Blount, Pope incidentally declares that he was in no concern or haste to hear whether he gained or lost, by some lottery adventure; this simple passage calls down this rancorous observation from the commentator: 'Pope's *practice* was diametrically opposite to his *profession* here.' These words are set to the air which Mr. Bowles chaunts through the whole of his commentary. Whenever the poet expresses any amiable feeling, Mr. Bowles writes a note to inform us, that he *fears* that Pope's feelings were the *reverse* of what he *professed*!—'This is the very black art of Criticism;—reading the Lord's Prayer backwards.—' He endeavoured to *accumulate wealth by risking his money on all kinds of securities*;' and we are referred for the heinous details to 'a state of his affairs' by his lawyer, where we find the 'all kinds of securities' to be simply bonds of different persons. Pope, a conscientious Catholic, like his father, had no other means of income than the interest which he derived from lending money to individuals: this was the general practice of the times, which gave occupation to a body of men now extinct, called Scriveners; and the inventory of Pope's lawyer only proves how small was the Poet's fortune. He lived on an annuity, and did not leave more than three thousand pounds; yet such is the contagion of calumny, however absurd, that we find Mr. Singer repeating the cuckoo-note, and reproaching the poet for being 'over solicitous to accumulate money, risking on all kinds of securities.'—p. 212. The truth is, that Pope was apt to be extremely negligent in all money concerns. Warburton tells us that when Craggs gave him some Southsea subscriptions, he was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. And the multiplied evidence of his domestic associates confirms the fact. 'Tis most certain that nobody ever loved money *so little* as my brother,' says Mrs. Racket, his sister-in-law. 'Mr. Pope's not being richer,' says Martha Blount, 'may be easily accounted for; *he never had any love for money*. If he was extravagant in any thing, it was in his grotto.' Again, 'He did not know any thing of the *value of money*; and his greatest delight was in doing good offices to his friends. I used to know by his particular vivacity and the pleasure that appeared in his face, when he came to town on such errands, or when he was employed on them, which was very often.' When his nephew refused a very handsome settlement in the West Indies, and said that fifty pounds a-year was all he wanted to make him happy, Pope, instead of using arguments to persuade him not to refuse so advantageous a proposal, immediately offered to settle that sum upon him. He refused a secret pension from Craggs; and though a carriage was necessary to him, he used to say that 'he had preserved his liberty without a coach.' Let us not forget too that when Savage was destitute and abandoned by every one, he

he lived on a pension punctually paid by his friend. So much for the *money-getting* Pope! Do commentators ever blush?

Mr. Bowles has unsparingly attacked Pope on the score of his quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montague: as we have something to contribute to the little that is known of this extraordinary woman, we shall take this opportunity to communicate it.

Lady Mary's was an eccentric path through life, and, from family motives, it was considered proper that it should remain a secret one; but in all such cases the family gains nothing, while the public loses a great deal:—What is matter of history is matter of instruction; and it is not a Lady Mary that we have lost, but a woman of genius, whose principles and conduct must provoke the inquiries, and receive the judgment of a tribunal that no author can elude.

Notwithstanding Mr. Dallaway's prefatory Memoirs, Lady Mary will only be known to posterity by a chance publication, (for such were her famous Turkish Letters,—the manuscript of which her family purchased with the intention to suppress,) and the more recent letters, which were reluctantly given up as an exchange for other family documents that had fallen into the hands of a bookseller. Had it depended on her relations, the name of Lady Mary had only reached us in the satires of Pope, and our literature could not have balanced the genius of a Madame de Sevigné with something more than her fascination. The greater part of her Epistolary Correspondence was destroyed by her mother; and what that good and gothic lady spared was suppressed by that hereditary austerity of rank of which her family was too susceptible. It was no deficiency in application which prevented Lady Mary from ranking among the first of our female writers. Early in life she had translated the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus; and even to her latest days literature formed her solitary enjoyment; for in truth the gay, the witty, and if it must be, the intriguing Lady Mary, was, by taste and habit, a learned woman, a literary recluse. It required a philosophical spirit to meditate on the 'Turkish villagers' 'engrafting'; a patriotic ardour to appropriate the discovery for her own country, and a heroism which

————— 'the little terrors of her sex.

Despising, by maternal fondness swayed,
Yet bold, where confidence had stable ground,'

realized one of the most splendid triumphs in medical science, and proved it on her only son!

There is a veil over the life of this extraordinary woman, and who now can lift it, or decide whether this expatriated female was a criminal driven from home, or withdrew herself indignantly? The passions of Lady Mary were probably never vehement; but she was, unhappily, 'that dangerous thing, a female wit;' and there

was

was a deadly bitterness in her honey, as if, like the bees of Xenophon,* she had fed solely on lupine flowers. Her very admirers ceased to be her friends. She separated herself from her husband, her daughter, and her country;—yet in that distant seclusion, the domestic ties were at no time entirely broken between any of the parties.

It was probably for herself, as much as for her country-women, that Lady Mary appears to have drawn up an extraordinary project, with which, if printed, we are unacquainted. We find this account of it in Spence, to whom Lady Mary speaks.

‘It was from the customs of the Turks that I first thought of a *septennial bill for the benefit of married persons*, and of the advantages that might arise from our wives having no portions.’

On this Spence observes ‘That Lady’s *little treatise* upon these two subjects is very prettily written, and has very uncommon arguments in it. She is very strenuous for both these tenets. That every married person should have the liberty of declaring, *every seventh year*, whether they choose to continue to live together in that state for another seven years or not; and she also argues, that if women had nothing but their own good qualities and merit to recommend them, it would make them more virtuous, and their husbands more happy, than in the present marketing way among us. She seems very earnest and serious on the subject, and wishes the legislature would take it under their consideration, and regulate those two points by her system.’

It seems that Lady Mary, in adopting from the Turks this ‘septennial bill for the relief of the married,’ imagined the gift might prove as universally salutary, as the national ‘grafting’ she had so happily introduced; but it is not clear to us, that, where the constitutional habits are radically bad, a fresh inoculation of a new husband, or a new wife, will improve the general system. In regard to herself, her union was not fortunate; and was made with the same contempt of discretion which she appears to have frequently carried into the affairs of life: she chose a husband one morning from a freak, and merely to put an end to a month’s vacillations.

‘I always desired,’ says Spence, in a letter to his mother from Rome, ‘to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were often together in London; soon after we came to this place, her Ladyship came here, and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet. She is all irregularity and always wandering; the most wise, the most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world, “all things by turns and nothing long.”—She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom which travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought, as the month before she was married; she never

* See the Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first, that is to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding ring, and *scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley.*

Mr. Wortley Montague was a gentleman of moderate capacity, with a good deal of phlegm in his constitution. We once saw a manuscript speech which he delivered in the House, and which he must have held with his hat before it while he spoke;—and we recollect certain notable hints which the orator had carefully arranged along the margin; such as—‘pause for a minute’—‘cough’—‘look round’—‘slow’—‘loud,’ &c. Of a genius so tame and mechanical we can form no very exalted notion either as a patriot, or as a husband for Lady Mary, and suspect that if ‘she had scuttled away to be married’ to the man of her father's choice, she would have stood a better chance for happiness.

Lady Wortley Montague owed nothing to the elementary aid of any tutor, which is contrary to Mr. Dallaway's assertion, that she had the same preceptors as her brother. She appears, with all her knowledge of languages, self-educated; and what is still more singular, she contrived to conceal from common observers the knowledge she was so sedulous to acquire; and, while she was daily labouring for five or six hours in her father's library, had the art of disseminating the notion, that she ‘was reading nothing but novels and romances.’ We smile at finding Lady Oxford reproaching the wretched taste of Lady Mary in these things: ‘I wonder,’ she said, ‘how any body can find pleasure in reading the books which are that lady's chief favourites. There is no imitation of nature in the characters, and without that how is it possible for any thing to please?’ Lady Oxford alluded to the Princess of Cleves, and the sentimental-heroic romances of that school; but she was not in her friend's secret.

‘When I was young (says Lady Mary) I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of *stealing* the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I studied five or six hours a day, for two years, in my father's library, and so got that language, whilst every body else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances.’

We once had the pleasure of perusing several unpublished letters of Lady Mary, which gave us some insight into her habits of life in Italy. She admitted the occasional visits of a few Marchesas and Contessas, whose follies she unsparingly lashed: they looked upon

upon her, amidst her studies, as a sort of Sybil, to whom they confided their secrets, for the sake of her prophesyings; and it was always in her power to disturb the jealous, to mortify the envious, and to chastise the malignant. She has painted the group to the life. In one of those letters she declares that she had been in the habit of reading seven hours a day for many years: there are men of great learning who have not studied more. Some of the documents perplexed us; we could not decide whether they related to the secrets of the cabinet or the boudoir; whether they described a conference with a minister of state, or the adventures of a minister of love. Her printed letters shew that she offered Sir Robert Walpole her services, in the way of political intelligence. 'I believe,' she says, 'he imagined I wanted some gratification, and only sent me cold thanks.' Her diplomatic capacity was assisted by the charms of her person and conversation;—'having always had the good fortune,' she writes to her husband, 'of a sort of intimacy with the first persons in the governments where I resided, and they not guarding themselves against the observations of a woman, as they would have done from those of a man.' It happened sometimes (we suspect) that in cutting her knots her ladyship cut her fingers; a circumstance of this nature is no doubt alluded to in a manuscript letter now before us, from General Graham to Count Algarotti, dated from Venice, Dec. 1756. She seems to have been under some confinement.—'Lady Mary is at liberty, lives at Padua, and I fancy intends to call Count Palazzi to account. I do not know the tenth part of her history there, but she began to hint it to me when last here. She is more ashamed, I believe, for passing for a dupe in the eye of the public, than she is for passing for a woman of gallantry.'

One circumstance Lady Mary never touched on without some tenderness, though it usually closed with suppressed indignation;—the irregularities of that solecism in human nature, her son, Edward Wortley Montague. Among her printed letters is one addressed to Mr. Wortley, dated Brescia, May 24, 1748, where the reader will find a blank name, which he may confidently fill up with that of her son. One remarkable fact we recollect in the manuscript letters to which we alluded. At Vevay, going different roads, she crossed her son. They had not seen each other for many years, and now they met at a small town in a foreign country: they put up at opposite inns; they passed a day there; and they drove out of the town in opposite directions—without an interview! for which the mother was anxiously watching. The character she gave of him was impressive—'a miserable compound of levity and villainy.'

We must not dismiss Lady Mary without a word on her quarrel with Pope.

There is a distich on 'Sappho, too indelicate to transcribe, but as well known as any lines in Pope, which Mr. Bowles has decidedly applied to Lady Mary; and Mr. Dallaway, to prove the *unity* of Mr. Pope's Sapphos, (for he mentions this name several times,) has pressed his statements into a formidable syllogism. But since we can prove that Pope had appropriately applied the name of Sappho to Mrs. Thomas, the mistress of the antiquated beau Cromwell, it is by no means certain, that the distich in question relates to Lady Mary. We do not believe in 'the unity' of all Pope's Sapphos, and must resist the conclusion, however logical, of Mr. Dallaway; for a fictitious name may be resumed, which originally had been applied to another person; and, 'the Sappho who read Locke,' &c. (which certainly describes Lady Mary, who, by more accounts than one, was not very delicate in her habits) may have no connexion with the 'Sappho,' whose 'love and hate' are so remarkably noticed in the offensive distich. This point is not important to us; but the history of Lady Mary and Pope would form a memorable illustration of the whole art of coquetry.

'Once, and but once, his heedless youth was *bit*,
And liked that dangerous thing a female wit.'

In his letters to her ladyship, the stages of his erotic fever may be noted by the statements of the patient himself; perhaps it was at its height when, in speaking of 'the congeniality of their minds,' the tormented poet put his case to her hypothetically, 'if she can *overlook* a wretched body.'—We conjecture that this was the precise moment when a rude burst of laughter awoke him from the 'Paradise of fools;' Pope, who was not made for love, had the weakness to imagine that love was made for him; the case is not rare among the 'imaginative' race, who are credulous of the omnipotence of genius over the sex; and his early domestic life was embittered by the tantalizing partiality of Lady Mary, as it was afterwards by the heartless indifference of Martha Blount. Mr. Bowles ingeniously conjectures that the desolated feelings of Eloisa were the echo of his own, from his unhappy attachment to the 'too witty' Lady Mary; and indeed, some of the most tender and elegant verses Pope ever composed were addressed to her; such, however, was his vindictive anger, that he preferred suppressing to publishing them with her name:—they are only to be found correct in Mr. Bowles's edition; and we advise the curious reader to compare them with the fragment in Warton, that he may observe the delicacy of correction which Pope so skilfully practised. Their close is exquisite.

'What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,

But

But soft recesses of uneasy minds
 To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
 So the struck deer, in some sequestered part,
 Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart,
 And stretched, unseen, in coverts hid from day,
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

The most elaborate charge Mr. Bowles has urged against Pope relates to his conduct towards Addison,—and indeed his lengthened note on the famous character of Atticus is a formal defence of the latter—resting on hypothetical reasonings. And this is our grievance, that Mr. Bowles, who is a poet and no-commentator, pours out his invention on old facts, and never discovers new ones. He asserts that ‘Pope’s eye was jaundiced and saw every thing in his imagination that he attributed to Addison, and that his character, compared to Addison’s, was perhaps, as Johnson might say, like tortuosity opposed to rectitude.’ We own we have read this passage with strong indignation, because we believe it to be scandalously unjust; and since we have seen the poet thus trodden down by his commentator, it behoves us to abate his triumph.

Our readers, we presume, are sufficiently acquainted with the particulars of the quarrel between Pope and Addison. The main point to ascertain is, whether Addison was jealous of Pope’s rising celebrity, and whether the suspicions of Pope were ill-founded, and his conduct, in consequence, unjust towards Addison; or, to adopt Mr. Bowles’s words, was there ‘any tortuosity in Addison’s rectitude?’

One thing at least is clear; if jealousy, that infirmity of genius, existed between the parties, it could not be on the side of Pope: Addison’s true fame rests on his Spectators; and Pope never, for an instant, could contemplate a rival in the verse of Addison. With respect to the translation called Tickell’s Homer, Mr. Bowles infers that Addison ‘could not be the author of it, from being incapable of writing such verses;’ yet was the writer of the ‘Letter from Italy,’ and the ‘Campaign,’ of a classical vein. But Mr. Bowles was not aware that the foible of this elegant genius was his poetry, and that he was most fretful and jealous about his character as a poet. We find in Spence, ‘Addison seems to value himself more upon his poetry than his prose, though he wrote the latter with such particular ease, fluency, and happiness.’ It is indeed Pope who speaks, who, however, is never unjust to Addison, whom he greatly admired.—To return, however, to the rival translation—abundance of circumstantial evidence has been given to prove that Addison was the author; but positive evidence exists, that the copy sent to the press was in Tickell’s hand-writing, much corrected and interlined by Addison: so that, though Mr. Bowles concludes that

he was incapable of writing it, it is ascertained that he was capable of correcting it.

The most remarkable incident in the quarrel between Pope and Addison is the interview which took place between them, by the interference of mutual friends—Pope discovers his warm irascible spirit, but with an openness which did not appear in the colder temper and the stifled anger of Addison. The narrative, Mr. Bowles suspects, may have come from Pope; its internal evidence at least stamps its authenticity. To suppose that Pope deliberately forged these circumstances, we must first make up our minds to think him one of the most infamous of men; and till we can do that, the probability is that he did not invent dialogue, gesture, and incident. Mr. Bowles, indeed, at the close of his defence of Addison, seems not to have felt the same conviction of Pope's guilt, as at its opening; for he limps off by observing, that 'Pope *POSSIBLY may have been right in his judgment*, but Addison ought not to be condemned on the *ex-parte* evidence of Pope.' We can now offer Mr. Bowles more positive evidence of the hostile feelings of Addison towards Pope, by contemporaries, speaking from their own observation. Dean Lockier, an exquisite judge and observer of his own times, told Spence that 'Pope's character of Addison was *one of the truest*, as well as one of the best things, he ever wrote; *Addison deserved that character the most of any man*. Steele confirmed it, in some degree, to Mr. Chute, who observes, from 'what Sir Richard dropt in various conversations, it seems to have been but too true.' Dr. Leigh told Spence a fact which his friend witnessed, and which shews the fidgetings of petty jealousy:—'Mr. Addison was not a good-natured man, and was very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Philips, and the poems of Blenheim and the Campaign being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then in his own defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's; and a gentleman in company ended the dispute by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by? Jacob immediately named Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Old Tonson told Spence that 'Addison was so eager to be the *first* name, that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run down even Dryden's character as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it.' Cibber confirmed to Spence 'Addison's character of bearing no rival, and enduring none but flatterers; and said that he translated the greater part of the first book of the *Iliad*, published as Tickell's, and put it forth with a design to have over-set Pope's.' Mr. Bowles cannot urge that these are *ex-parte* evidences. On the whole, when we reflect that Pope, from early life, had looked up to Addison as his protector, and his superior, in age
and

and character; that he zealously performed many kind offices for his friend; that he even suppressed a satire which Gay had written against him; we conclude by believing, in opposition to Mr. Bowles's opinion, what he told Spence:—'Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enemy afterwards.' The whole of Pope's conduct was noble and generous; he gave to Addison his fine Epistle on Medals, and his prologue to Cato; he spared his feelings more than once, and stepped forwards in his defence upon all occasions.

Rowe, the tragic poet, was a delightful laughing creature, and Pope always considered him as a charming companion; but he mistook the gaiety of disposition for *comic genius*: his comedy was a total failure, yet it delighted the author, who, while the audience were unanimously condemning the piece, was vehemently laughing at his own jests. Pope repeated to Spence this ludicrous distich, (to us wretched enough,) which Rowe made on Frowd when he was writing his tragedy of Cinna.

Frowd for his precious soul cares not a pin-a,
For he can now do nothing else but Cin—na.

On which Spence, who knew nothing of the *personal character* of the tragic bard, observed, 'I thought Rowe had been *too grave* to write such things.' 'He!' replied Pope, 'why he would *laugh* all day long! he would do nothing else but laugh!' This perfectly agrees with what Pope writes to his friend Blount. 'I am just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how a man of his taste entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a *vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him*, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures.' This apparent singularity in the tragic bard is not unusual in the poetical character; and it may be added as another illustration to Mr. D'Israeli's chapter on the Literary Character.

On the subject of Rowe, Pope has most unjustly incurred from Mr. Bowles the odium of 'sparing neither friend nor foe,' by 'declaring that Rowe had no heart;' and poor Spence is anathematized for what he stands quite innocent of. Warton, in his note on Rowe's epitaph by Pope, quotes an anecdote as transcribed from Spence, where, however, it will not be found; it came from Warburton, and is in Ruffhead's Life of the poet. When Addison had estranged himself from Rowe, who felt the loss of such a friend severely, Pope kindly took the opportunity of Addison's promotion to renew their old acquaintance, and mentioned Rowe's regret at his displeasure, and satisfaction at his good fortune, which he believed sincere. Addison replied, 'I do not suspect that he feigned; but

the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner if he heard I was going to be hanged. Mr. Pope said he could not deny that Mr. Addison understood Rowe well.' At this Warton expresses his astonishment: 'Pope! who it was always understood had a sincere regard for Rowe;' and Mr. Bowles pours his indignation on Spence for telling what Pope said. In this cause Spence must be instantly discharged; for he proves a clear *alibi*. Mr. Bowles's denouement we have already given; it is thus continued.—'It makes the heart almost sick to think how often Pope has *altered his tone*, and that the BEST MAN in the world with him, one moment, has afterwards NO HEART! Poor Rowe is the man whose amiable disposition and warm feelings Pope so eloquently described in his letters. But I am weary of contemplating *this part of Pope's character*.'

Mr. Bowles has often hinted that the accounts we receive concerning persons and circumstances come from Pope himself, and must be considered as *ex-parte* evidence; he has particularly urged this point in his defence of Addison. In the present case we have not to defend the veracity of the poet; indeed, there is strong circumstantial evidence in the expression, that 'Rowe had no heart,' to prove that it was Addison's; for we find in Spence that it was his favourite expression—just as *it makes the heart sick* is Mr. Bowles's. 'On Parnell's having been introduced into Lord Bolingbroke's company, and speaking afterwards of the great pleasure he had in his conversation, Mr. Addison came out with his usual expression, "If he had as good a heart as he had a head." Pope, therefore, can only incur the odium so uncandidly attached to him, by having agreed in opinion with Addison, on the *natural character* of Rowe. And why should he not agree with him? Rowe was, in the mind of Pope, the same delightful, gay, laughing companion as ever; and such tempers often turn about with that levity of feeling which Addison so justly remarked, and Pope so frankly allowed. There are many of 'the best men in the world,' using the phrase according to its current value, who, like Rowe, may be declared to have 'no heart;' their feelings are too rapid and vivacious to mix with profound impressions and acute sympathies.

When the exquisitely finished ATOSSA of Pope was read to the Duchess of Marlborough as the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham, she instantly recognised herself, and broke out into one of her raging fits. Joseph Warton says, 'she abused Pope most plentifully on the subject, though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress this portrait, which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Martha Blount; and after the Duchess's death it was printed in 1746. This is the greatest blemish in our poet's moral character.'

acter.' On this Mr. Bowles eagerly cries out, 'A blemish! call it rather, if it be true, the most shameful desertion of *every thing that was manly and honourable.*' This grievous charge has been since implicitly received; and thus are calumnies registered by one generation to be stamped with authenticity by another! On inquiry, however, it will be found that the whole rests on the solitary evidence of Horace Walpole. We are far from attributing intentional falsehood to Walpole, though he was no friend to Pope; a story should however be authenticated before it is sent down to posterity. We find the following in Spence:—

'Mr. Pope was offered a *very considerable sum* by the Duchess of Marlborough, if he would have inserted a *good character of the duke*,—and he absolutely refused it.'

Martha Blount's *persuasion* was artfully introduced into Walpole's report* to give a colourable pretext for the dishonourable conduct of a man, whose moral integrity seems to us quite pure. Pope was proud of his independence, and has said of himself, as we find in Spence—'If I should be a good poet, there is one thing I value myself upon, and which can scarce be said of any of our good poets; and that is, that I have never flattered any man, *nor ever received any thing of any man for my verses.*' Lest, however, Mr. Bowles should exclaim, as he has more than once, 'You have only Pope's own words; and his practice was the reverse of his *professions*;' we subjoin a remarkable fact, which Spence tells us that he had not only from Warburton, but from others who knew both Mr. Pope and Alderman Barber very well:—'Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money in the whole course of his writing. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in his desire, and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness. And when the Alderman died he left him a legacy only of a hundred pounds, which might have been *some thousands* if he had obliged him only

* Lord Orford derived his secret information (which has been so eagerly perpetuated by Pope's editors) from one of those printed lies of the day, which can be of no authority to the literary historian. Such as we find it, however, we present it to the reader. The character of *Atossa* was printed in a single sheet, in 1746, with this title 'Verses upon the late D—ss of M— by Mr. P.: Printed for W. Webb, near St. Paul's, 1746: Price sixpence.' On the back, we discover this precious anecdote, which, no doubt, assisted to secure the sixpence demanded, as much as the poem itself. 'These verses are part of a poem entitled "Characters of Women," It is *generally said* the D—ss gave Mr. P. 1000*l.* to suppress them. He took the money, yet the world *sees* the verses; but this is not the first instance where Mr. P.'s practised virtue has fallen very short of those pompous professions of it he makes in his writings.'

with

with a *couplet*.' This 'money-getting' poet preferred commemorating the Man of Ross, whom he never saw, for nothing, to the Alderman, whom he well knew, for thousands! With such feelings, can we imagine that the same man could be capable of 'the most shameful dereliction of every thing that was manly and honourable?' The moral evidence is entirely in Pope's favour; for he whose principles would not allow him to accept 'a considerable sum to insert a good character of the Duke, would hardly have taken a thousand pounds to suppress a bad one of the Duchess. Pope spared the personal feelings of the Duchess during her life; but he was perfectly free after her death, (for what concerns the dead is matter of history,) not to suffer the world, nor his own fame to lose, in his 'Characters of Women,' the most spirited and striking of his portraits.

We believe that Pope received no thousand pounds to suppress the 'Atossa.' If ever he did for suppressing the Duke's own character, he cannot at least be charged with having violated the compact; for unfortunately he has deprived us of it. Something of this kind he had evidently intended to introduce into the fourth epistle of the Essay on Man; where we find an allusion to it. '*I have omitted*,' he says, '*a character, though I thought it one of the best I had ever written, of a very great man, who had every thing from without to make him happy, and yet was very miserable, from the want of virtue in his own heart.*' Spence adds, 'though he did not say *who* this was, it seemed to have been that of the Duke of Marlborough.'

We have already exceeded any just limits which we can assign to the defence of our great poet; but much yet remains to be said—for without following Mr. Bowles, step by step, how can the sly insinuation, the obscure hint, the damning fact anxiously recorded, (but—excess of candour!—with a faint admission that it may not be true,) be rebutted? It did not become a man, whose personal virtues are acknowledged, to aggravate common infirmities into viciousness, and to tear away the veil from the sanctities of domestic life. We should grieve to incur the displeasure of Mr. Bowles; but we cannot at once sacrifice Truth and Pope; and the commentator ought to thank our delicacy for not dwelling on the indecency of some of his notes.

Mr. Bowles, we suspect, does not love criticism. 'If I had written,' he says, 'half what is attributed to me in *criticism*, I might well take to myself,

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;

Turn'd critics next, and prov'd *plain fools* at last.'

It is certain that Mr. Bowles is no 'plain fool;' the attempt to degrade Pope, as his EDITOR, has always appeared to us, rather as a calamity.

calamity. Mr. Bowles has more than once complained, that his critics will not understand him as he wishes to be understood; we have seen how pathetically he asks Mr. Campbell to comprehend him; and he has afforded us an anecdote of exquisite *naïveté*, which passed between himself and Lord Byron. It is characteristic!

‘Soon after Lord Byron had published his vigorous satire called “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” in which alas! *pars magna fuit*, I met his Lordship at our common friend’s house, the author of “The Pleasures of Memory,” and the still more beautiful poem, “Human Life.” *As the rest of the company were going into another room*, I said I wished to speak one word to his Lordship. He came back with much apparent courtesy. I then said to him, in a *tone of seriousness*, but that of *perfectly good humour*, “My Lord, I should not have thought of making any observations on whatever you might be pleased to give to the world as your opinion of any part of my writings; but I think if *I can shew* that you have done me a palpable and public wrong, by charging me with having written what I never wrote, or thought of, your own principles of justice will not allow the impression to remain.” I then spoke of a particular couplet which he had introduced into his satire—

“Thy woods, Madeira, trembled with a kiss.”—BYRON.
and taking down the POEM, which WAS AT HAND, I pointed out the passage, &c.

Euge! the plot was well laid, and the scene not ill got up.

‘I am not conscious,’ says Mr. Bowles, ‘of exaggerating a single fault in the life of Pope. Shew me a single charge, advanced without foundation, and I shall be as happy to retract it, as any of Pope’s warmest admirers.’ *Nous verrons.*

‘If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first
Have foil’d the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay—
Let all the scandal of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o’er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write as if St. John’s soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.’

Johnson regretted that he could not supply the early personal history of Pope, as connected with his poetical character. ‘Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence.’ We shall now shew that the most extraordinary period of Pope’s life was the first twenty years, as Johnson surmised. Mr. Bowles, indeed has fixed on these innocent years as the ground-work of an hypothesis as ungenerous as it is unjust. On the well-known incident of Pope’s father encouraging his boy’s ‘Rhimes,’ and those rhimes

rhymes afterwards finding other friends, more skilful critics than the retired merchant, he thus declaims—‘Pope being *tenderly brought up*, was *through life impatient of contradiction*, scarcely *brooked a dissenting voice*, and having been fostered by *early patronage*, lived afterwards in the sunshine of flattery. The same disposition that made him *vain*, would in other circumstances have caused depression.’ Such is the discovery of Mr. Bowles! It is, however, an inference deduced from no fact; and as it comes from an *original mistake*, it could not but end in all the fallacy which has flowed from it. Hypothesis against hypothesis, and we scruple not to affirm that in the bright catalogue of genius, no name should stand more prominent than that of Pope, one of the most *modest*, the most *timid*, the most laborious, the most earnest of knowledge, of all our poets.

On Pope’s ‘defective education,’ and his ‘desultory studies,’ Mr. Bowles has said too much for one who came to the subject with so little information; and in exulting over the poet, who had not the happiness of an academical life, for which he was well adapted, he seems to have indulged in a sort of splenetic pleasure. Pope’s own opinion merits attention.

‘Mr. Pope thought himself the better, in some respects, for *not having had a regular education*. He has, he observed in particular, read originally for the sense, whereas we are taught so many years to read only for words.—As I had a vast memory (Pope speaks), and was sickly, and so full of application, had I chanced to have been of the religion of the country I was born in, and bred at the usual places of education, *I should have probably written something on that subject, and against the methods used there*, and I believe I might have been more useful that way than any other.’

What Pope *might have written* has perhaps reached us from Gray and from Gibbon; no thought of genius is eventually lost; if it is not given by one, it will probably occur to another. When Gibbon observed that ‘offices and salaries which had become useless ought without delay to be abolished,’ we deem that the greater wisdom has operated in maintaining those established institutions—by rendering them effective; the spirit of the age has of itself abolished wall-lectures and inefficient professorships, and the lethargy of office has been thrown off by the excitement of public regard. The greatest and the safest of reformers is Time.

A few illustrious writers have indeed profited by the multiplied conveniences afforded by our literary age, and their solitary studies have largely supplied the discipline of an university. In this honourable class, Pope ranks among the foremost; and his example, while it offers an interesting view of the force of application, may serve to demonstrate that a *regular education* is a royal road compared with

with that to which ill fortune has consigned many of the sons of genius.

Brought up amidst a family the most illiterate and narrow-minded, and confessors converted into tutors, so incompetent to supply the wants of their pupil that 'he was always losing with his last masters what little he had got under the first;' 'I took,' he says, 'when I had done with my priests,' (he had had four) 'to reading by myself, for which I had very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. This I did without any design but that of pleasing myself, and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the poets I read, rather than read the book to get the language. I followed anywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life.'

An intelligent inmate has given a general view of his early efforts. 'He set to learning Latin and Greek by himself, about twelve, and when he was about fifteen, *he resolved that he would go to London and learn French and Italian.* We in the family looked upon it as a *wildish sort of resolution*; for as his health would not let him travel, *we could not see any reason for it.* *He stuck to it, went thither, and mastered both these languages with a surprising dispatch.* Almost every thing of this kind was of his own acquiring. He had masters indeed, but they were very indifferent ones, and what he got was almost entirely owing to his own unassisted industry.'

But Pope set himself a task far severer than the acquisition of learning.—'I was SEVEN YEARS UNLEARNING what I had got, from about twenty to twenty-seven.' This noviciate was the solemn work of lonely enthusiasm; and seems to have produced a slight perturbation of the faculties. 'To *spea*k plain with you,' says Mrs. Racket, 'you know that my brother has a *maddish way with him.*' On this Spence observes, that 'little people mistook the scope of his genius for madness.'—And Rag Smith shrewdly surmised,—'Igad that young fellow will either be a madman, or make a very great poet.' Pope was then in his fourteenth year.

At length, Pope partook of a calamity not uncommon in the family of genius, and fell into that state of exhaustion, which Smollett once experienced during half a year, of a *Coma Vigil*; an affection of the brain, where the principle of life is so reduced that all external objects appear to be passing in a dream; a sort of torpid indistinct existence. This curious circumstance is related by Spence.

'His perpetual application (after he set to study of himself), reduced him in four years to so bad a state of health, that after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper, and

and set down calmly, in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his more particular friends, and among the rest one to the Abbé Southcot. The Abbé was extremely concerned, both for his very ill state of health and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hopes, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, told him Mr. Pope's case, got full directions from him, and carried them down to Mr. Pope, in Windsor Forest.* The chief thing the doctor ordered him, was to apply less, and to ride every day; the following his advice soon restored him to his health.'

Connected with the circumstance of his wretched tutors, we discover an important fact relating to his poetic character. Those who deny his originality appeal to his first productions as proofs of the penury of his genius; they are all *imitations* and *translations*. Warburton, as if to parry the charge, observes 'It is perhaps singularly remarkable in Mr. Pope, that his judgment was stronger than his imagination when he was young, witness his Pastorals, Windsor Forest, and Essay on Criticism, &c. and his imagination stronger than his judgment when he grew old, and produced the Essay on Man.' This see-saw play of the faculties is an idle dream. We know from better authority than the critic's, that the youthful bard once *wandered in fancy's maze*; and though it was *not long*, yet other causes than a subordination of imagination to judgment drew him from it. He had designed several subjects of pure fancy, (a sort of Lalla Rookh,) after reading the Persian Tales, 'in which,' says he, 'I should have given a full loose to description and imagination. It would have been a very wild thing if I had executed it, but might not have been unentertaining:—but other things came in my way, and took me off from it.' Of much of this Warburton could not be ignorant; but he indulged that vicious delight of thinking what his author never thought, and hypothetically describing what never happened. The fact stated by Pope himself accounts for the circumstance noticed above, without the interposition of the commentator's 'remarkable singularity.'

'My first taking to *imitating* (he says) was not out of vanity

* It is proper to add, as one of the instances of Pope's tender recollection of his friends, one of his most active virtues through life, that he never forgot this providential interposition of the Abbé Southcot, and twenty years afterwards, when in conversation, he 'heard of a vacant abbey in the most delightful part of France, which would be a most desirable establishment for Father Southcot, he took no further notice of the matter on the spot; but sent a letter the next morning to Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he had then some degree of friendship, and begged him to write a letter to Cardinal Fleury to get the abbey for Southcot.—Southcot was made abbot.' This is perhaps the only time that the prime minister of England wrote to the prime minister of France, to promote a poor Catholic priest:—nothing short of the ardent and affectionate feelings of Pope could have suggested the project; nor could any thing but the regard due to his genius, have influenced Sir Robert to move in such a business.

but

but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others.' It was this circumstance that gave Pope, says Spence, 'the greatest compass in *imitating styles* that I ever knew in any man; and he had this partly from his *method of instructing himself after he was out of the hands of his bad musters, which was at first wholly by IMITATION.*' Pope's first epic poem, *Alcander*, was a curious imitation-piece: 'I endeavoured,' said he, smiling, 'in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece; there was Milton's style in one part and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser was imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian.'

The precocity of intellect displayed in the *Essay on Criticism*, a work replete with such various knowledge of men and books, has often excited surprise. The truth is, that our young poet composed the *Art of Criticism* to teach himself the *Art of Writing*; it was done in what he calls 'his hard reading period,' and was designed to treasure up the great principles of criticism which he had acquired from the 'best critics,' during his severe noviciate. Lady Mary's observation on it, which we find in Spence, is as flippant as it is absurd: 'I admired,' she says, 'Mr. Pope's *Essay of Criticism* at first very much, because I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and did not know that it was all stolen.' This has quite the air of our fashionable criticism, that of judging an author by qualities independent of those he may eminently possess; or his subject require. It was authority and experience, not invention and imagination, which conferred such value on the judgment that promulgated the laws of criticism.

From constitutional delicacy the habits of Pope were sedentary; and, thrown back on himself, he was often compelled to convert his studies into his amusements. It perhaps may surprise some to be told that he was singularly skilful in Roman antiquities. The reason he has given for having applied to this study embraces every pursuit of curious knowledge. There is no one study (he observed) that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.—One present added 'how true, of even so dry a one as that of antiquity!'—'Yes,' replied Pope, 'I have experienced that myself. I once got deep into Grævius, and was taken greatly with it; so far as to write a treatise in Latin, collected from the writers in Grævius, on the old buildings of Rome. It is now in Lord Oxford's hands, and has been so these fifteen years.' This manuscript, with some others of Pope, we think we have seen in the Harleian Collection.

In the theory and the practice of the fine arts, in architecture—in painting—in drawing and design—in picturesque gardening—Pope was accomplished; and there are hints on those arts, which incidentally

incidentally dropped from him in conversation, that have been since adopted by the professors of them. On the art in which he supremely excelled, he delighted to communicate knowledge; his domestic life was indeed in more perfect unison with his poetical character than the life of most poets. With Pope the attention to poetry did not close with the day, nor would he trust even his chance-thoughts only to memory. We shall give a specimen of these communications, for young poets, who aspire to be read and not to be forgotten.

'After writing a poem (said Pope) one should correct it all over *with one single view at a time*. Thus for language, if an elegy, "those lines are very good, but are they not of too heroical a strain?" And so *vice versa*. It appears very plain, from comparing parallel passages touched both in the Iliad and the Odyssey, that Homer did this; and it is yet plainer that Virgil did so, from the *distinct styles* he uses in his three sorts of poems. It always answers him; and so constant an effect could not be the effect of chance.'

'In *versification* there is a sensible difference between *softness* and *sweetness*, that *I could distinguish from a boy*. Thus on the same points Dryden will be found to be softer, and Waller sweeter. It is the same with Ovid and Virgil; and Virgil's Eclogues, in particular, are the sweetest poems in the world.' Blacklock observed, the *sweetness* of the verse seemed to depend upon the proper management of the pauses; *softness* on a proper intermixture of the vowels and consonants. When Pope says, that 'there is a sweetness which is the distinguishing character of pastoral versification,' he adds, 'the *fourth* and *fifth* syllables and the *last but two* are chiefly to be minded, and *one must turn each line over in one's head*, to try whether they go right or not.'

The care with which Pope finished his finest poems gave rise to the popular notion, that they were the slow products of a phlegmatic genius—an opinion we now discover to be false; they were written in heat, corrected at leisure, and judged by the utmost severity of time.

'The things that I have written fastest have always pleased the most. I wrote the Essay on Criticism fast; for I had digested all the matters in prose, before I began upon it in verse. The Rape of the Lock was written fast; all the machinery was added afterwards; and the making that and what was published before hit so well together, is, I think, one of the greatest proofs of judgment of any thing I ever did. I wrote most of the Iliad fast; a great deal of it on journeys, from the little pocket Homer on that shelf there; and often forty or fifty verses in a morning in bed. The Dunciad cost me as much pains as any thing I ever wrote.'

Pope

Pope carried his art to such perfection, as far as poetry is an art, that the very excellence proved injurious to his poetical character; it inspired despair, and his baffled rivals fancied they had broken the provoking spell by declaring it to be *nothing but Art!* The correctness and delicacy of his taste, and the vigour of his judgment, the result rather than the act of reasoning; his poetic expression and his exquisite versification; those lines struck in his mint with such weighty truths that they circulated as the coin of the people, and are still proverbial; and his natural manner of thinking, too pure to admit of the false sublime, or the false beautiful—all was resolved by Curl and Dennis into 'a knack of rhiming!'

'Poor negroes thus, to shew their burning spite,
To cacodæmons say, they're—devilish white!'

and we here find Lady Mary, in one of her cross humours with Pope, declaring that 'he wrote verses so well that he was in danger of bringing even good verses into disrepute by his all tune and no meaning.'

Some manuscript letters of two well-known contemporaries are now before us, which may amuse the reader. In one of them, Lord Hervey, whose affectation and effeminacy of taste spoiled an elegant mind, having been requested by Count Algarotti to send his opinions on our best English poets, has used a remarkable mode of criticism, by conveying it in the *postscript*. His Lordship evidently found himself in a great embarrassment.

'I forgot, in speaking of the *English poets*, to mention *Pope*—but you know my opinion of him is, that when other people think for him nobody writes better, and few people worse when he thinks for himself.'

The other is from Aaron Hill to his friend Mallet: it is marked with his usual quaintness and egotism, and presents a strange conflict of inclination and conviction, where truth stands miserably jammed in between the two. We can only afford room for a short extract.

'I was always grieved to find in *Mr. Pope*, too much of *Mr. Pope*. I love to start the man behind the covert of his sentiments, but can't endure that he should *poke himself*, at every turn, betwixt his readers and his subject. I am loth to be content with barren melody. A poet should be filled with greatness. He should tune his passions to more concord than his numbers, and inspire ideas which are amiable, compassionate, and manly—and yet these frailties charm too! and sometimes so powerfully by the magic of their expression, that we cannot, without pain, compel ourselves to see and own that there is *nothing but expression* in them.'

In a subsequent passage Hill tells his friend, that 'posterity will miss a social glow of sweetness, benevolence, &c. in his writings,' feelings which he finely describes, as 'spreading a poet out upon the ages that come after him.' We are now that posterity, and

more impartial judges than a contemporary who had seen his name in the *Dunciad*, (a circumstance that rankled in his mind to the last hour of his existence); and we can testify that no poet has left more frequent memorials of 'a social glow' than Pope; from the filial tenderness 'rocking the cradle of reposing age,' to the affectionate address to the Earl of Oxford in the Tower, where the melancholy melliflence of the numbers accords with the dignity of the patriot and the poet.—But, 'we find in Mr. Pope too much of Mr. Pope'—of his domestic amusements—his friends—his grotto—alas, to us these personalities are delightful. They give a 'local habitation' to the shade of the poet, and admit us into the privacy of friendship.

There remains one more point on which we would willingly say a few words before we conclude our remarks.

Pope had held a profitable intercourse with the elder race of our native bards; but from his opinions, it is clear, that his classical taste was too severe for his pleasure; and some of his decisions respecting the highest class of our poets will be considered as heresies in our poetical creed.

He was ever referring to the pure models of antiquity for the rules and standards of poetic excellence; but in his day there existed no other. This predilection we perceive in his recommending Spence to re-publish *Gorboduc* among our ancient dramas. 'This tragedy,' said he, 'is written in a much purer style than Shakspeare's was in several of his first plays. Sackville imitates Seneca's tragedies very closely, and writes *without affectation and bombast*; the two great sins of our old tragic writers.' This drama, which also met with the approbation of Rymer, a stout Aristotelian, is moulded on the classical model, and even servilely introduces the ancient chorus; but with all its regularity, correctness, and purity of diction, the piece drops from our hands a dull and unimpassioned homily.

But what are we to conclude, when we find Pope criticizing both Milton and Shakspeare in language to which we are not accustomed?—'Milton's style in his *Paradise Lost* (he says) is *not natural*; 'tis an *exotic style*. As his subject lies a good deal out of our world, it has a particular propriety in those parts of the poem, and when he is on earth describing our parents in *Paradise*, you see he uses a more easy and natural way of writing.' And again—'the *high style* that is affected so much in *BLANK VERSE* would not have been borne even in *Milton*, had not his subject turned so much on such strange out-of-the-world things as it does.' We believe that Pope had no ear for the cadences of Milton; the couplet had been studied so exclusively, that the infinite variety of metres of which Gray and Collins, and others of our later poets, have so happily availed themselves, were in his time almost

almost forgotten; the fate of the irregular Pindarics of Cowley had terrified the contemporaries of Pope.

But the more remarkable opinion of Pope concerns Shakspeare. He talks of 'Shakspeare's style as the *style of a bad age*;' and says that 'he generally used to *stiffen his style with high words and metaphors* for the speeches of his kings and great men; he mistook it for a mark of greatness. This is strongest in his early plays; but in his very last, his Othello, what a *forced language* has he put into the mouth of the duke of Venice?'

This classical severity of taste, however, appears to have been limited to *style*, and did not touch any of the vital parts of the poetic characters of the two master-spirits; nor has Pope shewn any deficiency of sensibility towards our elder bards. Chaucer delighted him as an exquisite fabler, and painter of manners.—'I read Chaucer still (he says) with as much pleasure as almost any of our poets. He is a master of manners, of description, and the *first tale-teller in the true enlivened natural way*.' For Spenser, Pope expresses all the sympathy of a true poet.—'After reading a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been shewing her a gallery of pictures. She said very right; there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faerie Queene when I was about twelve, with infinite delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago.'—Yet Pope has been held forth to the present age as a traducer of Spenser.

But we forget our prescribed limits,

'Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore,'

and must, however reluctantly, break off.

The last editor of Churchill informs us that this poet once designed a systematic attack on Pope's *personal* and *poetical* character, which, that nothing so desirable should be lost, has been fully reserved for the skill and care of Mr. Bowles. Churchill would rave over the bottle at Pope, and regret that 'the little man of Twitnam' was not alive, that 'he might have a struggle with him and break his heart.' In a letter to Wilkes he alludes to 'the thunderbolts he was *doubly pointing* against Pope;' but they burst on his own ill fated head! It appears, however, that Churchill, when he was probably recovering from the maddening effects of sudden popularity, abandoned his foolish design, deeply struck by that warmth of affection with which Pope regarded, and was regarded in his turn by those who knew him: and the recanting satirist even suppressed an injurious couplet which he had pointed against his poetic character.

Pope wrought to its last perfection the classical vein of English poetry;

poetry; he inherited, it is true, the wealth of his predecessors, but the splendour of his affluence was his own. Whenever any class, or any form of literature has touched its meridian, Art is left without progressive power; there are no longer inventors or improvers; excellence is neutralised by excellence, and hence a period of languor succeeds a period of glory. At such a crisis we return to old neglected tastes, or we acquire new ones which in their turn will become old; and it is at this critical period that we discover new concurrents depreciating a legitimate and established genius whom they cannot rival, and finally practising the democratic and desperate arts of a literary Ostracism. In vain, however, would the populace of poets estrange themselves from Pope, and teach that he is deficient in imagination and passion, because, in early youth—

‘He stoop’d to truth, and moralised his song.’

It is not the shadows of the imagination and the spectres of the passions *only* which are concerned in our poetic pleasures; other sources must be opened, worthy of the dignity and the pride of the Muse; and to instruct and reform, as well as to delight the world by the charm of verse, is only to ‘reassert her ancient prerogative,’ and to vindicate her glory. A master-poet must live with the language in which he has written, for his qualities are inherent, and independent of periodical tastes. The poet of our age, as well as of our youth, is one on whom our experience is perpetually conferring a new value; and Time, who will injure so many of our poets, will but confirm the immortality of Pope.

- ART. VI.—1. *An Autumn near the Rhine.* 8vo. London. 1819.
 2. *Travels in the North of Germany.* By T. Hodgskin, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1820.
 3. *A View of the Agriculture, Manufactures, Statistics, and State of Society of Germany, and Parts of Holland and France; taken during a Journey through those Countries, in 1819.* By William Jacob, Esq. F.R.S. 4to. pp. 454. London. 1820.
 4. *Die wichtigsten Leben Momente Karl Ludwig Sands aus Wunsiedel.* Nurnberg.
 5. *Memoirs of Charles Lewis Sand, including a Narrative of the Circumstances attending the Death of Augustus von Kotzebue. Also a Defence of the German Universities.* London. 1820.

AFTER the turbulent years which the world has lately witnessed, a period of fierce contention and discord which has seldom been equalled, it is grievous to reflect, that the example of France, instead of holding out a beacon to other nations, should appear still to operate as an excitement to revolt, and that, amidst the general restlessness which pervades the minds of the people in the

the greater part of the civilized globe, that country should not have escaped from contagion, which hitherto had exhibited no symptoms of the kind. In the course of our observations we shall endeavour to point out the causes which may have led to this state of things—our business, at present, is to shew its existence.

A warmth of heart, an enthusiasm of feeling, a kindness of disposition, which attaches the more strongly the more it is known, a perseverance in intellectual pursuits, and a general honesty in all their dealings with mankind, render the inhabitants of that extensive assemblage of states which Germany comprizes, as a body, one of the most estimable people upon earth. But these very qualities which we so much admire are liable, on the other hand, to be perverted in the most mischievous manner. The sincerity of the Germans exposes them to be the dupes of others to a dangerous degree; their enthusiasm is apt to evaporate in absurd projects, and their perseverance to degenerate into obstinacy. In the distribution of the elements to the different powers of Europe most competent to wield them, a writer of some celebrity among the Germans has given to the English the empire of the seas; to the French that of the land; and to his countrymen the dominion of the air; and certainly, one of their most distinguished characteristics is a tendency to speculation rather than to action. The composure and secrecy of debate on grievances suit the genius of the German better than any sudden exertion for their removal. His imagination dwells with delight on gloom and mystery to the neglect of all its gayer and more airy fancies, whilst the milk of human kindness with which his bosom may be stored is apt to turn to a mixture of ferocity and sentiment extremely disgusting. Hence this country has at all times been fertile in secret and peculiar associations, into which its natives have entered with an enthusiasm totally unknown in other parts of the world; and which is particularly striking when contrasted with the unfitness for all hidden plots and conspiracies which has been remarked in their neighbours the French,

To that most ancient of all secret associations, Free-Masonry, succeeded those which combined for religious purposes. These again were followed by the Secret Tribunal and the Illuminati, under their several denominations. And thus, in tracing the history of these societies, we shall at once perceive that the Tugendbund of the present day, and others of a similar description, in Germany, are only branches from the same stock, and derive their origin from a much more ancient date than is generally supposed. They were formed in the outset for purposes purely patriotic, but have since assumed a very different complexion. It must not however be imagined that the different

associated bodies which we have thus briefly recapitulated were all equally pregnant with danger to the community; for the most part, they appear to owe their existence to the pure love of mystery and mysterious union. Some, as the Moravians, met together for motives simply religious; others for philosophical objects, as the Alchemists, and those who, with the Rosicrucians, dealt in the occult sciences. Amongst the Illuminati, it is true, although the greater part were Mystics and Visionaries, like Jacob Behmen and Swedenborg, there appears to have been a class whose ultimate object was political power; and the equality introduced by the institutions of Free-Masonry has certainly had a tendency to encourage the democratic spirit.

It would be equally unjust also to confound with that love of mystery which we have remarked among the Germans that readiness to embark in plots and conspiracies for which the people of the south of Europe have always been distinguished. They proceed altogether from opposite qualities. In the one case, from a restless and designing turn of mind; in the other, from an inert and irresolute disposition. Neither the people nor the literature of Germany are, in our opinion, appreciated as they ought to be in this country. The one is undervalued, the other little known. Disconcerted as we may reasonably be by their phlegm and supineness, the worth which lies beneath escapes our observation, and when fatigued by the length, or disgusted by the sentiment of their compositions, due weight is not given to their intrinsic value.

Our anonymous author appears to have been a good deal under the influence of similar impressions. He has related indeed, in a very lively and entertaining manner, all that he observed during 'An Autumn near the Rhine;' his descriptions are picturesque, and his style of writing agreeable; but the opinions formed from so hasty a glance must in their nature be extremely imperfect, and there is a good deal of carelessness shewn in the composition of his letters as well as in the use of certain words, (such as 'burly,' 'quaint,' &c.) which are applied to various subjects with out much discrimination.

The failings displayed by Mr. Hodgskin in his *Travels through the North of Germany* are by no means of so venial a description. He is a crazy philosopher of the modern school; gifted with all the 'shallow plausibility' of candour and philanthropy which belongs to the patriots of the present day. Every page of his book teems with hacknied and venomous abuse of kings, governments, and standing armies; and whilst he libels without stint or shame the institutions of his own country, and vents his impotent indignation against every thing established either at home

home or abroad, he tells us that 'at Dresden he was considered a Candid!' which we apprehend to be the new name for a Radical Reformer.

As an author his execution is as humble as the pretensions which he announces in his preface: nothing, in fact, can be more deplorable than his attempts at fine writing, or more sickening than the absurd reflections in which he indulges on every incident however trivial. And yet we are not altogether without obligation to Mr. Hodgskin—his narrative, such as we have described it, has occasionally amused us; we like his activity and early rising, and can almost pardon him, whilst trudging his thirty-five or forty miles per day, and, 'enlivening his solitude with flinging stones at the village curs,' for thinking (as he probably does) that if things were moulded according to his fashion, in 'the best of all possible worlds,' no intelligent traveller like himself would be compelled to go on foot. The public grievances which he longs so ardently to redress seem to rise before him in proportion to the tedium of his day's journey, and we think that we perceive—that—

'As his vigour weaker waxes,
He d——ns all ministers and taxes.'

Mr. Jacob's volume will, as might be expected from its title, be more interesting to the agriculturist than to any other class of readers. He appears to have traversed the countries he visited with the eye of a farmer, and he has collected, with some degree of care, much useful information relative to the husbandry as well as to the manufactures of Germany. His observations on the state of society, and the political signs in the German hemisphere, are free of all taint from the modern school of philosophy, and bespeak him to be an intelligent, sound-headed, and, what is better than all, sound-hearted man.

Madame de Staël's sensations on crossing the Rhine are given with peculiar elegance and beauty. From the circumstances under which she was placed, they were naturally tinged with a gloom, which imparted new silence and repose to the region she was entering, and 'shed a browner horror over the woods,' whose romantic history appears so powerfully to have captivated her imagination. The author of the first work on our list comes to the subject with calmer feelings, though equally sensible of the transition. 'It is difficult, (he says) to describe the change of character which many features of the scene present on arriving on the right bank of the Rhine. You appear in another world as you touch the commencement of the sandy plains, which seem to assure you you are in Germany.'

This contrast, however, is perceptible in the transition from more than one of the countries which border upon each other:—

It is strikingly observable in crossing from Zealand into Scania; and something very like it we must all have witnessed on regaining our own shores after a residence of any duration in France. After all, any reasoning founded on such comparisons must be extremely fallacious. The change may sometimes be decidedly for the better, but yet the state of our feelings will not suffer us to allow it,—whilst, on the other hand, the gratification which novelty never fails to afford may lead us to see beauty and advantages in a state of things much inferior to that we had quitted.

A Noble bard of ours, albeit unused to the cheerful mood, has painted the peasantry on the banks of the Rhine as a race 'with faces happy as the scene;' our present traveller, however, finds their 'looks sallow and unhealthy;' which he attributes to 'the quantities of sour black bread which they devour, and to indulgence in unwholesome beverages.' From such opportunities of observation as we have enjoyed, we should have been inclined to agree with the poet, and pronounce that there is an air of content, a primitive simplicity and civility of manner, belonging to them, which perfectly harmonizes with the richness of the scene. The household comforts, which we find it stated 'the peasant may be inclined to neglect from a preference to externals in dress,' are not always within his grasp. The farmer is, generally speaking, in good circumstances, as the land (in the south of Germany especially) is turned to the best account; but the cultivators of vineyards are commonly poor, since the produce of their labours must always be precarious, and they seldom lay by against a bad season the superfluities of the good.

A landlord of an inn is everywhere an important personage; from 'mine host of the Garter' to Boniface and his compeers of later date. In some parts of Germany, and still more so in the Tyrol, their consequence receives a great increase from much of the country traffic falling into their hands; and there is something extremely amusing in the stateliness and solemnity with which they are described as dispensing the honours of the table d'hôte,

In spite of the unfashionable season, a pretty numerous party assembled at the table d'hôte, headed, as usual, by the substantial landlord and his pretty wife, who fed daintily, and looked and talked softly to the admiring *convives*. Her spouse was a complete German host, dignified, bulky, and stupid. On discovering my country, he recounted a long list of Englishmen who had lately visited Baden; but who might as well have been Hindoos, for any indication of their country conveyed by the names the good host assigned them. They were all, however, either lords or *vornehme leute* (people of distinction); but as to most of them he remarked, with some surprise, "*Sie machten nicht viele aufwande, nicht viele pomp*," they did not spend a great deal, or make much show; a circumstance which seemed not to accord with his notions of
a *Milord*

a Milord Anglais. A German host presides at the table d'hôte, carves the dishes, and dispenses his politenesses to the guests with a sort of taciturn dignity which is sometimes highly amusing. The subaltern officers, and other regular frequenters of the table, court his conversation, and are pleased to be well with this important personage—generally a well-fed portly man, who, especially if he happen to be a state *employé*, as Mr. Postmaster of the station, is well wrapped up in fat official self-complacency. His eldest son has, perhaps, held a commission in the army—Mrs. Postmistress has been, or is yet a beauty—or he has a fine family of little ones, who, in such case, frequently adorn the walls of the saloon, and whom I have seen appear in their best dresses after dinner, as if their company must be as interesting to the guests as that of the children of a friend. If the sons and daughters dine at table, they generally occupy, with their visitors, the best places round papa and mamma—rarely offering civility to any one, rather declining intercourse, talking easy among themselves, and showing, by their whole deportment, that they consider themselves to the full the equals of papa's guests. One of the sons frequently holds the office of *Herr Ober Keller*, (Mr. Upper Waiter,)—the Germans never cheating this useful personage of his title—who, after waiting upon his sisters and their beaux, in common with the company, during dinner, I have seen resign his official napkin, and take a hand at whist with the family friends, which he would not lay down though the bells rang, and "*Herr Keller*" resounded from all corners of the inn. I have not often met with any thing like real civility in a German inn.—p. 208—211.

The *Herr Keller* here appears the most defective part of the establishment, for his amusements speak him more of the Knight Templar than the waiter; but we are spoiled in this country by the civility and attention of our tavern and shop-keepers, and we shall be uniformly disappointed if we expect to meet with the same elsewhere. Contrast, for instance, the careless indifference of a Parisian tradesman with the obliging readiness of a London shop-keeper—the patience with which the one produces to his customers the various contents of his warehouse with the disregard which the other almost invariably testifies. Go still farther, and take up your quarter in an American inn. The landlord there, with all the means of accommodation in his power, will be found a still more intractable and insolent being; his guests are only to be gratified in their wishes according to his received notions of equality and independence, nor will any superiority in pecuniary means be admitted as a claim to peculiar comforts.

There is an almost unvarying uniformity of character in the Rhine scenery. The villages and towns, with a blue slated look, and half constructed of the slate which abounds in the mountains, stand thickly at their base washed by the river. A narrow valley invariably opens behind them, out of which a little stream or river finds its way through the village into the Rhine, while the ruins of the old seignorial chateau are

are perched on the vine-covered mountain above. Immediately beneath is the town or village, once inhabited by the knights' dependants, and now by the peasant proprietors of a few acres of the precious vineyard. The churches and walls of the town often appear nearly as ancient as the old towers on the mountains. They have no architectural beauty, but present generally plain round or octagon turrets and square massive walls; with a grotesque *mélange* of slated pinnacles, minarets, and spires, which give the general character of the massy Saxon foundation, embellished by a quaint detailed gothic of later date. You can easily conceive the singular and interesting character which the scene acquires from these well preserved vestiges of the days of knighthood. How is it that, in spite of their rudeness, their barbarity, and ferocity, the memorials of these our unpolished ancestors take a hold on the imagination perhaps even stronger than the influence exercised by the chaste relics of their classical predecessors? If you will be frank, you will confess that, in spite of school prejudices, and Addison, and Sir Christopher Wren, you care more about a gothic tower than a Roman pavement, and that the gloomy vaults of a gothic cathedral inspire you with a stronger interest than the chaste pillars of a temple. You know our friend ——— insists that the *dark* ages ought to be called "the *light*:" but without quite going this length, we are unquestionably beginning to think the mailed heroes of chivalry fine gallant fellows, and their mistresses nearly as peerless and as interesting as the Helens, the Andromaches, and the Didos, who used to monopolize all admiration. The associations of the classical ages are, in fact, now growing dim and obsolete. They relate to a people whose grandeur and refinement we must admire, but who belong to an age with which we have nothing in common, neither religion, ancestry, nor habits. But the more powerful cause is probably the highly coloured contrast which the rude manners of the days of chivalry present to the refined systems of modern society—a contrast which exists in a much less striking degree between the modern and classical times. The Romans and the Greeks were great and polished nations like ourselves—with wise governments, refined institutions, and settled social systems, like our own. There is nothing romantic in such a state of society; and its relics of magnificence only come near to what we are in the habit of observing daily in our own productions. But when we want, for the sake of poetical interest, something the farthest removed from the common-place refinement and every-day luxury of our own *ultra*-civilized system, the wild legends, the massy piles, the savage life, and the dark superstitions of the middle ages at once present themselves to the imagination.'—pp. 446—449.

Every castle on the Rhine has its peculiar tradition, and many of the mountains and rocks along its banks have some romantic story connected with them. One or two are here given, and in the Common Guide for Travellers along this tract of country, will be found several others, whose beauties are worth preserving in a more enlarged shape. The castle at Baden is remarkable for

for its subterraneous vaults, to which are ascribed an interest arising from a different source. They are said to have been the seat of one of those terrific institutions—the Secret Tribunal—a species of Inquisition which it is difficult to imagine should ever have existed in any country, but which was allowed to execute the tremendous powers which it assumed to itself throughout Germany, until its cruelties and injustice provoked a combination to repress its enormities; and on the introduction by Charles V. of a new criminal code, the court gradually fell into disuse.

‘The Holy *Vehm*, or Bloody League, was a mysterious tribunal, which existed, originally, in Westphalia, and from thence spread itself throughout Germany. It was also called *Frei Gericht*, (Free Tribunal,) and the place of its sittings, *Frei Stuhl*, (Free Chair,)—and it is not uncommon in Germany to meet with a district (like that I have mentioned near Hanau) which still bears the name of *Frei Gericht*, derived from this source. The greatest secrecy pervaded their proceedings; all that was known of them was arbitrary, bloody, and terrific. The members of a tribunal consisted of a supreme Judge, or *Stuhlgraf*, and at least fourteen assistants, or free assessors, (*Frei schöpper*,) composed of all ranks, princes, nobility, and citizens—every one being eager to shield himself from the terrors of the tribunal by becoming a member. In the fifteenth century, when the tribunal was in its most daring power, there were about 100,000 free judges in Germany. The judges, who ordinarily went by the name of the *wissenden*, (the *knowing* or *initiated*,) recognized each other by a sign, discoverable by none but the fraternity. The court was thus the powerful instrument of ambition, private malice, and oppression. No one knew his accuser or his judge—both might be his neighbour or seeming friend. On their initiation, the members bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to bring all before the tribunals that deserved punishment, respecting neither friends nor relations; or, in the words of their terrible oath, to “uphold and conceal the Holy Vehm, before wife and child, before father and mother, before sister and brother, before fire and wind, all that the sun shineth on and the rain wetteth, before all that floats between heaven and earth.”

‘The proceedings, as may be supposed, were very summary.—The officers of the tribunal stole in the night to a castle or a town, and affixed on the gates a judicial summons to this prince or that citizen to appear at the *Frei Stuhl*, at a given time and place, to be examined on a given matter. If the summons was repeated three times, without effect, the accused was condemned *par contumace*, once more summoned—and if that proved fruitless, outlawed and hanged by the road-side whenever caught. If he resisted, he was bored through the body, bound to the tree, and left with the executioner’s knife sticking by him, to show that he was not murdered, but a convict of the *Frei Gericht*. The tribunal used to assemble at midnight in the churchyard of the place where they intended to hold a sitting. At break of day,

day, the ringing of the bells announced to the inhabitants the presence of these formidable visitors. All were obliged to assemble in an open field, sitting down in a circle, in the middle of which sat the President and Judges of the Tribunal—the *insignia* of a sword and rope before them. When any one of bad reputation appeared in the circle, one of the judges would step up to him, and touching him with his white staff, say to him—“*Friend, there is as good bread to be eaten elsewhere as here.*” If the conscience of the person was so clear that he did not choose to take the hint and go away, he might sit still and run the chance of accusation; but it was generally more prudent to decamp. When the judge touched any one three times with the formidable white wand, it was a signal that he was a hapless convict already secretly accused and convicted; and no time was lost in hanging him at the next tree or beam which presented itself. This was the invariable punishment of criminals of all ranks; although now it is out of use in Germany, and the meanest criminals have the honour of decapitation. The youngest judge generally performed the office, which was managed with so much secrecy that the hangman was rarely known. The crimes taken cognizance of by the *Vehm Gericht*, were chiefly heresy, infidelity, sacrilege, high treason, murder, incendiarism, rapes, robbery, and contumacy to the tribunal, its judges and messengers.—pp. 219—222.

But in addition to her rocks and her castles, many of the extensive wooded tracts of Germany possess an historical and traditionary interest, which is powerfully felt by their present inhabitants. The Black Forest, a portion of the Sylvia Hercynia, has its fabled terrors; and the Odenwald, or wood of Odin—is still looked upon in some degree as a haunted region where ‘strange noises are heard on the eve of battles, and where the approach of war is announced by the wild jager, who is seen traversing the air with noisy armament in his flight from one ruined castle to another.

There is a great deal of picturesque effect in the following description of the district of which we are speaking.—

‘After proceeding up the valley for some distance, we crossed the fields, gradually ascending a hill, from whence the wild, rich scenes of the Odenwald, with their forests and mountains, lay before us as far as the eye could reach. We appeared now in an entirely new world. The interminable plain of sands and fir forests stretching on the west side of the Berg-strasse mountains, now gave place to a rich diversified scene—presenting a continual succession of abrupt mountain and dale, forest and corn country. With all its cultivated fertility, the rugged mountains, the luxuriance of the beech forests which cover them, the masses of granite stuck in the slopes of every hill, and the rough rocky roads impassable to any but pedestrians, give an air of sequestered wildness to the country which adds much to its interest. The whole scene for thirty miles each way has the air of a chaos of hills thrown one against another in picturesque irregularity. The valleys between them are deep

deep and romantic—dotted with spires and smoking villages, whose pastures and orchards are watered by streams from the mountains which find a rambling passage through the valleys towards the Rhine.

* Our walk lay through scenery of the same description as the day before; along a rough, irregular path, ascending and descending; winding through woods of beech, or rich orchards; and at the brow of a hill occasionally agreeably surprised by a picturesque village lying immediately beneath us. The village stream, after being conducted with much management through artificial sluices and troughs far above its bed, frequently turns a gigantic, rude mill-wheel, of a construction more picturesque than ingenious. The sides of the hills were still chequered with masses of granite, of all shapes, and immense size; sometimes lying so thick as to form a sort of sea of rock; at others scattered here and there in the corn-fields. In the woods of tall young beech, where the grey masses are not less frequent, and covered with green moss, their appearance is still more striking.—pp. 130—132.

Excepting in the case of Weimar, which has some peculiar advantages in its literary circle, the society of a small German court does not hold out any thing very lively or intellectual; its chief merit appears to consist in the absence of every thing which resembles pretension, and of all dread lest the reputation for cleverness should be tarnished by failure. In this country, where wit and talent abound, an assemblage of beaux esprits by no means ensures a quick flow of conversation; and a very dull evening is often the result of a re-union of the choicest materials. Madame de Staël describes the German women as for the most part less timid than the English, and states that it is perceptible how little they are accustomed to associate with men superior to themselves, or of whose judgment they entertain apprehension. Our author speaks of them as too lowly and obsequious; and complains of the want of respect or gallantry with which they are treated. Of external forms of civility, there is certainly no lack, but the sentimental enthusiasm which animates the female race in Germany may be somewhat too much at variance with the boisterous amusements of the male part of the creation, whose chief delight consists in breaking and training numerous studs of horses.

Our traveller found the society at Stutgard more than usually dull. The loss of the late queen had been there felt severely, not only by the king, but all those around him; he contrived to indemnify himself, however, by visiting the works of Danneker, the Canova of Germany, which of themselves form no slight attraction. Danneker is a native of this state. At a very early age, the bent of his genius was manifested by his scratching with a nail flowers and figures on some smooth stones; and he shortly after, contrary to the wishes of his parents, obtained admission into

into the public academy. He was here taken under the protection of the Duke Charles, predecessor of the late king, and after studying some years at home, and visiting on foot both Italy and France, he was brought back to the confined occupation of his native city.

Schiller also, one of the brightest ornaments of Germany, is a native of Stutgard. He was born at Morbach, not far from Ludwig's-burg. We suspect that our author has been misinformed in regard to the degree of reputation which the works of this great tragedian enjoy in Germany, and that his complaint, that the plays of the fathers of the German drama are neglected, is not better founded than a similar charge against the managers of theatres in this country. Some modern plays of considerable merit, such as 'Die Schuld' and 'Die Ahnfrau' have indeed been recently brought forward with applause; but those which may be styled the classical pieces of the country are constantly before the public, and have as fair a share of the German stage as Shakspeare, Jonson and Massinger, have of ours.

We do not doubt that a longer residence in Germany would have led the writer of the Remarks to speak more favourably of the merits of German actors, and the fitness of their language for tragic effect, than he now does. Those who have witnessed the part of Posa, in Don Carlos, or of William Tell, in Schiller's tragedy of that name, performed by Esclair, will not, we apprehend, be disposed to admit the justice of his observations on the former subject; and with respect to their language, there is in it a force of expression, arising principally from the use of compound words, which we never could discover in the 'refined stiffness' of the French, so much preferred by our author.—The style of English acting is admired by the Germans; by the French we know that it is considered too natural, and it is impossible for him who has imbibed a taste for the studied art of the one, not to be offended by the simplicity of the other.

From the society and amusements in Germany, we turn to a more serious subject at the present moment—the state of public education, and especially of that pursued at the Universities; and we shall here call to our aid such light as may be thrown upon the question by the publications respecting Sand which have fallen into our hands.

The German Memoir contains a few meagre details of Sand's private history; his letter to his mother on quitting Jena for Mannheim; and some discussions which appeared in one of the most popular German journals on the subject of his atrocious act, as far as the credit of the Universities was affected by it. As the particulars of the catastrophe which has rendered the assassin

so notorious are well known, we shall content ourselves with a few circumstances relating to the early part of his career.

Charles Lewis Sand sprang from a respectable family of Weinsiedel, in Bavaria, where his parents still reside. His education was carefully attended to, especially by his mother. In his early years he was sent to the Gymnasium at Ratisbon, where his diligence was exemplary, though his reserved and gloomy habits were even at that time remarked. From hence the fame of Professor Eschenmeyer attracted him to Tübingen, where he remained immersed in study until, on the renewal of the war, he, like the rest of his fellow students, took up arms against France. On the peace, he returned to his former pursuits, with a great increase of that enthusiasm for which he had been distinguished on subjects connected with religion or the state of his country; and the accidental drowning of a school-fellow, which he was fated to witness without being able to render him assistance, is said to have reduced him to such a state of nervous irritability as to alarm his friends for the safety of his intellect. The gloom, however, which hung over him, seems to have been dispelled by the Wartzburg Festival, which took place in the autumn of 1817,—and from that time he appears to have embarked in all the wild projects for the restoration of Germany which were hatched by the students in their separate societies—not finding however at Erlangen a band of associates sufficiently advanced for his purposes, he removed to Jena, where the singularity of his conduct and manner did not escape remark. He here for six months brooded over the act he was about to commit, and it was from hence that he set out on his nefarious project, leaving word that he should return in the course of a few days.

The English work is a miserable compilation,—for although it professes to be ‘a translation of that which has been circulated in Germany as the most authentic memoir of Sand,’ yet the whole is so garbled by the editor, as to be scarcely recognizable. To this are added a Reply, by Professor Krug of Leipsic,* to some Strictures

ON

* This Reply has since appeared in the *Hermes*, a periodical publication of what are called *liberal* principles, of which Professor Krug is the editor: having the work at hand, we had the curiosity to compare a few pages of it with the translation, and found, as we expected, the latter full of interpolations, misrepresentations, and even wilful perversions of the original text. Our readers will thank us for sparing them the disgusting detail of these dishonest practices, at the same time they may not be displeased with an instance or two by way of specimen of what can be done by a genuine *radical*, who assures us ‘that his sole object is to place his author before us in the clearest point of view.’—(*Preface*, p. vi.) The first instance which strikes us we should conceive to be an interpolation by the veteran Major, as, we believe, the words introduced form the basis of his school of reform.—‘If Kotzebue,’ says the German, ‘be desirous of imposing the same restrictions upon our Universities which prevail in the English, let him give us also that freedom which belongs to England, and we will willingly make the exchange.’—But what says the Major! ‘Let Germany have the privileges granted by the British constitution in its purity,’ &c.—The next is a mischievous example of the prevailing attempts to decry all those public establishments upon which the security and greatness of this country are principally founded. ‘Let us,’ says the German critic, ‘leave to the English the restrictions imposed by their University regulations, which, at the

on the German Universities, which appeared in Kotzebue's periodical Publication, and a Preface with notes, by the English Editor, in the choicest tone of genuine Radicalism.—From the wailings over Buonaparte and the *disastrous* coalition which overthrew his power, and sundry other unfailing symptoms of a wilful perversion and blindness of intellect, we should have attributed this precious composition to the pen of that suffering patriot who has so recently emerged from the recesses of Newgate, had it not, with more taste and prudence than generally belongs to that gentleman, been published without the name of the writer. That it should palliate and even attempt to justify Sand's atrocious deed, would naturally follow from the description we have given of it,—and, as if to connect the cause which is advocated with every thing most base and detestable, an allusion is made to a transaction which for malignity and cowardice is almost unequalled.*

The great cause of the irregularities which prevail at the German Universities is—the want of power to enforce discipline. What authority can the superiors be expected to maintain over students whose attendance is entirely dependent on their own caprice, and who, when tired or dissatisfied with one seat of instruction, can transport themselves, without ceremony, to another? It is obvious, that no attachment like that which binds our English youth to the college at which they were bred up, and to the masters under whom they were trained, can subsist amongst those who are constantly shifting the scene of their studies.

The range of sciences taught at a German University is extremely extensive. On looking over the Appendix to Mr. Hodgskin's book, we perceive a most formidable array (not less than an hundred and forty-eight, we believe) of lectures given at Gottingen in the course of half a year. Amongst them are lectures psychological, philological, pathological—for the course is not merely confined to the safer round of wholesome learning which forms the staple of our college education. Hence the

the same time that they do not prevent the existence of all excesses, are made up to them by other important privileges.' Now for the translation.

'Let us however not envy the English their liberties,—on the contrary, may their liberties rather increase than diminish, though *what is left them* must tend greatly to soften the restrictions of their University system, which, if I am rightly informed, does not prevent many excesses, though of a different description.' &c.

To this *faithful* version is appended a note, far too long and too dull for insertion. It commences with a comment by the editor on his own additions to the Professor's text; and goes on to insinuate that such opulent establishments as our Universities are rather calculated to promote the interests of the few, than 'to advance learning and the sciences,' and ends with pronouncing that 'it is not for Englishmen to find fault with the conduct of the German students, though their proceedings in the cause of liberty' (alluding to the assassination of Kotzebue) 'be somewhat violent.'

† See the 'Introduction to Sand's Memoir,' p. xxvii.

German.

German students are all speculative to a degree far surpassing even the highest flights of those in our northern capital; and all are puffed up with the most absurd notions of their own superiority to the rest of the world,—with their perfect fitness to introduce a new order of things and to become the regenerators of Europe.

However atrocious the act by which Kotzebue fell, yet it must be acknowledged that no individual has so materially contributed as himself to bring about that wild and unprincipled frenzy among the German youth, of which he has become one of the earliest victims. Instead of standing forth, like ‘the lofty Greek tragedians; as a teacher of moral prudence, high actions and high passions best describing,’ his dramatic compositions convey neither sound morality nor practical good sense; and the incidents and feelings which he delights to describe are, for the most part, only remarkable for the wildness and extravagance which belong to their conception. His pen was most prolific, and his popularity excessive—and it is to the abundance of such writings as his that Germany owes much of the mischief to which she is at present exposed.

But whilst we blame the German authors, we ought not to pass unnoticed the conduct of the professors. As guardians of the rising generation, it is more especially their duty to preserve their pupils from the errors to which youth and inexperience in all countries are liable. Here, however, we find the tutor himself at the head of the malcontents, and we discover that the literary men of Germany, instead of directing the public mind to legitimate objects by legitimate means, and attempting to compose the ferment which prevails, are rather inclined to evoke the demon of discord, and have even, in one instance, not scrupled to sanction by their approval the crime of assassination. Where the pastors thus wander, can we be surprized that the sheep should go astray?

It may be said in extenuation, that the professors are in a state of most degrading dependence on the good will of the students.

‘Although the professors are appointed, and, in general, paid by the sovereign, much of their income, at the same time, is derived from the fees which the students pay to hear their lectures. Of course, each professor is anxious to have as many hearers as possible, and all are careful, in their capacity of magistrates as well as in their capacity of teachers, never to irritate or offend the students. There is both a competition amongst the different professors at the same university, and a competition amongst those of different universities; and the students are sometimes tempted to choose the place of their study rather by the indulgences allowed than by the reputation of the professors.

VOL. XXIII. NO. XLVI.

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Thus

Thus Jena is praised by them, because they can enter the class-rooms in a morning-gown and slippers,—and Gottingen because they are there treated with more gentlemanly respect.'—*Hodgskin*, vol. ii. p. 270.

Our Oxford and Cambridge men will smile at the peculiar circumstance which is here said to give popularity to Jena; but if those who are appointed to give lectures be really subject to such thralldom, it is not surprizing that they should talk vaguely of change, as they are all said to do. There is another cause, however, which operates to their disadvantage. The market for professors has been of late years much overstocked in Germany; and they form a body very disproportionate to the number of students. Separated too as they are from the higher classes by the aristocratic feelings of the nobility, their situation is totally distinct from that of the literary men in any other country; and unless another Catharine should arise and establish universities in the steppes of Russia, there seems to be no chance of an outlet of sufficient dignity and importance for that superabundance of professorial knowledge with which Germany is deluged. We must not however attribute to this class a greater share in fomenting the evil than they fairly deserve; nor be understood to include in one sweeping clause of reprobation all that has been written by the supporters of this cause. A general restlessness pervades the whole of the German states, and it will be some time before the waves subside which the storm of war has raised in that quarter. The princes complain of their people, and the people of their princes; and as both perhaps are right to a certain extent, to both should concession and calmness be recommended. We firmly believe that there is no body of rulers more disposed to consider the welfare of their subjects, and to govern the countries under their sway with moderation and equity, than the potentates of Germany in their different degrees; but they are not, for the most part, very happy in the choice of those to whom the management of state affairs is entrusted, (who are frequently foreigners equally ignorant and regardless of the interests committed to their charge,)—they have strong notions of the supremacy of rank, which have been handed down to them from the days of feudal dominion; and they are not very sagacious in discovering the signs of the times, or in adapting their mode of government to the improved state of society in every quarter of the globe. In times like these, the personal character of the sovereign will not always serve to arrest the evil in its progress—it may delay, but not prevent it:—and when the Radical writer before us inquires 'whether the present aspect of things in Germany does not resemble that which preceded the French Revolution?' it may not be amiss to remind those whom it concerns, that the virtues of Louis XVI. did not save his crown from

from being trampled in the dust, nor his people from being exposed to all the horrors of anarchy.

But although the silent operation of time may pretty well account for the change in the public mind, yet it is, in a great degree, to the length and the calamities of the late war, and to the peculiar circumstances which attended its close, that we must attribute the unusual ardour for reform now manifest amongst the natives of that country.—The danger to which every state in Germany was successively exposed, and the vicissitudes to which all have been equally subject, have had a very perceptible effect in producing an amalgamation (if we may so call it) of the different classes of society there, amongst which, until lately, there was no visible approximation.

‘Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows,’—and it is not easy, nor is it creditable, after the storm has subsided, to shake off those who have been our companions and assistants in weathering its fury. Hence a new order of things is gradually taking place, and that scale of different ranks is beginning to be introduced in Germany which has been known in this country for at least two centuries. The nobles of the land, unless gifted with higher acquirements than their rude predecessors, have ceased to create awe by their appearance; their feudal privileges are rapidly disappearing, and can seldom now be legally enforced; whilst on their decline, and on the diminution of their possessions and consequence, a middle class in society is by degrees coming forward, from which the superior offices of the state can now be advantageously filled.

The practice of subdividing property among the children of a family, which prevails in some of the German provinces,—and the Meyer Ordinance, which forbids the landed proprietor from concentrating his possessions by uniting his farms, or from increasing his income by raising his rents, all operate with united force against the continuance or the formation of a powerful aristocracy; and considering, as we do, the respectability and affluence of the nobility to be quite essential to the strength and prosperity of a country, we hope to see these impediments to the free disposal of property removed.—We do not doubt that in France it will be found necessary to alter the law of inheritance in this respect, as well as in Russia. It is only in a very early stage of civilization that such regulations can be beneficial. But whilst, from these combined circumstances, the owners of the land have lost in their importance, the great commercial interests of the country have not remained uninjured. The Hans towns have suffered severely from the shackles imposed on their trade by the despotic and absurd decrees of Buonaparte. These,

at first sight, would appear to be favourable to German industry, by forcing the inhabitants to rely upon their own resources; but they only tended in the end to distress the people by obliging them to pay exorbitant prices for the produce of our colonies. Some few of the manufactures of the country, it is true, obtained during the war an extensive sale, and have, even since the peace, occasionally driven ours from the market; the articles, however, as far as we know, have been for the most part of little importance in the commercial scale. In regard to all those manufactured goods which are material in the balance of trade, our superiority is still as unrivalled as ever; and we are convinced that the greater the competition of our neighbours, and the more open the door is thrown to the commerce of all other nations, the more conspicuous will be found the pre-eminence of our workmen.

As far as we can discover, the causes which mainly operate against the commerce of Germany, and prevent its attaining a healthy flow and circulation, appear to be, the discredit which the higher classes attach to its pursuit, the frequency of royal monopolies, and the number of guilds, or exclusive companies to which every trade, however trivial, is confined.—Such combinations were doubtless originally of use for the protection of individuals who pursued the same calling—but they have long ceased to be effectual; and have accordingly been abolished in many of the German states,—amongst others in Bavaria, and the whole of the Prussian territories. We see not why they should not be abolished in all. The numerous tolls and examinations to which goods are subjected in their transit through the territories of different princes, conduce perhaps still more effectually to check the commercial prosperity of Germany.

Germany has been in these points peculiarly unfortunate. It has been divided into many petty governments, each of which has been anxious to raise a revenue by all manner of exactions, and to acquire superiority by impeding the rise of others. Each has endeavoured to check the prosperity of its neighbour; and thus, there is not and never has been a free intercourse between all parts of Germany. Neither roads nor rivers are free; commerce is free only in a few square miles; and the merchants of Germany have always wanted an extensive home market, and have rarely been able to engage in foreign trade, because they could never acquire capital enough to live on it till the returns came from abroad. It would be a much greater benefit to the Germans to have a free intercourse with all parts of their own country, than to restrict the importation of English goods. Their interest would be more promoted by the abolition of tolls and border custom-houses than by the utter exclusion of foreigners from their markets. Possessing a fine country adorned with the noblest rivers of Europe, speaking the
same

same language, and forming, in fact, but one people, they ought to have a most extensive commerce.'—*Hodgskin*, vol. ii. p. 201.

One of the worst effects of the late war, is the altercation which its pressure has occasioned between princes and people respecting the extent of promises made in the hour of difficulty and danger: 'ease soon recants,' we are told, 'vows made in pain;' and while we allow some weight to the change of feeling which may be produced by an alteration in the tone of the higher powers, we do not doubt that their subjects have much exaggerated the expectations which were originally held out to them, and risen in their pretensions from the hope of concession. Against the King of Prussia, the charge of bad faith has more frequently and more pointedly been brought than the rest, and we refer our readers for His Majesty's statement, on this subject, to a circular letter to Count Bernstorff, in which the several points in dispute are separately noticed. The king certainly intends to give his people a constitution. It will probably not be so democratic in its form as they would desire, and it may be so long delayed as to lose much of the grace and favour which would have accompanied its promulgation at an earlier period; in the mean time discontent pervades his dominions. It is not likely to shew itself in any more formidable shape, for the Germans grumble much without coming to blows; and they have few opportunities of conferring together on their grievances real or imaginary, or of collecting mobs for the purpose of intimidation. The whole system of the Prussian government, although carried on with a strict attention to the principles of justice, is extremely severe in its mode of operation. Their fiscal regulations are, in many respects, arbitrary and vexatious in the extreme, especially where their newly acquired provinces are concerned. These have as yet derived no benefit from the protection of their new masters; and the stop to all the manufactories, which has taken place since the peace, creates a disadvantageous comparison with the times when these establishments flourished under the decrees of Buonaparte. The army, meanwhile, is kept up on a scale very disproportionate to the size of the country, (as may be said indeed of the military force of every state in Germany.) It is true this is done at little cost to the revenue, as the soldiers, for the most part, live at free quarters. The people, however, complain, and not without reason, whilst the want of employment makes malcontents of those whose services are no longer required. The youth of Prussia, after the war was over, had no point to which their ambition could be directed; no occupations for those energies which the course of events had called forth in so unusual a manner. The barrier which still separates different ranks in

Germany prevented their admission into the higher circles, whilst their superiority in education naturally rendered them unwilling to mix with the low and illiterate. The church, the law, physic, all are, with them, professions of little estimation; and thus a large portion of valuable subjects remain without the support of one party, or sufficient influence to restrain the excesses of the other.

‘In the company of those men of letters who have assumed the appellation of Liberals, I heard much complaint of the want of a constitution, and many censures on the king, who having, as they say, promised one, had not fulfilled his engagement. Among these gentlemen, I heard the acknowledgment cheerfully made that their own government was the most economical in Europe; that it was regular in all its details, faithful to all its engagements, and more desirous of preventing than of punishing crimes. I could never understand from such persons, whose acuteness, talent, and intelligence was considerable, what kind of a constitution they desired, nor what materials they had in the country, either for erecting or maintaining such a fabric as they imagined to be necessary. I asked frequently if it was possible to form in Prussia a representative body, which while it asserted its own independence would define and maintain the necessary prerogatives of the monarch. The answers I received were such as convinced me that those who were most vehement for a change had the least contemplated the nature of the one they required.’—*Jacob*, p. 222.

In general, when popular discontents have been widely dispersed, some ostensible cause of complaint has been assigned for their existence; some grievance, whose removal might tranquillize the storm. The feudal rights, the exactions of the clergy, the weight of taxes, have each, in their turn, been put forward as justifications of ‘the sacred right of insurrection’ on the part of the people. In these days, however, the general diffusion of knowledge seems to be among the chief causes of commotion, and as all cannot occupy the front ranks in society, the remedy to be applied is less easily discovered.

Amongst the German reformers, as with their brethren on this side of the water, a great diversity of opinion prevails as to the means of ameliorating their present condition. With some, as with the Carbonari of Italy, the union of their country, under one head, forms the object which they profess to have mostly at heart. Others, with more reasonable, and practicable views, demand a more equal representation of the people: but all, in their eager zeal for fancied amendment, overlook the obvious fact that the progress of improvement is necessarily slow; and forget that when they hold out the English constitution as a model for imitation, they propose to create, as by a magical wand, a fabric which time and experience can alone bring to maturity and perfection. With that confusion of intellect respecting English affairs,

for

for which foreigners of all classes are generally distinguished, we find them expressing a blind admiration of those parts of our political system which are rather considered as necessary defects, than as at all conducive to the advantage of the whole. Thus, because the popular form of our government gives a wide scope for license at the public meetings and assemblies of the people, in ordinary times, and the utmost freedom of debate in the Commons House of Parliament, our imitators seem to imagine that liberty cannot thrive without tumult and disorder; and, whilst anxious to establish a free press amongst themselves, they shut their eyes to the evils which may arise from the abuse of this freedom. They read our debates with avidity, and watch with impatience every popular movement which takes place in this country; but the secret springs which bring order out of the chaos of conflicting opinions are beyond their comprehension, and they attribute our security, amidst so much apparent danger, to causes very widely removed from the truth.

The increase of public journals in Germany has, of late years, been very considerable. Those newly established are, for the most part, in opposition to the government of the states in which they appear. The best, such as ‘*Rhenische Mercur*,’ ‘*Oppositions Blatt*,’ ‘*Bremer Zeitung*,’ and ‘*Neckar Zeitung*,’ are written with spirit and ability; but to shew how little they are to be depended upon in regard to English affairs, and how small a chance our national character has of being fairly represented in their hands, we extract a few paragraphs, taken at random, from the last named paper, and containing the account of events which are supposed to have happened during the autumn of last year.

‘The last accounts from London announce that a most dangerous insurrection has broken out there on the 23d October. Already the King of England’s throne is considered to be overthrown; and on its ruin will be raised the President’s chair of the Brewer Hunt. Lord Castlereagh is assassinated, and the funds are fallen. It is clear that the revolution is complete. It appears, however, somewhat astonishing that the accounts from London of the 27th do not make the least mention of the revolution which broke out on the 23d! To shew how fearful such an event would be, we have only to give a picture of the state of the country.

‘The poor are so numerous, that no remedy can be found; for John Bull will not die quietly with hunger, as the East India Company have allowed some millions of Hindoos to do at the door of magazines overflowing with rice.

‘The plague cannot well be introduced as a means of diminishing population, because the avarice of the merchants would induce them to reject such a proposal, as it would lead to the destruction of their
trade

trade with other nations : but to suppose such a heartless plan to have entered the heads of English speculators, is by no means preposterous, when we know that, in the West Indies, they have trained thousands of dogs to hunt down the natives; and that between 1795 and 1799, above 100,000 men came in Ireland to a violent end.

‘The roads swarm with robbers, and the cruelty towards beasts is carried to such an extent, that (what will scarcely be believed) it is the practice to cut pieces of flesh from oxen, whilst alive, in order that the meat may be more tender for the table.’

‘The cold-blooded cruelty of the children is also peculiarly worthy of remark; and the brutal conduct of the men towards their wives is gone so far that the courts of justice no longer punish for it.’

We presume that this will satisfy our readers; it is not, however, unworthy of remark, that it is from such impure sources as the journal we have quoted, (whose chief resource, we observe, is the *Monthly Magazine*) that the lower orders abroad derive almost their whole knowledge of Englishmen and of English affairs.

Though in these vehicles for public information the supposed grievances of Germany are dwelt upon at large, little or no notice is taken of the concessions made by the higher powers to the wishes of their subjects, or of the various circumstances which promise a general amelioration in the condition of that country. Besides Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hanover and Nassau, there are at least half a dozen states of minor importance to which constitutions have been either granted or renewed by their present rulers. Mr. Hodgskin will say, perhaps, that is the semblance only of liberty which is offered; but at all events he will not dispute that they are strong marks of a readiness on the part of the German princes to attend to the just complaints of their subjects; and if he will take the trouble of perusing some of the proceedings of the states, as of Wurtemberg for instance, he will find that the rights and privileges which have been conceded, are not by any means so nugatory as he appears, in his ignorance, to imagine.

Slavery has been abolished in Prussia, and in Mecklenburgh. The example will no doubt be followed by Austria, as indeed it has already been to a limited extent; and it is a fact which ought not to be lost sight of at a time when it is the fashion to extol the purity and liberality of new governments at the expense of the old, that in despotic Russia the emperor is gradually emancipating the peasants on the crown lands, and recommending the same course to the rich proprietors of the empire, whilst in America, that ‘last sacred asylum of freedom and virtue,’ the bill for abolishing slavery in the Missouri country (a measure which involves the question as to every other part of the United States) has been thrown out by a majority of the Congress.

ART.

ART. VII.—*Fables from La Fontaine, in English Verse.* 8vo. pp. 368. London. 1820.

‘THE best part of beauty,’ says Bacon, in one of his maxims, ‘is that which a picture cannot express.’ Something like this may be said of La Fontaine. The charm of his style is of so subtle a quality, consisting as much in curious felicity of expression as in justness of thought or tenderness of sentiment, that it seems almost a hopeless task to attempt transfusing into another language his careless and unstudied graces, and especially that *naïveté* and *bon-homme*, which are so peculiarly his own.

(The characteristic quality of La Fontaine is simplicity;—not that childishness of thought and guiltlessness of meaning which have often passed current under this title—but that fascinating singleness of expression, which is not inconsistent with the highest refinement of wit, and which communicates a charm to whatever it relates, by saying the oldest and commonest things in so interesting a manner as to give them all the zest of novelty; that air, in short, of ‘unconcern so exquisite,’ by which the effect of all the various embellishments of his poetry is heightened and improved. There is indeed throughout his writings an apparent unconsciousness of his own perfections; and (to use a trite expression) he never cackles over the egg that he has laid. His wit seems to escape from him as it were involuntarily, and is poured forth, without parade or display, in careless profusion. But it is not by his wit alone that La Fontaine exerts so powerful an influence over us, for while he delights to amuse the imagination, he knows how to touch the heart. This is the secret of poetry, and this, after all, is the true criterion of a poet.)

Though verse seems to be the natural language of a poet, yet La Fontaine would have been equally deserving of that title if he had written in prose. Rhyme is the dress which fashion and custom have made it almost necessary for poetry now to wear,—but it is only the dress; and it adds little to the genuine offspring of the Muses, though it may often serve to assist the imposition of a counterfeit; for it is not *prose*, but *prosing* that is destructive of poetry, and this is a fault which is by no means excluded from rhyme. But Fontaine never *proses*; he is, as he describes himself, the Butterfly of Parnassus, ‘*volage en vers comme en fleurs*,’ passing lightly from flower to flower, extracting the sweets of each, and never dwelling on any subject long enough to be tiresome.

No one ever understood more completely the art of narration; the secret of which perhaps consists less in what is directly told than in what is suggested by those incidental hints and passing reflections, which awaken a train of associations in the mind of the reader,

as

as he follows the tale to its conclusion. While he is thus lively and brilliant in his narrative, he commands our interest, and excites our sympathy by the deep interest which he seems to feel himself for the creatures of his fancy; for he has always the air of being in downright earnest; and it would be almost as ill-natured to resist the illusion of his fables, as to obtrude a doubt of the *reality* of their entertainment upon a party of children engaged in a game of *pretending*. He who is unable to derive any gratification from taking a part in such infantine pastime, will but half relish the fables of this 'Fancy's child;' for there is something in La Fontaine that transports us back to the innocent thoughts of childhood; and when he introduces himself amongst the characters of his scene, we seem to read the unpremeditated effusions of a heart absolutely without guile, breaking out in those occasional touches of tenderness, which, seemingly without design but never without effect, are scattered through his pages. But in addition to all this, we recognize everywhere a prevailing tone of good sense, however embellished by imagination and sentiment; and he is continually suggesting an excellent lesson of morality, without any of the usual dulness of a moraliser.

One might fancy that Pope took his definition of wit—'What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed,'—from studying the fables of La Fontaine. Nothing can be more exquisitely finished than his versification; and yet polished as his lines are, there is no appearance of effort or labour,—nothing forced or affected; he never seems to be *composing*,—all is easy and natural; and he exhibits in perfection that charming flow and facility of style, which Horace recommends as the object of attainment—

Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustrâque laboret
Ausus idem :—

But it would be almost as easy to imitate, as to analyze the style of La Fontaine, and explain why it is that his poetry gives us so much pleasure.

It is not however only in graces of style or elegancies of manner that La Fontaine excels; for he is no less admirable in the management and dramatic *keeping* of his characters. His beasts and his birds never forget their parts, nor transgress the boundaries assigned them by nature. In fact, if he had passed his youth in the service of Polito, and attending regularly the Peacocks *At Home*, he could not have been more familiar with the manners of the personages amongst whom his scene is laid. The difficulty of preserving this consistency of character, was well put by Goldsmith, in a conversation with Johnson on the nature of this species of composition. 'I could write,' he said, 'a good fable upon the
story

story of "the little fishes, who envied the birds flying over their heads;" and its merit should consist mainly in making them talk *like little fishes*.' Here Johnson laughed—'Why, Doctor,' said Goldsmith, somewhat piqued, 'this is not so easy a matter as you seem to think, for if you were to attempt it, all the little fishes would talk like—*whales*.'

The author before us has not attempted a translation of La Fontaine, nor do we say, or, indeed, think, that he has given us an improvement of him; but he has presented a lively and spirited imitation of his style and manner in an English dress. La Fontaine could not perhaps have easily fallen into better hands;—for the imitator, whoever he is, appears to possess many of the leading features of his original. We trace much of La Fontaine's *naïveté*,—or of that slyness which apes simplicity,—exhibited with much neatness of allusion, much happiness of illustration, and much sportiveness of satire; and there is also a sprinkling of that playfulness of wit, that delicate wantoning of imagination, which are so prominent in the pages of the French poet. In other points the comparison would be less favourable. We miss almost entirely the tenderness of La Fontaine; and something of his *bonhomme*. It is true that the want of the latter is chiefly discernible in the fables on political subjects;—and we may find an apology for the warmth of feeling excited in a liberal mind, at the bare idea of subjection to the brutal sway of the populace; of all tyrannies the most intolerable and the most hopeless.

But it is time to let our author speak for himself. He has explained the nature of his attempt in a sensible and well written preface.

'The writer of the present collection by no means imagines that he is destined to give his country the boast of possessing a La Fontaine. Taking the French poet as a master, rather than as a model, he has endeavoured to put those fables which most struck his fancy into English verse of various measures; without always copying the thoughts, or attempting the manner of the original; and he has introduced some allusions to the events of the times, where they were suggested by the subject. This, it is hoped, will not incur the same animadversion which Dr. Warton has made on the second volume of Gay,—that his fables read like political pamphlets. The allusions here inserted are for the most part very concise. A little more latitude is taken in some of the notes. Though decidedly hostile to jacobinical—or as the cant term now is—*radical* principles, the writer trusts no sentiment will be found adverse to the true spirit of British constitutional liberty.'—p. vii.

We proceed to give a few specimens of the manner in which the author has executed the task he has proposed to himself; and we will begin with the first Fable, which is prefaced by an introductory address

address to Lord Sidmouth; of which we can only find room for the concluding lines.

— Well have I mark'd your nature kind;
 Unspoil'd by power your nobler mind,
 Which can from loftier cares descend
 To meet the homage of a friend.
 Permit me then, with triple bow,
 As forms of Parliament allow,
 To lay upon your Lordship's table
 Proof of the potency of Fable.

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS.

In days of old, the mob of Rome,
 Like some we meet with nearer home,
 To honest labour took dislike,
 And, as the phrase is, chose to *strike*.
 For ev'ry ill that on them came,
 They thought the government to blame,
 Each cobbler left his occupation;
 Instead of shoes, to mend the nation;
 Nightmen and scavengers alert
 Would from the senate sweep the dirt:
 All with one voice complain'd—the Great
 Did nought but sport, and drink, and eat;
 Whilst ev'ry grievous burthen *they* bore,
 Half-starv'd and worn with endless labour.—
 And now the ragamuffins swear
 Such treatment they'll no longer bear,
 Patricians shall be forced to toil,
 And wrong'd Plebeians share the spoil;—
 Share office, honours, public treasure,
 And guide the state at their good pleasure.
 With such wild notions in their pates
 They camp'd without the city gates:
 For at some time each country yields
 Its H—s, its W—s, its Spa-fields,

Menenius then, a statesman grave,
 Prudent, but not more wise than brave,
 Fear'd not to face the noisy rabble:
 He check'd their fury with a fable!
 Shew'd them how foolish their pretences,
 And brought them to their sober senses.
 Mobs of that day, we must allow,
 Were quite as tractable as now.
 Howe'er that be, the tale I'll give ye,
 As chronicled by good old Livy:
 Pleas'd if the moral prove a fit one,
 To stop one factious mouth in Britain,

Once

Once on a time the human limbs
 Were seiz'd with odd conceits and whims:
 The stomach all the rest accuse
 Of entertaining selfish views.
 They cry:—"That sluggard lives at ease,
 By us supplied with luxuries.
 In secret indolence he lurks;
 Enjoys our pains, and never works.
 Shall we thus early toil and late,
 To swell that pamper'd glutton's state?
 Shall we comply with such demands?"
 "Forbid it, justice!"—cry the Hands.
 "No—tho' for bread the tyrant begs——"
 "We swear the same!"—exclaim the Legs.
 "Unmov'd, let that base lubber tarry—
 We're slaves no more—we scorn to carry!"

The very feet,—till now so humble,
 Loud as the rest began to grumble.
 With one and all the gen'ral cry
 Was, Freedom! and Equality!
 The stomach proud was now subdued,
 Debarr'd from necessary food:
 For no kind hand prepar'd his dishes;
 Refus'd were all his wants and wishes.
 But soon perceiv'd each wasting limb
 The needful aid deriv'd from him,
 Whose pow'r invisible had granted
 To every member what it wanted:
 And now cut off from his supply
 The thoughtless rebels faint and die.

Menenius finish'd his oration,—
 The People felt the application.'

By comparing this fable with the original, it will be seen, that the imitator has given us a paraphrase, rather than a version of the French poet; and to say the truth, we like him best when he emancipates himself from the fetters of translation, which generally seem to sit somewhat heavily upon him, and follows without any constraint the direction of his own fancy.

One of the prettiest things in his book is *The Address to the Critics*; in imitation of what La Fontaine has entitled—*Contre ceux qui ont le Goût difficile*. Here is a very slight adherence to the original; but no one will regret the departure, which has enabled the writer to substitute for a vapid translation, an address not altogether unlike what might have been expected from La Fontaine, if he had been born and bred in England. But, in bestowing this commendation upon his original efforts, we would suggest to the author the propriety of being more faithful, when he chuses to confine

confine himself to the task of turning one language into another. If he prefers to soar alone, we shall seldom feel inclined to repress his flights; but when he limits his aim to a mere verbal version of the French, he ought not to misrepresent the original,—to the manifest injury of the sense. For instance, La Fontaine, in the Fable of the Wolf and the Stork, says—

Les loups mangent gloutonnement.
 Un loup donc étant de frairie,
 Se pressa, dit-on, tellement,
 Qu'il en pensa perdre la vie:
 Un os lui demeura bien avant au gosier.
 De bonheur pour ce loup, *qui ne pouvait crier*,
 Près de là passe une cicogne.

In rendering this into English, the sense has been altered without being improved; and instead of this simple and natural description of the silent agonies of the wolf, we read that—

One day a wolf in bolting down his mutton
 Found a sharp bone stick fast across his throat;
 Writhing with pain acute, the half-chok'd glutton
Made the woods ring with his complaining note.—p. 135.

This is neither true to La Fontaine, nor to nature;—and nature and La Fontaine in this, as in most other cases, will be found identified; for his merit consists as much in the fidelity as in the picturesqueness of his sketches;—a wolf with a ‘sharp bone sticking across his throat’ would be in no condition for ‘making the woods ring.’ Again, in the ‘Two Pigeons,’ La Fontaine, in describing the danger that the wandering dove incurred from the wanton attack of a boy, says, ‘*Un fripon d'enfant (cette age est sans pitié,*)’ hinting thus parenthetically at the proverbial cruelty of infancy, which is given in the English,—‘how cruel are the sports of *man*!’—as a grave reflection upon the general cruelty of the species. This is not Fontaine’s meaning, nor indeed is it just. Children are cruel, not from malignity of disposition, but from inexperience and inattention. They scarcely know what pain is, they have little sympathy therefore; and it is some time before they can be taught, that what is sport to them is death to their victims.

It would not be difficult to point out other passages where the sense has been equally misrepresented; and there are occasional marks of carelessness and haste exhibited in slovenly syntax and faulty construction; but these are trifling blemishes, and redeemed by the general excellence of the work. The imitator is often very happy in the queer and quaint combinations of syllables, by which he has enlivened his pages with continual variety of rhyme. And here also we trace a resemblance to La Fontaine; for in both, syllables slide into verse and hitch together in rhyme,—which would, at
 first

first sight, seem to be as unmanageable as were ever proposed in a game of crambo.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER.

‘ A Satyr in a rocky den
Liv’d, distant from the haunts of men :
Tho’ half a goat, he seldom ran
To revel in the train of Pan :
But led a quiet sober life,
With one fair Dryad for his wife ;
And she, engross’d by household matters,
Prepar’d his soup, and brought young satyrs.
It happen’d on a wintry day,
A Traveller had lost his way ;
And stiff with cold, and drench’d with rain,
He joy’d the Satyr’s cave to gain.
He peeps ; and midst recesses inner,
Espies his horned host at dinner.
He halts, and near the entrance lingers,
And, blowing hard his aching fingers,
He frames apologetic speeches,
To his landlord with the shaggy breeches.
But ere he could excuse begin,
A hoarse rough voice exclaims, “ Come in !
If you can dine without a cloth,
Stranger, you’re welcome to my broth.
My curious wife would fain be knowing
What ’tis with so much care you’re blowing.”

“ Thanks,” said the man, “ I’ll not be shy
To accept your hospitality.
To please your lady, I’ll inform her,
I blow my hands to make them warmer.”

‘ The mistress of the rocky cottage
Pours for her guest some smoking pottage ;
Who to gulp down his mess the quicker,
Blows, ere he tastes, the scalding liquor.
The Satyr o’er the table leaning,
Surpris’d, once more inquires his meaning .
“ Sir,” said the stranger, “ you shall know it—
It is to cool my broth I blow it.”
“ Hold !” cries the host, “ is that your plan ?
Are these the double ways of man ?
Stranger, away ! you see the door,
Nor dare approach my mansion more.
Whilst I possess this vaulted roof—
(And fiercely then he rais’d his hoof)
No mouth its mossy sides shall hold,
Which blows at once both hot and cold !”

‘ Tell

' Tell me, ye Westminster Electors,
 Who love political projectors,
 Whom cunning state-empirics please,
 Have you not met with mouths like these?
 Mouths which advance assertions bold,
 Blow sometimes hot, and sometimes cold.
 Have you no smooth tongued sophist found,
 Who Proteus like still shifts his ground,
 Promulging, for the public good,
 Schemes by no mortal understood?
 Whose patriot soul, so truly Roman,
 Would trust the regal power to no man,
 Tho' check'd and limited it be
 Like Britain's well pois'd monarchy;
 Yet plasters praises thick and hearty
 Upon his fav'rite Buonaparté?
 To British honour much alive,
 Yet hates to see her laurels thrive:
 And strives to pluck the shining bough
 From her great hero's glorious brow?
 * * * * *

When such mad follies meet our eye,
 We smile at the attempt to fob us—
 But sigh to find the Hoaxer H——!—p. 241.

This extract will serve to shew the nature of the 'Modern Instances,' as the author calls them, which, instead of the old moral, he has tacked to the end of his fables. The illustrations are generally of a political nature, and amongst these perhaps the application of the fable of *The Two Bitches* to the case of England and America is one of the happiest; that which pleases us least is the application of the *Viper* and the *File* to the author of a juvenile tirade long since forgiven and forgotten by the object of it. The example of France recurs too often; once or twice is well enough, but a good thing may be repeated till it becomes as tiresome as the perpetual *ὁ μὺθος δηλοῖ* of our old school acquaintance *Æsop*. As a specimen of the Notes, we subjoin the following strictures upon '*the family of the Fudges*,' which we think more justifiable than the attack noticed above.

' However its malignity may excite disgust, it is impossible not to smile at the whimsicality of the "*Fudge Family at Paris*," published under the name of Thomas Brown, jun. Beneficent nature is said often to place antidotes to the poison of noxious animals in the composition of the creature itself. Thus in the present instance, the superlative dullness of *PHELIM O'CONNOR* very happily counteracts the effect of the sprightly effusions of *ESQUIRE PHILIP*, *MISS BIDDY* and *MASTER BOBBY FUDGE*. We may moreover learn from this publication, that

the

the liberty of the press is not entirely extinguished in England, notwithstanding

‘ ————— the withering hand
Of bigot power upon this hapless land.’

for we have never heard of the attorney general making any advances towards an acquaintance with this witty family, or with that sombre *ill starred* gentleman, the domestic tutor, whose asterisks, added to his most lamentable effusions, express such unutterable things.

‘ Conscious rectitude can suffer such assailants to pass by unnoticed; but how would “the calm and easy grandeur of the Imperial bird” have borne a similar provocation? This question is best answered by the single monosyllable, *PALM*! A stanza of Horace will best express the feelings of an able, firm and upright minister, attacked by licentious petulance, who neither fears the malice, or [nor] wants the aid of such auxiliaries.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget MAURI jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
FUSCÆ, pharetrâ.

which may be thus translated for the benefit of such town or country gentlemen whose classical learning is grown rusty, and who may not have Smart or Francis at their elbow:—

At thee, pert profligate Tom Brown,
The idle laugh, the grave ones frown,
Whilst he who just and wise is,
Defies attacks from wits or dolts—
And e’en the sharp, envenom’d bolts
Of M—— himself despises.—pp. 163, 164.

Four of the Fables in the present selection are, it seems, from the ‘pen of a friend.’ As upon recurring to our extracts we find that we have pitched upon two fables, in the same metre; we will endeavour to make room for a third, in which there is some variety of measure, and which will at the same time serve as a specimen of the talents of the author’s coadjutor.

THE MURRAIN.

‘ A dire disease, which Heaven in wrath
Devis’d, to work wide woe and scath,
For crimes committed here on earth,
A sickness sore,—a frightful evil,
More grievous far than war or dearth,
Consigning myriads daily to the devil:
In one short word,—the plague, with dreadful ravage,
Broke out amongst the brute creation,
Assail’d all animals both tame and savage,
And widely spread around it devastation.

If some died not, they scarcely lived,
 Nor seem'd aware they had surviv'd,—
 Their instincts gone,—and vanished quite
 Propensities and appetite.
 Nor hens nor geese the fox allure,
 And Isgrim's jaws are sinecure.
 All mop'd in melancholy mood,
 Reckless alike of fight or food.
 The sometime gentle turtle-dove
 Indiff'rent now to life and love,
 (For life and love to her were one)
 Her pining partner fain would shun—
 The lion in this sad conjuncture,
 Whose conscience had receiv'd a puncture,
 Resolv'd to hold a bed of justice,
 And state to all in what his trust is.

" My fellow sufferers and friends"
 (The royal speech in form begins)
 " From righteous Heav'n in wrath descends
 This visitation for our sins.

" Let all, then, secret crimes unfold,
 And every tale of guilt be told.
 So shall the greatest sinner seal,
 Self-sacrific'd, the general weal.
 Nor deem it a new-fangled notion;
 All history's full of such devotion.

" To shorten therefore the debate
 Without unfruitful long digression,
 That we may rightly judge our state,
 Proceed we briefly to confession :"

* * * *

As his majesty's confession is rather *prosy*, we shall take the liberty of cutting it short. He acknowledges 'a strong fancy for mutton,' and admits that he has occasionally 'made a *bonne bouche*,' of the shepherd himself, whose guilt, like that of his flock, seems to have consisted 'in running away.'

* * * *

The monarch ceas'd and judgment begs.
 The fox was quickly on his legs,
 And having caught the lion's eye
 He hasten'd thus to make reply :
 "Ah ! sire, indeed you're much too good
 To take account of such vile blood—
 Too scrupulous and delicate
 For one of your exalted state !
 Your Majesty is much too nice,
 To deem sheep-slaughter such a vice !

This

This for the brutes ;—then, for the man,—
I think your Highness said—he ran.
Desert his flock !—a precious pastor !
I'm glad your majesty ran faster.

This is truly humorous and characteristic. After a few words more in condemnation of the poor shepherd, who, to the crime of attempting to save his life, is stated to have added that of 'holding crooked rule over his charge,'

The fox sat down : loud cheers resound,
And hear, hear, hear ! was echoed round.

The tiger and the bear follow ; but as they are beasts of rank, and confess nothing but a few peccadilloes akin to those of the lion, they are absolved as a matter of course :

Can crime exist in such high station ?
All that had teeth, or tusks, or spirit,
Absolv'd at once from all demerit,
Were guiltless found by acclamation !
At length the ass came to confession,
And thus denounced his own transgression :
" On thorny thistles starv'd and sad dock,
I chanced to pass the parson's paddock ;
The sacred sward seem'd sweet and green,
My appetite I own was keen,
And fair occasion urg'd to revel—
Or might it not have been the devil ?
Whate'er it were—I cropp'd a blade—
I own 'twas wrong—we must speak out :
I was a trespasser, no doubt !"

A general roar of indignation
Follow'd the donkey's declaration—
" What crop the close ! the parson's too !
For this can less than death be due ?
When thorns and thistles grew so plenty
Could nothing but the glebe content ye ?
From such a sin but death can purge ye—
Death without benefit of clergy !"

This is a spirited version. The three others, by the same hand, are equally good ; though the style and the finishing are sometimes a little too laboured and overloaded.

Upon the whole this is an entertaining volume. The author has new dyed the stuff of La Fontaine, preserving much of the beauty and lustre of the original tint, and he has worked in some fresh flowers of his own, in order to adapt his pattern to the taste of the present times.

ART. VIII.—*The Gas Blow-pipe, or Art of Fusion, by burning the Gaseous Constituents of Water: giving the History of the Philosophical Apparatus so denominated; the Proofs of Analogy in its operations to the Nature of Volcanoes; together with an Appendix, containing an Account of Experiments with this Blow-Pipe.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, &c. 8vo. pp. 109. London. 1819.

IF the converse of the proposition μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν, were true, we might welcome this little tract, as the production of a writer who, in this instance, at least, has endeavoured, in the words of Addison, to ‘practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops.’—But, alas! it has been cast among the chemists, to whom it is more particularly addressed, as the apple of discord was cast among the gods, and set them together by the ears!

The opinion of Macquer, that ‘There does not exist in nature any substance which may be considered as essentially and vigorously *infusible*,’* is as old as the time of Theophrastus.† When that eloquent philosopher delivered lectures in the Lyceum at Athens, as the successor of Aristotle, the number of his auditors amounted to two thousand; and that they were instructed in many facts considered as of modern discovery, may be seen by reference to the very small part of his writings which has descended to our time. His observations shew that he had attended as carefully to the changes which bodies sustain in consequence of the action of heat as if he had been acquainted with the use of the common blow-pipe. He notices an opinion which had been maintained in Greece, that all stones, excepting *marble*, were fusible,‡ and holds this to be true of the greater number; and it is a very remarkable confirmation of the exception he made respecting the *carbonate of lime*, that—after a lapse of above two thousand years, with all the aid afforded by the advancement of science—if a chemist were asked what substance more than any other resists the action of heat, he would adduce the purest *carbonate of lime*, in the example of *Iceland spar*, the fusion of which can hardly be effected even by the *gas blow-pipe*.

An ardent and insatiable curiosity in chemists has in every age prompted them to augment, by every means in their power, the

* Macquer, Dictionnaire de Chimie, article *Apyre*.

† Theophrastus. Περὶ τῶν λίθων, βιβλίον κ'. p. 8. L. Bat. 1647.

‡ Οἱ δὲ καὶ ἕως ἀνέειπον πάντα τήκεσθαι, πλὴν τῷ μαρμάρῳ. κ. τ. λ.—Theophrast. ubi supra.

action

action of heat; the difficulty of melting some substances having always presented obstacles to metallurgists, and tended greatly to retard many important improvements in the arts. It is foreign to the undertaking we have in view, or it might be easy to shew with what perseverance the antient alchemists so long laboured in pursuit of an universal solvent for all bodies. This solvent is now found, since there is no substance whatsoever that is not capable of being held in solution by the fluid matter of heat. A series of brilliant experiments, resulting from the discovery of *oxygen gas*, by Priestley* and Scheele, has gradually led to the introduction and use of the '*gas blow-pipe*, or Art of Fusion by burning the Gaseous Constituents of Water,' by means of which the most refractory bodies† may be melted, and in many instances, entirely volatilized.

As to many of our readers the subject is altogether new, and very important facts are likely to accrue to the science of chemistry, from the further use of the extraordinary means of decomposition offered by the philosophical apparatus here alluded to, we shall endeavour to make them acquainted with its real nature by a brief description of the instrument itself, before we proceed to state the effects produced by it.

This blow-pipe, literally calculated for 'setting the Thames on fire,' consists of a small square box, usually made of thick sheet copper, into which, by means of a piston, are compressed the gaseous constituents of water;‡ afterwards, by turning a stop-cock, the mixed gases are allowed to escape through the narrow aperture of a capillary tube $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, and exposed to combustion at the orifice, by lighting the gaseous mixture, exactly as we light a common gas lamp. A small flame continues to burn at the extremity of the jet of the tube, to whose powerful heat are exposed all substances submitted to the test of this blow-pipe. Dr. Clarke has devised an apparatus, represented in a frontispiece to the volume, by means of which a continual supply of the gaseous mixture may be forced into the reservoir during the most protracted experiments; the machine is also supplied with a safety cylinder invented by his friend, Professor Cumming, to prevent the consequences of explosion.

The first account of Dr. Clarke's experiments with this blow-pipe appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*, No. III.

* In August, 1774. Scheele discovered the same gas in 1777, without any previous knowledge of what Dr. Priestley had done. Lavoisier first gave it the name of *Oxygen Gas*.

† The fusion even of charcoal has been accomplished by it.

‡ Mixed in the proportion of two parts by bulk of hydrogen gas, and one part of oxygen gas.

Some of the results of those experiments were afterwards disputed, and various claims were made to the originality of the invention by which they had been conducted; but it is somewhat remarkable that while these claims and disputes continue to be agitated, the author of the work now before us is the only person who has appropriated the instrument itself to any purpose of public utility. During four years which have elapsed since he commenced his experiments with this blow-pipe, he has persevered in exhibiting to the members of the University, before whom he delivers his public lectures, a repetition of those experiments; confirming the truth of them by daily appeals to their testimony, as to the facts which they substantiate. The object of the present publication is, therefore, to shew the utility and safety of the apparatus employed; to point out the progressive steps by which it has been brought to its present state of improvement; the share which the author himself had in the invention; and the proofs which the instrument has afforded of analogy in its operations to the nature of volcanoes; that is to say, in its power of fusion; the means whereby this fusion is accomplished; the result of the combustion of the mixed gases, forming water; and the detonations and explosions to which the same compressed gaseous mixture is liable.—The subject is curious, and the author shall speak for himself.

‘The present observations relate to the Gas Blow-pipe as used for burning a compressed mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases, when propelled from a common reservoir. The first usage of these gases, in a state of mixture, was believed to have been made by an unknown native of Germany; who employed for this purpose a bladder to which a capillary tube was affixed. The author received this information, upon report, after he began to write the account of his own experiments; but no one has since laid claim to the experiment, nor does he now know whether there be any truth in the rumour. He has been, however, the more anxious to repeat it; because upon the truth of it depend all pretensions to priority of invention. Dr. Thomas Thomson, now professor of chemistry at Glasgow, made experiments with the mixed gases, at Edinburgh, seventeen years ago; but was induced to abandon the undertaking, owing to the accidents which happened to his apparatus. With respect to the application of hydrogen and oxygen gases to aid the operations of the blow-pipe, when propelled from different reservoirs through different apertures, by means of hydrostatic or other pressure, the contrivance is as old as the time of Lavoisier. The American chemists lay claim to it, as their invention, in consequence of experiments made, in 1802, by Mr. Robert Hare, junior, professor of Natural Philosophy in Philadelphia; of which an account appeared in Dr. Bruce’s *Mineralogical Journal**,

* Vol. I. No. 2. p. 97. (Note.)

and also in the *Annales de Chimie*.* Much about the same time, Dr. Thomson also carried on a series of experiments in the same way;† and we have witnessed similar experiments, for at least a dozen years, during the chemical lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge. The combustion of the diamond was always thus exhibited; and in America this plan is still pursued; that is to say, the two gases are propelled from different reservoirs, and through different apertures. But the intensity of the heat is incomparably greater when the gases, after compression, are propelled and burned in a mixed state; because the due proportion necessary for forming water is then constantly and equally maintained: whereas an excess, either on the side of the hydrogen or of the oxygen, not only tends to diminish the temperature, but, if it be much increased on the side of the oxygen, infallibly extinguishes the flame.

As this method of aiding the operations of the blow-pipe differs, in this essential particular, from every other hitherto employed, it is that to which (with all the improvements since made for insuring the safety of the operator) the name of the Gas Blow-pipe is now applied, and whose history it is the author's present purpose to relate. And this induces a second part of the inquiry; namely, what first suggested the propriety of mixing the two gases in the relative proportion for forming water? because, upon the observance of this proportion the intensity of the heat mainly depends.

This circumstance was briefly stated in the first account which the author published of his experiments with the gas blow-pipe; but the phenomena upon which it was founded, highly interesting as they are, do not seem to have met with that attention from scientific men to which they are entitled; probably owing to the very short time usually bestowed by scientific travellers amidst the scenes where such phenomena are fearfully displayed. The author alludes to the phenomena attendant upon volcanoes; the decomposition of water by volcanic fire; the compression to which the gaseous result is liable; its subsequent combustion; the power of fusion it exhibits; and, lastly, the horrible explosions which take place, whenever the whole of the compressed gas is exposed to combustion. If this happen, as it is well known, whole mountains are blown into the air by the tremendous violence of the explosion, which is heard to the distance of many leagues; and the eruption ceases. But the minor explosions, or detonations, taking place at the mouths of narrow apertures in a volcano whence liquid rocks are ejected in the form of lava, are such as to resemble the loudest artillery. In these cases, a partial explosion of the gaseous mixture takes place; exactly corresponding with the detonations which, upon a small scale, are heard at the orifice of the jet of the gas blow-pipe; and bearing about the same comparison to the explosion of the gas reservoir, which the detonations at the mouth of a stream of lava do to the explosion of all the pent gas within the volcano. Vesuvius,

* See tom. xlv. p. 113. *Mémoire sur l'Usage du Châumeau, et les Moyens de l'alimenter d'Air, &c.*

† This is also stated in the Letter above mentioned.

perhaps, better than any other volcano, may serve to illustrate what is here advanced: because it is better adapted for examination than *Ætna*, or any other volcano where the crater is remote from the syringes or jets through which the lava is propelled. This mountain, as to its chemical nature, is, in all respects, a vast gas blow-pipe; corresponding, in all its phenomena, with the appearances and effects, the explosions and detonations, the heat and the light,* exhibited by the apparatus which bears this name; and differing from it only as the mighty operations of nature in the universe differ from the puny imitations of the chemist in his laboratory. During twelve years that the author has delivered public lectures, in the University of Cambridge, as it is well known to persons who have attended those lectures, he has constantly thus explained the nature and effects of volcanic eruptions. Without the agency of water and its decomposition, these eruptions do not take place. Before any great eruption of *Vesuvius*, not only does the water disappear in all the wells of *Naples*, *Portici*, *Resina*, and other towns at the foot of the mountain, but even the sea retires; and marine animals, abandoned by their native element, expire upon the shore.

Dr. Clarke then proceeds to verify these observations by a reference to the phenomena which accompanied the rising of the *Monte Nuovo*, out of the *Lucrine lake*, near *Naples*, and to others of which he was an eye-witness upon *Mount Vesuvius*; and afterwards relates the inferences deduced from those appearances as they were rendered applicable to the gas blow-pipe.

Consequently, to imitate the power of fusion exhibited by a volcano, nothing more was necessary than to burn the gaseous constituents of water under similar circumstances; but here was the difficulty. Every clap of thunder in the atmosphere is sufficient to prove what the consequences are, where the gaseous constituents of water, when in a mixed state, become ignited, even by an electric spark: and who would venture to communicate flame to such a mixture, under compression, for purposes of experiment? The experiments which took place under *Lavoisier* at *Paris*, and all over *Europe*, for the composition of water, were an approximation towards it; because these experiments first proved that the gaseous constituents of water might be used to aid the operations of the blow-pipe. It was then, in fact, first made known, that the two gases, when burned separately, and propelled from different reservoirs, through different apertures, by hydrostatic pressure, towards one point (which was the method afterwards pursued by Professor *Hare*, in *America*), exhibited a degree of temperature capable of effecting THE COMBUSTION OF THE DIAMOND! Therefore, if it be requisite to trace the invention of the gas blow-pipe to the first principles which led to the whole of the contrivance, it is to these discoveries of *Lavoisier*

* There is no other way in which any idea can be given of the intense light beaming from the source of a stream of perfectly liquid lava, than by attending to the fusion of the most refractory substances before the gas blow-pipe, which exhibits an emanation of the same kind of light, comparatively, as the light of a star to that of the sun.

that

that reference should be made. As soon as the invention of Mr. Brook's blow-pipe offered an easy method of compressing and propelling one of the gaseous constituents of *water*, while the other might be afforded by the combustion of a spirit-lamp, the author, of course, as he has before acknowledged, availed himself of this apparatus;* but finding, as he before said, that the heat was not sufficient for his purpose, "because the *hydrogen* was not afforded in its due proportion,"† he was directed, by the maker of the blow-pipe, to compress the *mixed gases*, and burn them, upon the principle of *gas* illumination, when propelled through a capillary tube. As to the relative proportion between the two *gases*, after all that he now has stated, and during twelve years has constantly repeated, upon the subject of volcanoes, at his public lectures before the University of *Cambridge*,—is it necessary to ask, whether he would hesitate to mix them in the proportion for forming *water*? That he did not hesitate, is evident; because in the very beginning of the earliest account which he published of his experiments with the *gas blow-pipe*,‡ and in the very first words of it, he mentions "*water* as the combustible for increasing the action of *fire*:"—and in a page almost immediately following,§ he states the relative proportion between the two *gases* which he had adopted; namely, "two parts, by bulk, of *hydrogen*, and one part of *oxygen*." If, in any publication anterior to the article here cited, it can be made to appear that the same proportion had been adopted by any other person, he foregoes, of course, all claim to this part of the improvement in the mode of using the *gas blow-pipe*.

The remaining pages relate to the new chemical facts which the use of this blow-pipe has made known. Among the more remarkable may be mentioned the *pseudo-metallic* lustre exhibited by *silica*, and by other substances once considered as refractory bodies, when their fusion has been accomplished in a charcoal crucible. We have seen *rock crystal*, which, after being thus melted, appears like a globule of the purest *mercury*; and it retains its high metallic lustre unaltered by exposure to atmospheric air. It had fallen, while in a state of fusion, upon a deal board, into which it consequently became imbedded, and when taken out was found to have this remarkable metallic lustre. The same appearance is exhibited by pure crystallized *alumina* under similar circumstance, as in the instances of the *sapphire* and the *ruby*. Does not this admit of an obvious explanation? We would propose it as a *quære* for our chemical readers, whether *charcoal* coming into contact with *metallic oxides* when in a state of fusion, and at a temperature so exalted, may not, from its powerful affinity of *oxygen*, so far revive the metals of the earth as to exhibit them in a minimum of oxidation, and with metallic lustre, in the form of the thin superficies

* Journal of the Royal Institution, III. 105.

§ Ibid. p. 107.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

tion,

which then invests those bodies. The fusion of *wood-tin*, and the perfect metallic lustre it afterwards exhibits, even when cut by a file, although still remaining in the state of an *oxide*; the combustion of *platinum*; the melting of *rubies*, *sapphires*, and *emeralds*, so as to cause them to run together into one mass; the revival of certain *metals* from their *oxides*; and above all, the revival of a perfectly metallic appearance from *barytes*, which again becomes *barytic earth* upon simple exposure to the action of atmospheric air, are among the other new chemical results which the use of the gas blow-pipe has enabled the author to obtain.

It is now above forty years since the first experiments with oxygen gas, in aid of fusion, were made by the celebrated Achard, as may be seen by reference to the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, for the year 1779.* The observations of Lavoisier, upon the same subject, appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, three years afterwards.† Achard, by propelling a stream of what he called, after Priestley, *dephlogisticated air*, upon the flame of a lamp, succeeded in melting grains of *platinum*, and other refractory bodies. These experiments were followed by Ehrmann, of Strasbourg, who, in 1785, published a work, which was translated by Fontallard, and entitled '*Essai d'un Art de Fusion, à l'aide de l'Air du Feu, ou Air Vital.*' By an extract made from the Records of the Academy at Paris, signed by the Marquis of Condorcet upon the 23d of June, 1786, it appears that Lavoisier, Berthollet and Fourcroy had been appointed by the Academy '*de lui rendre compte de l'ouvrage de M. Ehrmann traduit par M. de Fontallard.*' upon which occasion it was urged that Ehrmann's experiments were unknown to Lavoisier, although in their results they agreed so strikingly with those which the French chemist had obtained. In these experiments a degree of heat had been excited nearly equal to that which is developed by burning the gaseous constituents of water. Lavoisier failed, however, in his endeavour to accomplish the fusion of *rock crystal*;‡ and in numerous experiments made upon this substance in 1772, with the great burning glass of Ischirnhausen, it had resisted the most exalted temperature to which it was exposed. The same thing happened

* See also the Chemical Memoirs of François Charles Achard, vol. i. page 134. Berlin, 1784.

† Mémoires par M. Lavoisier sur l'Action du Feu animé par l'Air vital, sur les Substances Minérales les plus réfractaires, publiés dans les Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Sciences.

‡ 'Quoique l'activité du feu fût très-grande, il n'a pas fondu pendant l'espace de 2 minutes 30 secondes qu'a duré l'expérience.'—Mémoire de M. Lavoisier, p. 243. Strasbourg, 1787.

with

with regard to *lime** and *magnesia*,† both of which were found to be utterly refractory. These substances have been all of them melted by the *gas blow-pipe*, the powers of which are entirely due, not only to the presence of *hydrogen gas* in a state of mixture with the *oxygen gas*, but the two gases mixed together in the exact proportion for forming water; ‘*namely, two parts, by bulk, of hydrogen gas added to one part of oxygen gas;*’ and as our author is the first person who made use of the two gases in this state of mixture, as fuel for his *gas blow-pipe*, the invention is so far his own. Indeed when the *hydrogen* is added only ‘in slight excess,’ which some pretend to have used, the mixture will not burn.

We will add a very few words with regard to the theory maintained in this work, upon the *effects*, rather than the *origin*, of volcanic fire. It is maintained by the author that the effects of the combustion of the mixed gases, resemble those which are produced by volcanoes. This appears to be capable of the strictest demonstration. If while the gaseous mixture is propelled from a gas blow-pipe, and exposed to combustion, the result of this combustion be collected in a receiver, it is found to be pure water. The same may be said of the gases propelled from volcanoes, as it has been proved by repeated observations upon Mount Vesuvius. After the tremendous explosions of that volcano, water descends as dew or rain, sometimes covering the whole surface of the cone. By placing vessels over any of the crevices or apertures upon the sides of the mountain whence the steam of the mixed gases is propelled after combustion, pure water may also be collected, as appears by accounts which have lately been published. That water has been admitted to the action of volcanic fire, and thereby decomposed, is therefore evident in its recomposition; and we conceive that nothing more is requisite to establish the opinion maintained in this work. We all know that when water is cast upon burning coal it is liable to decomposition. If this decomposition, therefore, ensue, in consequence of the admission of sea-water to the vast beds of fire which connect *Ætna* with *Vesuvius* and with other volcanoes, the gaseous result, exposed to indefinite compression and subsequent combustion, may be attended with effects differing only from those exhibited by the gas blow-pipe, ‘as the mighty operations of nature in the universe differ from the puny imitations of the chemist in his laboratory.’

* ‘Il résulte de ces expériences, que la terre calcaire pure, ou plus exactement la chaux est absolument infusible par le plus grand degré de feu qu’on a pu lui faire éprouver jusqu’à présent.’—*Ibid.* p. 275.

† ‘Le Morceau s’est réduit, mais la violence du feu n’y a occasionné aucune autre altération.’—*Ibid.* p. 278.

ART. IX.—*The Comedies of Aristophanes*. By T. Mitchell, A. M. late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. Vol. I. pp. 462. London. 1820. w.

SOME of our readers may be disposed to think that the subject of the Aristophanic comedy has of late occupied a sufficient space in our pages: we must, however, persevere, and insist like Falstaff—‘Play on the play. We have much to say in behalf of that same Aristophanes.’ With respect to the present translation, it may truly be said to be much the best that has hitherto appeared in our own, or, as far as our acquaintance extends, in any other modern language. It may even be said, with truth, that, to an English reader, the first perusal of this translation may afford as much pleasure as the perusal of the original is calculated to give to a proficient in the Greek language, who undertakes, for the first time, to read a play of Aristophanes in the original. Those, however, who have indulged in a continued study of the original, and (prompted by the perpetual developement of new and unobserved beauties in the change and play of style, and in the brief and pointed expression of comic character,) have become entirely familiar with the author, will continue to derive a pleasure from repeated reperusals of the original, such as we cannot venture to promise to the English scholar, if he should be induced to recur, for a second or third time, to the work now before us. We shall, however, before we conclude, have the satisfaction of pointing out some passages which, like those of the original, fix themselves (the great test of excellence) involuntarily in the memory, and which may be recalled to it and repeated with undiminished gratification. The main cause of the defect alluded to, and of the disappointment which will be experienced by those who are best acquainted with the original, if they expect to find the various forms of language, and the phrases expressive of character, represented in a satisfactory manner by English equivalents, is to be attributed to the adoption of a particular style; the style of our ancient comedy in the beginning of the 16th century. We shall proceed to give the reasons, which lead us to consider this style as peculiarly proper for the purposes to which our own early dramatic poets applied it; and which, at the same time, and for the same reasons, if they are just ones, must render it wholly unsuitable for representing or reproducing that peculiar species of drama to which the comedies of Aristophanes belong.

The early comedy of modern Europe, that of the first half of the 16th century, is a fancy portrait of the society of the time. The pleasure which it afforded was similar to that which we experience when we contemplate a picture, in which the resemblance of a countenance familiar to us is expressed with that addition of harmony and

and grace which embellish the resemblance, without much detracting from its truth. Such was the character and principle of the dramas of Calderon and his cotemporaries; and, before him, of Lope; and of Fletcher, Shirley and others, amongst ourselves. In all these, dignity of character is uniformly maintained—the cavaliers are represented as daring and generous, delicate and faithful to excess: the highest tone of sentiment is kept up: the tone of the language, also, (which is more to our purpose) is proportionably elevated above the common parlance of those times. Hence, as in tragedy, (and for the same reasons,) the appearance of truth and nature in the whole composition, is preserved by the easy and probable arrangement of events, quarrels, jealousies, discoveries, and sudden turns of fortune, which constitute what is called the plot. The excellence of these comedies, and the merit of the author, were estimated, in great measure, from the construction of the plot; for as by the rules which belong to that species of drama, the language and characters were idealized, and, therefore, to a certain degree, removed from reality and experience, the admission of this improbability would require to be compensated, by a greater apparent probability in the only part which remained, viz. the action and events.*

But the ancient Aristophanic comedy proceeded upon a principle of compensation totally different. In this species of composition, the utter extravagance and impossibility of the supposed action, is an indispensable requisite; the portion of truth and reality, which is admitted as a counterpoise, consists wholly in the character and language. It is a grave, humourous, impossible, GREAT LIE, related with an accurate mimicry of the language and manner of the persons introduced, and great exactness of circumstance in the inferior details. In its simpler state, it appears to be one of the commonest and most spontaneous products of the human mind; and usually arises in some strong expression, which, a moment

* In what we have said on this subject, we have followed the course by which we are persuaded that the authors we have mentioned arrived at the conclusions which guided their practice; but for mere illustration it would be equally obvious, to invert the statement, and to say that where the incidents are probable, the language and sentiments must be elevated above ordinary nature, and in this order it would seem that the inferior tribe of dramatists have, in general, proceeded, taking probability of character and incident as their basis, and endeavouring to ennoble it by displays of style and sentiment. The result of the direct and of the inverted process may be exemplified in the *Electras* of Sophocles and Euripides: in the first, the display of character is evidently the principal object; the probability of the story is artfully elaborated; but we see that it was a secondary consideration. In Euripides, on the contrary, probability is evidently the primary object, while the characters are left to display themselves as circumstances may permit. We have taken our illustration of the two opposite processes from tragedy, because, in fact, this system of counterpoise, in which the probability of the story is placed as a weight in one of the scales, belongs equally to tragedy and to the higher species of comedy.

after, is taken literally, converted into a reality, and invested with all the circumstances of action and dialogue. We shall shew that the plays now before us; the *Acharnæ* and the *Knights* (or *Demagogues*;) are capable of being traced to the kind of conversation, out of which, in all probability, they did originate.

There are other plays, which appear to have grown up from mere sport, when in a playful conversation, fancied events are developed into an imaginary detail.

If we were possessed of the Boswells of antiquity, who are cited by Athenæus, we might, perhaps, find some notices, which would illustrate the history of the comic stage; but for want of them, let us suppose an ancient prototype of our entertaining countryman, giving an account of the origin and first suggestion of the *Thesmophorizousæ*. 'After supper Philonides, meaning to rouse Aristophanes, who had been cracking his nuts without much attending to the conversation, began to talk about Euripides, and, turning to Aristophanes, asked him—what he thought of his last tragedy?'

Arist. 'Why, it has his usual faults and his usual merits, only I think he's more than usually severe upon the women.'

Phil. 'He's worse than ever—why he'll drive them to desperation—yes, they will be driven to some desperate measure against him—we have had so many plots and conspiracies of late, the women will take the hint—we shall have a conspiracy of the women against Euripides.'

Arist. 'Well, now is their time—they have three days to themselves at the *Thesmophoria*—considering how the art of plotting is improved, there is time enough to form a very promising conspiracy.'

Phil. 'Upon my word, I begin to suspect that there must be something of the kind in agitation—I almost think it would be right to speak to some friend of Euripides to desire him to be upon his guard.'—But what would he do, do you think, upon the first alarm?'

M. or N. (across the table.) 'Why I suppose he would consult with that fine rough-handed fellow his father-in-law *Mnesilochus*.'

Arist. 'No, he would not consult him; he would only tell him to keep himself in readiness to receive his orders.'

Phil. 'But what would be the first thing he would do?'

Arist. 'The first thing of course, would be to compose one of his long apologetical harangues, according to all the established rules of rhetoric, and in direct opposition to decorum and common-sense.'

Phil. 'But after all, this harangue must be delivered among the assembled females—how is he to contrive that?—The women are so exasperated against him, none of them would be persuaded to appear as his advocate.'

M. or N. (as before.) 'Might not Agathon, the poet, go amongst them in disguise, with that smooth face of his?'

Arist. 'Oh no, Agathon would take care of himself, depend upon it; he will never get himself into a scrape for any body.'

Phil. 'Well then, it must be old *Mnesilochus* himself—Euripides must

must shave him and dress him up for the purpose. But what will become of him when he is detected ?

Arist. 'Then of course Euripides must exert himself, and employ his whole system of tragical devices for his escape.'

Phil. (after a pause.) 'Well now, Aristophanes, I can't help thinking, if all that we have been saying was put together, and worked up in your way, it would turn out a very tolerable comedy.'

Arist. 'Why perhaps it might, as good as some of mine are; and better than some others; and better than other people's.'

Phil. 'Then perhaps you will think of it, if nothing better should occur, as a subject in time for the next festival?'

Arist. 'Why perhaps I may.'

For the sake of those who may not have read it, or who do not immediately recollect it, it may be necessary to state that this supposed dialogue comprehends all the material incidents of the comedy.

The origin of the *Acharnæ* is simpler. Let us suppose an honest warm-tempered man obliged, (as many were at the time,) like *Di-cæopolis* in this play, to abandon his landed property to destruction, and to take refuge in the town—we may suppose that he would be likely to express his feelings nearly in this way:

'If our great politicians, and your leading people here, in Athens, chuse to waste the public treasure in embassies and expeditions, that is their own affair; but I do not see what right they have to bring down a Peloponnesian army to drive me out of my farm—there's no quarrel that we country-people ever had with them to my knowledge—we should all be glad enough to let-alone for let-alone—for my part, if these enemies of ours (as they call them) would allow me to live on my farm, and buy and sell as I used to do, I'd give 'em up all the money I'm worth, and thank 'em into the bargain—and I'd go there to-morrow:—but as for our Statesmen, I'm persuaded if a Deity were to come down from Heaven, on purpose to propose a Peace to them, they would never listen to him.'

We have here a natural and passionate form of expression, which, uttered in the hearing of a poet such as Aristophanes, was sufficient to suggest the plot of the *Acharnæ* and the scene of the Demigod *Amphitheus*; the rest of the play, with all its wild and fanciful circumstances, being in fact nothing more than a whimsical exemplification of the first supposition; namely, that a private citizen had succeeded in concluding and maintaining a separate peace.

With respect to the play of the Knights (or Demagogues), the very conversation out of which it originated is to be traced in the passage from line 125 to 144 of the original. The conversation turned upon 'the degradation of the democracy since the death of Pericles, whose successors in administration had been a lintseller, Eucrates, a sheepseller, Lysicles, and a leatherseller, Cleon, (στυπ-

πειοπωλης

πεισπώλης—προβαλοπώλης—βυρσοπώλης,) who had superseded each other in a rapid succession.' Then some speculation arose as to what branch of trade was likely to furnish the leading statesman to whom the destinies of the state were to be next entrusted, when (in reference to the occupation of one Hyperbólos, whose rising impudence and rascality appeared to mark him out for popular eminence) it was said, 'Depend upon it, it will be a lamp-seller'—*λυχνοπώλης τις ἢ λαμπαδοπώλης*;—to which the answer was *Μὰ δία ἀλλ' ἀλλαινοπώλης*—'Depend upon it, we cannot expect to stop short in the downfall of all decency and dignity—the lowest occupation will have the best chance—we shall have a sausageseller.' The particular occupation 'a sausageseller' would be suggested by something of a similarity in the sound of the words in Greek.

We have here the whole action of the play, which supposes a sausage-seller to succeed in supplanting Cleon, and to assume the administration in his place: the personification of the Athenian democracy is an invention of the highest poetical and moral merit; but it would seem to have been secondary in point of time, and to have been adopted, as one of the means of arriving at the predetermined result. We think that the primary idea, from which the whole organization of the play was evolved, must have existed in a conversation somewhat similar to that which we have supposed.

We have been somewhat diffuse in our illustration of the mode of invention which belongs to this species of Comedy, because it has in general been regarded as utterly extravagant and unaccountable; at least by all those, who have considered it in reference to the established rules of dramatic composition and invention; we shall now resume briefly, but with a more comprehensive view, the subject with which we set out, and from which we have so long digressed.

The object of the poetic and dramatic art is to instruct without offence; to give men hints of their faults and errors, sufficiently strong to enable them, each for himself, to make the personal application to his own case, but so, that neither the author nor the actor shall appear in the character of an accuser, or even of a monitor, which, among equals, is always odious.* In order to effect this, truth must be mixed up with some ingredients of unreality; either the persons must be obviously fictitious, as in fable, or the

* This is the true medium, and whenever the Drama professes to do more (like most extravagant professors) it commonly betrays its trust.—Comedy at once moral and probable, is found, generally speaking, to be nothing more than a formal sententious eye-patient, inveighing against vices and errors which are no longer in vogue; and celebrating exclusively those virtues which are most nearly allied to the prevailing follies and disorders of the time. It is the morality of the *Hermite de la Chaussée D'Antin*, which (as a friend observed) is precisely that of a grave, sober, discreet, obliging, grey-headed keeper of a bagnio.

events must be impossible, as in the Aristophanic comedy; or supposing the events to be combined with probability, the language and sentiments must be removed from the reality of ordinary life, as is the case in tragedy, and (to a certain degree) in our own old regular comedy of the seventeenth century, the comedy of Jonson and Fletcher. Thus, absolute Reality is to be avoided as too directly offensive; but absolute Unreality is equally objectionable; it is vague, feeble, and applies to nothing. The two opposites must be combined. Where the events are coherent and possible, the language must be ideal—Where the fiction is wild and extravagant, its extravagance must be compensated by a reality in the language. In Shakspeare's play of the *Tempest*, we perceive a tendency to a fault arising out of a neglect of this rule, and the correction which his great judgment applied to it; the impossibility of the events, combined with the ideality of the language and characters, begin to give a character of vagueness and vacuity to the scene, till the strong infusion of vulgar reality in the character of Trinculo, and his speculations on the profit which might be made in London by exhibiting his friend Caliban, restore the equilibrium at once, and place the spectator in that due medium between truth and falsehood which the laws of composition require.

In Aristophanes it may be observed that in those parts of his plays in which the circumstances are the most outrageously impossible, the truth and reality of the dialogue are the most studiously laboured. It is then that he delights to exhibit the little unavowed struggle for ascendancy, with its alternate triumphs, efforts and defeats, and, above all, the pride of local information by which the new-comer, whether at the mansion of Jupiter or of Pluto, is kept at arms-length and obliged to bow to the superior knowledge and importance of the established resident. But as all the plays of Aristophanes involve more or less the assumption of some impossibility, so throughout, the perfect reality of the dialogue, both in the little artifices of conversation, and in the forms and turns of expression, is maintained; we might say, uniformly; but that occasionally, passages are interspersed, consisting either of burlesque of particular passages in the tragic writers, or of the tragic style in general. Now as these passages are perfectly distinguishable in the original, they ought undoubtedly to be, at least, recognizable in the translation; and here we think, that the choice which Mr. Mitchell has made, of a style borrowed from our early comedies, has subjected him to particular disadvantages: the tone of his general style having been pitched too high, and partaking of an artificial character, it becomes impossible almost, to mark, by any corresponding change, those transitions, by which the original passes from natural into artificial language. Hence in the dialogue between *Dicæopolis*

and Euripides, and in the harangue of the former, the variation and play of style, passing perpetually from the natural to the burlesque, and in the scene between Demosthenes and the Sausage-seller, the strong declamatory language of the one, and the vulgar interruptions of the other, are represented in the translation by the same uniform and artificial language. It is not too much to say that if Ben Jonson himself, who was certainly a mighty master both of learning and humour, had attempted a translation of Aristophanes, in the same style which he has employed in his own comedies, the very nature of the attempt would have made it impossible for him to produce an adequate representation of the original. But Jonson would have possessed many advantages, which cannot belong to a modern who undertakes to perform the same task in language imitated from him. The language of Jonson, though not purely natural, was at least founded upon, and immediately deduced from nature; it was not an imitation of daily speech, but was conformable to it, and never lost sight of it as a test by which the proper employment of words, and the natural combination of them, was to be determined. Hence, though we are sensible that the language is neither simple nor natural, we are never shocked by anomalous or discordant arrangements of words; the aberration is confined within a certain limit—a limit which was traced out to the author by that usage—

‘Quem penès arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.’

But the author, who attempts to write in the language of times that are past, has no such guide; he has no resource beyond his books, and if they fail him or mislead him, he is in perpetual danger of committing offences against the propriety of language. In a work of so much merit and labour, we should be unwilling to quote particular passages for reprobation; but there are many in which the English idiom is so strained, that a reader to whose recollection the original is not immediately present, would be led to conclude, that the harshness of the translation must have arisen from a verbal adherence to the idiom of the original; and he is surprised, on turning to it, to find that the phrase which he has condemned, is given as the English equivalent for an idiom of a different construction. But even if the style and language of our own old comedies were suited to represent the character of the ancient Aristophanic comedy; which from the essential differences subsisting between the two genera, we think, that it is *not*;—and even supposing that ancient style to be perfectly imitated, we should still feel an objection, arising from the very perfection of the imitation; as it would have a constant tendency to destroy that illusion which it is the object of the translator to create: the translation might be admirable, but the reader would be constantly reminded, that he was reading

reading an admirable translation—he would never be allowed to lose himself in the thoughts and images, and forget for a moment the language in which they were conveyed to him.

The language of translation ought, we think, as far as possible, to be a pure, impalpable and invisible element, the medium of thought and feeling, and nothing more; it ought never to attract attention to itself; hence all phrases that are remarkable in themselves, either as old or new; all importations from foreign languages and quotations, are as far as possible to be avoided. This may appear somewhat too strict to some of our readers; but we are persuaded that Mr. Mitchell himself is too well acquainted with the principles of translation, not to be aware, upon reflection, that such phrases as he has sometimes admitted, '*solus cum solo*,' for instance, '*petits patés*,' &c. have the immediate effect of reminding the reader, that he is reading a translation, and that the illusion of originality, which the spirited or natural turn of a sentence immediately preceding might have excited, is instantly dissipated by it.

We think that licenses of this kind have in themselves a character of petulance and flippancy—that they are wholly unworthy of the judgment and good taste which Mr. Mitchell has in general shewn:—they belong more properly to that class of translators who are denominated *Spirited Translators*, whose spirit and ability consist in substituting a modern variety or peculiarity for an ancient one, to the utter confusion of all unity of time, place and character; leaving the mind of the reader bewildered as in a masquerade, crowded and confused with ancient and modern costumes. Of this class of translators, and of their ancient and inveterate antagonists, the *Faithful Translators*, we should wish to say something, because we think that it may tend to illustrate the principle of translation generally.—The proper domain of the Translator is, we conceive, to be found in that vast mass of feeling, passion, interest, action and habit which is common to mankind in all countries and in all ages; and which, in all languages, is invested with its appropriate forms of expression, capable of representing it in all its infinite varieties, in all the permanent distinctions of age, profession and temperament, which have remained immutable, and of which the identity is to be traced almost in every page of the author before us.

Nothing can be more convincing or more deeply astonishing than the result which must remain upon the mind of every man who has read the remains of Aristophanes with the attention which they deserve. It is evident that every shade of the human character, and the very mode in which each is manifested, remain the same; not a genus or a species is become extinct; many even which might naturally have been considered as mere accidental varieties are still preserved; or have been reproduced.

The original author who is addressing his cotemporaries must of course make use of phrases according to their conventional import; he will likewise, for the sake of immediate effect, convey his general observations in the form of local or even personal allusion. It is the office, we presume, of the Translator to represent the forms of language according to the intention with which they are employed; he will therefore in his translation make use of the phrases in his own language, to which habit and custom have assigned a similar conventional import, taking care, however, to avoid those, which, from their form or any other circumstances, are connected with associations exclusively belonging to modern manners; he will likewise, if he is capable of executing his task upon a philosophic principle, endeavour to resolve the personal and local allusions into the genera, of which the local or personal variety employed by the original author, is merely the accidental type; and to reproduce them in one of those permanent forms which are connected with the universal and immutable habits of mankind. The Faithful Translator will not venture to take liberties of this kind; he *renders* into English all the conversational phrases according to their grammatical and logical form, without any reference to the current usage which had affixed to them an arbitrary sense and appropriated them to a particular and definite purpose. He retains scrupulously all the local and personal peculiarities, and in the most rapid and transient allusions thinks it his duty to arrest the attention of the reader with a tedious explanatory note. The Spirited Translator, on the contrary, employs the corresponding modern phrases; but he is apt to imagine that a peculiar liveliness and vivacity may be imparted to his performance, by the employment of such phrases as are particularly connected with modern manners; and if at any time he feels more than usually anxious to avoid the appearance of pedantry, he thinks he cannot escape from it in any way more effectually, than by adopting the slang and jargon of the day. The peculiarities of ancient times he endeavours to represent, by substituting in their place the peculiarities of his own time and nation.

But after all that we have said, an instance in the two opposite styles will, perhaps, make our meaning more intelligible: Bacchus is interposing to calm the controversy between Æschylus and Euripides, which is rising into violence on both sides, and he represents to them—

‘λοιδορεῖσθαι δ’ οὐ πρίπι
 Ἀνδρας ποιήτας ὡς παρ’ ἀρτοποιίδας.’

literally—

‘it ill beseems
 Illustrious bards to scold like bakers’ wives.’

And, so accordingly the literal and Faithful Translator will render it,
 with

with the addition of a note, in which he makes it clear, by the testimony of various learned authorities, that the bakers' wives in Athens were addicted to scolding above their fellows. Not so the Spirited Translator; he looks for a modern peculiarity to counter-vail the ancient, and puts boldly 'to scold like oyster wenches.'

But he, the lawful and true Translator, such as we conceive him—*τον φρονιμον ανδρα τον υπερσοφον*—proceeding upon the philosophic principles before mentioned, and revolving in his mind those characteristics, which (from the necessary order of sublunary things) must inseparably adhere to the practice of inferior traffic in a place of open competition; and more especially where the articles exposed for sale, are in themselves of a perishable and transitory nature; He, will infer *a priori*, that among the venders of such commodities, so circumstanced, a spirit of objurgatory altercation must of necessity prevail; the authority of antiquity, the concurring reports of enlightened and veracious travellers, the testimony of his own ears, in passing through the various Agorai of our own metropolis, will satisfy him, that the conclusion to which he before arrived by induction, is a just one; and that the race of Market Scolds are a permanent and imperishable species. Emboldened by this discovery, he proceeds to resolve the variety into the species, and ventures to translate *αγοπωλιδας* 'hucksters' or 'market women,' as may happen to suit the verse; and though the passage so rendered be neither brilliant nor spirited, nor literally faithful, he is satisfied, that by avoiding both the ancient and the modern peculiarity, he does not, (during the perusal of one line at least,) oblige his reader to recollect, that the work which he has before him is a mere translation.

But in order to convey more perfectly our own idea of what we should consider as an adequate translation, we will suppose an imaginary case:—An ancient manuscript containing one of the plays of Aristophanes, hitherto supposed to have been lost, falls by some accident, into the hands of a person capable of translating it upon the principle which we should consider as the true one. He translates accordingly; and publishes his translation; but determines for a time to keep the original to himself. The learned readers of such a translation, when they had finished their perusal, might be able to infer, from the total absence of any of those peculiarities, unintelligible to an English reader; which belong to antiquity, but which are no wise characteristic of it; which distract the attention without affording employment for the imagination—they would infer, we say, from the total absence of all these types of authenticity, that the translation could not have been executed in strict and literal conformity to the text of the supposed manuscript. But if on the other hand, the tone and character of antiquity, and the general spirit of the original author, should have been so perfectly

maintained throughout, as to make it impossible to fix upon any one passage, of which it could confidently be said, 'that it was a deviation from the original,' or if in so fixing upon a particular passage, the learned before-mentioned should happen to be wrong; we should conceive in such a case, that the translator had in no degree transgressed the limits of that license, which is fairly allowable to him; that he had fulfilled at least one important condition, in preserving the unity and propriety of costume; and that he ought in justice to be exempt from that condemnation, to which the race of spirited translators, before-mentioned, are, we think, deservedly consigned.

We shall now return to a part of our subject of which we had almost lost sight. The principle of generalization will be found, we imagine, to be more or less applicable to translation, in proportion as the mind of the original author may be found to have proceeded habitually upon the same principles. Shakespeare appears at the first glance to be an author, beyond all others, encumbered and beset with accidental peculiarities, (the peculiarities of his own age and nation,) and might accordingly be considered as incapable of being properly translated; but a deeper insight into his works discovers a spirit of generalization, in which the local and peculiar allusions served but as types and abstracts of universal and permanent forms: hence we should see no reason why a mind capable of truly comprehending him, and possessing a practical command of any modern language, might not succeed (as the Germans are said to have done) in producing an adequate translation of his works. The same remark will apply to Aristophanes; the impossibility of producing a good translation of him has been so long repeated, that it has come at last to be admitted as an established critical dogma: he is, indeed, like Shakespeare, (and even in a much greater degree,) encumbered with local and individual allusions, and might from that difficulty alone, if it were an insuperable one, be abandoned at once as untranslatable: but the greater portion of his works has evidently been conceived in a deep and comprehensive spirit of generalization: if therefore we suppose a competent portion of dexterity in the management of any modern language, to be superadded to a thorough comprehension of the original; we, for our parts, are unable to see why an adequate translation, of such parts at least, of the original, as have been composed upon these principles, may not by possibility be produced; the talent and attainments requisite are not of the highest order, and if we add to these a natural feeling of taste, and a disposition to execute the task, with the degree of perfection of which it is capable, it should seem, that little else would be requisite.

We have ventured to say, that Aristophanes composed for the
most

most part upon principles of generalization; and, we repeat it; his representation is, indeed, a caricature of the Genus; but still it is Generic. Lamachus, for instance, in the play before us, (the *Acharnians*,) is not the individual *Lamachus*; he is as pure an abstract as his opponent Dicæopolis; the one proud, haughty, courteous, romantic, adventurous and imaginative; the other shrewd, calculating, peaceful and sensual, humble or saucy, as circumstances may require or permit: they are the permanent contrasts of human nature, and like their parallels, Don Quixote and Sancho, belong equally to all nations and times.

The pretensions and airs of the Envoys returned from two Courts of a different description, are not accidental but permanent traits. If we substitute the Court of the Czar Peter and that of Louis XIV. for Thrace and Persia, we shall see that the Envoy returned from the one, would be disposed to boast of his familiarity with the barbarous Autocrat, the rude conviviality in which they had lived together, and the sincerity and heartiness of his royal friend's politics; while the other, in an affected tone of complaint, would detail the intolerable excess of luxury and magnificence and accommodation, which had been obtruded upon him, at Versailles and the voyage de Marly.

The two Country People who are introduced as attending Dicæopolis's market, are not merely a Megarean and a Theban distinguished by a difference of dialect and behaviour; they are the two extremes of rustic character—the one (the Megarean) depressed by indigence into meanness, is shifting and selfish, with habits of coarse fraud and vulgar jocularly. The caricature, to be sure, is extravagant; but it is a caricature of the Genus.—The Theban is the direct opposite—a primitive, hearty, frank, unsuspicious, easy-minded fellow; he comes to market with his followers, in a kind of old fashioned rustic triumph, with his bag-pipers attending him: Dicæopolis (the Athenian, the medium between the two extremes before described) immediately exhibits his superior refinement, by suppressing their minstrelsy; and the honest Theban, instead of being offended, joins in condemning them. He then displays his wares, and the Athenian, with a burlesque tragical rant, takes one of his best articles (a Copaic eel) and delivers it to his own attendants to be conveyed within doors. The Theban, with great simplicity, asks how he is to be paid for it, and the Athenian, in a tone of grave superiority, but with some awkwardness, informs him that he claims it, as a toll due to the market. The Theban does not remonstrate, but after some conversation agrees to dispose of all his wares, and to take other goods in return; but here a difficulty arises, for the same articles which the Athenian proposes in exchange, happen to be equally abundant in Bœotia; the scene here

here passes into burlesque, but it is a burlesque expressive of the character which is assigned to the Theban; a character of primitive simplicity, utterly unacquainted with all the pests by which existence was poisoned in the corrupt community of Athens. A common Sycophant or Informer is proposed as an article, which the Athenian soil produced in great abundance, but which would be considered as a rarity in Bœotia. The Theban agrees to the exchange, saying, that if he could get such an animal to take home, he thinks he could make a handsome profit by exhibiting him. A noted informer (Nicarchus by name) immediately appears, the Theban replies to his first inquiry with the utmost simplicity, and the informer in return denounces his merchandize as enemies' property. Upon this the Athenian proceeds to execute his bargain by seizing him, and (with the assistance of his attendants) tying him round with cords like an oil jar; this operation is performed in cadence to a lively song of no great meaning, (not much unlike that of Nancy Dawson,) after which he is properly adjusted as a burden on the back of the Theban's attendants, who departs with his purchase.

As this scene has been omitted by Mr. Mitchell, we shall insert an attempt which has been made to translate it, on the principles which have been recommended above.

SCENE.—DICEOPOLIS, *the Athenian, in his new Market-place, which (by virtue of a private Treaty) he has opened to the Citizens of those States which were at War with Athens.*—Enter a THEBAN with his Attendants all bearing Burdens, and followed by a Train of Bag-pipers.

Theban. Good Troth, I'm right-down shoulder-galled; My Lads Set down your bundles—You—take care o'the herbs, Gently—he sure dont bruise 'em, and now You Minstrels That needs must follow us all the way from Thebes, Blow wind i' the tail of your Bag-pipes—Puff away.

Dicæ. Get out!—what wind has brought 'em here I wonder?—A parcel of Hornets buzzing about the door!

You humble-bumble drones—Get out—Get out—

Theb. As Iolaus shall help me; that's well done, Friend, and I thank you;—coming out of Thebes They blew me away the blossoms from all these herbs—You've serv'd 'em right—So now would you please to buy What likes you best of all my Chaffer here, All kinds, four-footed things and feather'd fowl.

*Dicæ.** My little tight Bœotian! Welcome kindly My little pudding-eater! What have you brought?

Theb. In a manner, every thing, as a body may say, All the good cheer of Thebes and the primest wares,

* Dicæopolis is made to practise the common trick of ascendancy; taking no notice of the new comer for some time, and then recognizing him suddenly with a kind of hearty jolly condescension.

Mats, trefoil, wicks for lamps, sweet marjoram,
Coots, didappers, and water-hens—What not?
Widgeon and teal.

Dica. Why you're come here amongst us
Like a northwind in Winter, with your wild fowl.

Theb. Moreover I've brought geese, and hares moreover,
And Eels from the lake Copais which is more.

Dica. O thou bestower of the best of spitchcocks
That ever yet was given to mortal man,
Permit me to salute those charming Eels.

Theb. (*Addressing the Eel, and delivering it to Dicaëopolis.*)—
Daughter come forth and greet the courteous stranger
First-born of Fifty Damsels of the Lake.

Dica. O long regretted and recover'd late,
Welcome; thrice welcome to the comic quire,
Welcome to me, to Morychus and all;
——(Ye slaves prepare the chafing dish and stove.)
Children, behold her here, the best of Eels,
The loveliest and the best, at length return'd
After six years of absence! I myself
Will furnish you with charcoal for her sake.
Salute her with respect, and wait upon
Her entrance there within, with due conveyance:

(*The eel is here carried off by Dicaëopolis's servants.*)

—Grant me, ye Gods! so to possess thee still,
While my life lasts, and at my latest hour,
Fresh even and sweet as now—with . . . Savory Sauce.*

Theb. But how am I to be paid for it? Won't you tell me?

Dica. Why with respect to this Eel, in the present instance,
I mean to take it as a perquisite,
As a kind of toll to the market, you understand me—
—These other things—I suppose you mean to sell them?

Theb. Yes sure—I sell 'em all.

Dica. Well, what do you ask?
Or would you take commodities in exchange?

Theb. Aye; Think of something of your country produce
That's plentiful Down Here, and scarce Up There.

Dica. Well you shall take our Pilchards or our Pottery.

Theb. Pilchards and Pottery!—Naw! we've plenty of they—
But think of something, as I said before,
That's plentiful Down Here, and scarce Up There—

Dica. (*After a moment's reflection.*)
I have it!—A true-bred Sycophant, an Informer—

* The conclusion in broader burlesque is expressed in the original by the word *ἐπίβουλανομαστος*. Aristophanes gives it to shew the rhythm suited to the conclusion of such a passage, and to mark more strongly the defect of the line in Euripides, from which it is parodied, ending with three words, each of them a separate Iambic foot, *τῆς μένης τις ἴσ' ἔμοι*. The burlesque word has the true tender faultering cadence—*μὲνδ' γὰρ δανόν ποτε σὺν χαρὶς ἔβην ἐπίβουλανομήνης*.

I'll give you one, tied neatly and corded up,
Like an oil-jar.

Theb. Aye; that's fair; by the Holy Twins!
He'd bring in money I warrant; money enough,
Amongst our folks at home, with shewing him,
Like a mischief-full kind of a foreign Ape.

Dicaë. Well there's Nicarchus bustling on this way,
Laying his Informations—There he comes.

Theb. (*Contemplating him with the eye of a purchaser.*)
'A seems but a small one to look at.

Dicaë. Aye, but I promise ye,
He's full of tricks and roguery, every inch of him.

Enter NICARCHUS.

Nic. (*In the pert peremptory tone of his profession as an Informer.*)
Whose goods are these? these articles?

Theb. Mine sure;
We be come here from Thebes.

Nic. Then I denounce them
As enemies property—

Theb. (*With an immediate outcry*) Why what harm have they done,
The birds and creatures?—Why do you quarrel with 'em?

Nic. And I'll denounce you too.

Theb. What, me? What for?

Nic. To satisfy the bystanders I'll explain—
You've brought in Wicks for Lamps, from an enemy's country.

Dicaë. (*Ironically*) And so, you bring 'em to light?

Nic. I bring to light
A plot!—a plot to burn the arsenal!

Dicaë. (*Ironically.*) With the Wick of Lamp?

Nic. Undoubtedly—

Dicaë. In what way?

Nic. (*With great gravity.*) A Bæotian might be capable of fixing it
On the back of a Cockroach, who might float with it
Into the Arsenal, with a north east wind,
And if once the fire caught hold of a single vessel,
The whole would be in a blaze!

Dicaë. (*Seizing hold of him.*) You Dog—You Villain,
Would a Cockroach burn the Ships and the Arsenal?

Nic. Bear witness all of ye.

Dicaë. There stop his mouth;
And bring me a band of straw to bind him up,
And send him safely away for fear of breaking,
Gently and steadily, like a potter's jar.

Chor. To preserve him safe and sound,
You must have him fairly bound,
With a cordage nicely wound
Up and down and round and round;
Se-curely pack'd.

Dicaë.

Dica. I shall have a special care,
For he's a piece of paltry ware,
And as you strike him Here—or There—*(Striking him.)*
The noises he returns declare—*(The informer screaming.)*
He's partly crack'd,

Chor. How then is he fit for use?

Dica. As a store-jar of abuse,
Fit to slander and traduce,
Plots and lies he cooks and brews,
Or any thing.

Chor. Have you stow'd him safe enough?

Dica. Never fear, he's hearty stuff,
Fit for usage hard and rough,
Fit to beat and fit to cuff,
To toss and fling.

*(The informer being by this time reduced to a Chrysalis state,
by successive involutions of cordage, is flung about and
hung up and down in illustration and confirmation of
Dicaeopolis's warranty of him.)*

You can hang him up or down,
By the heels or by the crown.

Theb. I'm for harvest business bown.

Chor. Fare ye well, my jolly clown,
We wish ye joy.

You've a purchase tight and neat,
A rogue, a sycophant compleat—
Fit to bang about and beat,
Fit to bear the cold and heat—

And all employ.

Dica. I'd a hard job with the rascal tying him up!

—Come, my Bœotian, take away your bargain,

Theb. *(Speaking to one of his servants.)* Ismenias stoop your back,
and hoist him up,

Gently and steadily—So—now carry him off—

Dica. He's an unlucky commodity; notwithstanding,
If he earns you a profit, you can have to say
What few can say—'you've been a gainer by him
'And better'd your affairs by an informer.'—

Having endeavoured to explain as well as we could, what we conceive to be the principles applicable to a translation of Aristophanes, and having moreover exemplified them to the best of our ability, we find it still necessary, to take notice of one point which, for the sake of those readers who may be disposed to compare our version with the original, may be, perhaps, more conveniently discussed after a perusal of the translation. The principles which we before stated will account for the omission of all local peculiarities, which, however interesting as matters of curiosity to the antiquary, would, if inserted in a translation, have no other effect

effect than that of distracting the attention, or diverting it from the broad general expression of character and humour which is evidently the primary object of the poet; but it may, perhaps, be thought, that in one or two instances we have taken an unwarrantable liberty in expanding the text of the original. Our defence must be that the text of the original is not *the original*—it is the *text* of the original and nothing more: it contains the original always *potentialiter*, but not always *actualiter*. The true actual Original, which the ancient dramatic poets had in view, and upon the success of which their hopes of applause and popularity were founded, consisted of the entire Performance, as exhibited, and in the dialogue as represented by Actors trained and disciplined under the immediate direction of the Author himself; a sentence, therefore, of three words, or even a single word, if pronounced with the tone and gesture appropriated to it by the author, would in many, we may say in most cases, convey an expression, which would not belong to the same words barely printed or written, and presenting themselves, without any accompaniment, to the mere eye of the reader: wherever, therefore, in such cases, the tone and intended expression of the original can be ascertained or fairly inferred; we conceive that the translator (if he considers it as a part of his office to convey to the modern reader the sense and intention of his author) must of necessity expand his sentences into a dimension capable of bearing a distinct and intelligible impress of character. The original Author made use of a sort of comic short-hand; which was explained to the Actor, and through his medium was rendered intelligible, and even obvious to the Audience: but the translator has no such intermediate agent at his command; words are his only instrument—words, in the form of dull, naked, uniform letter-press; he must, therefore, make use of them as well as he can, and he must make use of more of them, if he wishes to give his readers a tolerably easy chance of comprehending the conception, which he has formed of the original design of the author, whom he professes to reproduce.

In considering the mode in which Aristophanes should be translated, there is one point of more than literary importance, which we must not overlook. As we would not consent to expel Swift from the shelves of an English library, so, with respect to mere grossness, vulgarity and nastiness, in a translation of Aristophanes, an occasional spice of each, sparingly applied, (more sparingly a great deal than in the literary banquet of the Dean,) may be necessary to give a notion of the genuine flavour of the original.—Mere physical impurity has not changed its nature, and the ancients and the moderns do not in this respect materially differ from each other—not more, perhaps, than the higher and lower classes in the same society.

Aristophanes,

Aristophanes, it must be recollected, was often under the necessity of addressing himself exclusively to the lower class. But the σοφοί and the δέξιοι, the persons of taste and judgment, to whom the author occasionally appeals, form, in modern times, the tribunal to which his translator must address himself; the utmost which they can be expected to endure may, perhaps, be estimated by the degree of grossness which they tolerate as characteristic, in the vulgar (which are not altogether the worst) comedies of Molière; and within this limit we should think that a translator of Aristophanes would do well to confine himself. But with respect to moral impurity the case is widely different; the distance between the modern Christian world and Heathen antiquity is immense, and the retrenchment must be absolute; for this reason, at least, if for no other—that the impression is not the same, and consequently can no longer correspond with the intention of the Author.

We would not willingly particularize instances of this kind; but it would not be difficult to point out lines of extreme grossness, which have evidently been inserted, for the purpose of pacifying the vulgar part of the audience, during passages in which their anger, or impatience, or disappointment, was likely to break out: they are evidently forced compromises on the part of the author; breaking in upon the unity of that true comic humour which he was directing to the more refined and intelligent part of his audience. When considered in connection with the context, and in relation to what is called the business of the stage, it is probable that they were delivered (parenthetically as it were) with some peculiar broadness of gesture and tone, sufficient to separate them from that genuine vein of comic humour, which the more intelligent auditors might still be able to follow, in spite of a burlesque interruption, as a Spanish audience follow up the interest of a serious dialogue, without finding their attention disturbed by the buffooneries and by-play of the Gracioso. In discarding such passages therefore, the translator is merely doing that for his author, which he would willingly have done for himself. It is only in the opening scenes of his plays that material chasms would occur; for as the poet found it necessary (like the orator) to begin 'by captivating the benevolence of his auditory,' these popular and conciliatory efforts are occasionally accompanied by a most profuse largess of filth and trash.

It is now time for us to proceed to the examination of the manner in which Mr. Mitchell has executed his work. We do not mean to follow him through the Preliminary Discourse, which occupies his first hundred pages; indeed, we could only do so, for the purpose of amplification and illustration. He seems to have formed, and he has communicated in a very perspicuous style, a just estimate of the genius, the character, and the patriotic intention

tention of his author, and he has swept away with great vigour, the heaps of calumnious rubbish, which have been accumulating against him for so many centuries.

We will now begin at the beginning. We do not see why the phrase in the fifth line of the original should not have been translated agreeably to Brunck's interpretation. Mr. Mitchell has himself translated τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἀξιον (v. 205) agreeably to the sense which is always implied by the word ἀξιος when followed by a dative case; 'what is necessary for,' 'advantageous to,' though he has at the same time with great good taste preserved the tinge of associated meaning, derived from its more general use, and which is always found to adhere to a word when employed in a sense remote from its habitual meaning.

τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἀξιον.

'It concerns her pride and honour that our town his motions know.'

In this instance the strict grammatical import of the word ἀξιος,* and the associated impression connected with it, are very happily reconciled. We think that in v. 3. the same combination might have been effected with the same felicity, and that at any rate the real and strict sense of the passage ought at least to be discoverable in the translation. In the next line, it appears as if the translator had not perceived the humour of the original, and the double sense in which the word 'τραγωδικόν' ('tragic') is employed. We will endeavour to make it more palpable by re-arranging and concentrating the passage. Dicaëpolis says, 'I met with a *tragic* misfortune lately, for I went to the theatre expecting to hear a *tragedy* of Æschylus's; and when I got there, they were going to act a new *tragedy* of Theognis's. Now that is what I call altogether quite a *tragic* disappointment.'

In verse 17 and 18 of the original, the translator (if we understand rightly the sense of his note) seems to be of opinion, that the humour of the passage consists in the want of connection between the proposition and its antecedent; but Dicaëpolis is not, we conceive, *complaining of the dust*, either in jest or earnest. The whole passage appears to be a metaphor, drawn from one of the *Miseries of Human Life* in Athens, when persons bathing, and sprinkled with an alkaline powder in the bath, had the misfortune to get it into their eyes: children (whose skins did not require the same process) were exempt from this inconvenience, hence he says ἐξ ὧλου. On turning to Brunck's interpretation we find this

* The real meaning of the word is *what is called for*. We are inclined to believe with Mr. Whiter, that there is no Greek verb which may not be followed through its various significations by a radical form in our own language; ἀξιος, the verb, though apparently derived from the adjective, retains the primary sense, and signifies to ask, or, as we find it in old language, to *axe*.

sense recognized in the word *lixivium*—we again turn to the translator's note; but neither in the note nor the translation can we discover any thing which explains the metaphor; or which even implies that the passage is altogether a metaphorical one. It is possible, that this may be a fault of misexplanation, rather than of misconception; but in either case, the result of embarrassment and disappointment to the reader remains the same. It is, after all, one of those many expressions which are best represented by an equivalent.

We do not mean to pursue this minute species of remark any farther; we might have objected to the translation of the word *παρέκλυε*, as if expressing a continued attitude instead of a momentary action; but taking the line—

'That fellow, Chæris, stooping, Sirs, and slouching,'

as an amplification, sufficiently in harmony with the intention of the author, and characteristic of the appearance of a person performing on such an instrument, we are unwilling to object to it, though we wish that the strict sense (which we conceive to be that of unexpected and inopportune 'appearance,') had been preserved at the same time. We should, however, leave our readers under a false impression of the merits of this translation, if they should infer, that defects similar to those which we have noticed, occur in the same proportion in other parts of the work; it is unfortunate that they should present themselves in the first pages, and we therefore suggest them for reconsideration in a future edition.—

ἀρχομένου δ' ἔργου προσᾶπον χρεθόμεν ἡλαυγες.

We shall take our leave of the long soliloquy upon which we have hitherto animadverted, by inserting the concluding lines, which ('excepting as before excepted') appear to us to be very happily translated.

'For my part, Sirs, sure as the morning comes,
So sure am I the first at the assembly.
Solus cum solo there I take my seat;
And first I groan a little,—then I yawn
A little,—stretch a little,—hawk a little:—
Then comes a fit of vapours,—then I fall
To tracing figures in the sand, or pluck
An idle hair or so, or puzzle me
In sums and items of arithmetic;
While ever and anon I cast an eye
Upon the blooming fields, and breathe a prayer
Of earnestness for peace. As for the town,—
Fogs and east winds light on't!—I lack of nothing
But my snug country-box and pleasant acres.
No talk from them of buying coals and oil
And vinegar; *buy! buy!* thank heav'n the word's

Unknown

Unknown to them, they yield their produce all
 For nothing, they: nor ever stoop to twit me
 With that curs'd *by-word, buy*. Here then come I—
 Hands, feet and lungs prepared; and if a word
 Our orators let fall, save what pertains
 To peace, I'll raise a storm of words, and rain
 A very tempest of abuse upon them!—p. 17—19.

We may appear, perhaps, too minute in our criticism, but the words 'snug country-box' do not quite satisfy us. A 'snug country-box' conveys the idea of a place of occasional retirement, for a person whose occupation and resources are fixed in a neighbouring city; it implies no connection with agriculture as a means of subsistence to the occupant. But Dicæopolis is lamenting the loss of his entire livelihood, his farm, not the mere convenience of a villa; a single word ill chosen is often sufficient, as in the present instance, to impair materially the breadth and harmony of a beautiful passage.*

We select with pleasure, and without any drawback of criticism, a Semi-Chorus characteristic of the patriotic inveteracy and vehemence of the Old Achærians, in pursuit of poor Dicæopolis, who has been detected in concluding a separate peace.

'Toil and search are in vain,
 He is gone—fled amain.
 Now shame to my age,
 And to life's parting stage.
 Other tale it had been,
 When my years were yet green,
 And my youth in her pride
 Follow'd fast at the side
 Of Phayllus the racer!
 A fleet-going pacer,
 Tho' coals a full sack
 Press'd hard at my back.
 Then had not this maker
 Of peace, and a breaker
 With his best friends, I ween,
 Long space put between
 His country's undoer
 And me his pursuer,
 Nor should we thus part
 For a leap and a start.'—pp. 38, 39.

Dicæopolis, after an altercation in long trochaics, some of which are most admirably translated, 'makes a voluntary proposal: a

* The first origin of a phrase will always continue to mark its character. A citizen becomes the proprietor of a villa; he does not choose that his opulence should be estimated by the scale of his new purchase; he therefore applies a disqualifying term to it—'a mere box,'—'my box in the country.'

block is to be brought forward, and if he cannot justify himself for having entered into this separate treaty of peace with the enemies of his country, his head is to pay the forfeit of his indiscretion. Such is the homeliness of humour with which the countrymen of Pericles and Plato were to be cheated into their proper interests.'

We think that in the concluding observation the translator gives up the cause of his client rather too easily. We have little doubt that this incident is a mere burlesque of a rhetorical scene, in one of the many tragedies of Euripides of which we know nothing, in which the preparations for execution were made on the stage, and in the presence of the hero who was to harangue for his life.

In Dicæopolis's harangue which follows, the sense of the word *ἐνασπιδάσσομαι* seems to have escaped Brunck and the present translator; the former interprets it '*clypeo me non muntiam hercle;*' the true version would have been '*intra clypeum non me continebo:*' the metaphor is taken from a military phrase, expressing the behaviour of a cowardly soldier, who is contented with lying snug behind his own shield, without venturing to expose himself by attacking the enemy in return. This interpretation agrees perfectly with the context, the tenor of which implies that the future harangue is intended to be accusatory rather than exculpatory.

The prefatory discourse terminates to Dicæopolis's advantage; he obtains permission to prepare for his defence, by equipping himself in a pathological costume, which is to be borrowed from Euripides. His interview with Euripides follows; but the translation represents it to great disadvantage. It appears as if Dicæopolis, in applying to Euripides for assistance, began by wantonly affronting him; whereas the original expresses only the impertinence which involuntarily escapes from a man in an excess of eagerness and hurry. We shall attempt to make our meaning more intelligible by a loose imitation. 'Oh dear! Euripides, what you're there, are you? You're writing your tragedies up stairs? You write them there always? Always upstairs in the garret, hah! You prefer it to the ground floor? Well, now, is it not You? an't you the Man that makes those tragedies with the cripples and the lame characters? Ah, if you had but a suit of tatters, belonging to one of your old tragedies, that you would lend me, to make me look pathetic! You're the poet, an't you, that makes the tragedies with the beggars in them?'

The interview which Dicæopolis enters upon thus blunderingly and abruptly, terminates to his satisfaction; he procures a complete tragical equipment, and returns to make his defence. At the close the Chorus are divided in opinion; they form themselves into a double Semi-Chorus, and commence a scuffle. When *Lamachus* arrives, he (of course as a soldier) takes part against Dicæopolis,

and a personal struggle (which is marked in the original, v. 590) takes place between them. Lamachus's military assault is baffled by some knack in wrestling, characteristic of his rustic opponent; and they proceed to dispute, in a tone which implies an ascendancy on the part of Dicæopolis; his arguments are directed to captivate the favour of the Chorus, composed (as their names indicate) of the charcoal-burners of Acharnæ—Prinides, Marilades, &c. He addresses them in the lowest style of popular rhetoric.

'Why should not they be employed in Commands and Embassies?—they are old enough; they are steady, honest, industrious men—why should Lamachus, and the other showy expensive young fellows monopolize all the salaried offices and employments?'

Lamachus is worked up to a fury by this discourse, and departs. But why (it may be asked) should Aristophanes have put topics of such extravagant low democracy into the mouth of his principal character?—We cannot help thinking that in this passage there is a spirit of deep and bitter irony;—we will suppose *Lamachus* himself, the individual *Lamachus* to have asked the question of the author.

L. Well, Aristophanes, I have not seen you, I think, since your last comedy.—You have made very good fun of me; but there is nothing I ought to take amiss—nothing degrading in it, as far as I am concerned.

A. I am glad you think so—it is not very easy to hit that precise point—it cost me some trouble, I assure you.

L. But why should you make your friend Dicæopolis talk such low vulgar trash to the Chorus; as if men without birth or education were as well fitted for public employment as persons of my sort? We have had a good education, at least, and are used to live in a liberal society:—it seems so contrary to your principles, that I am at a loss to comprehend your drift.

A. Then I will tell you; it is precisely the men of your sort (the young rising promising set) that have brought us into our present difficulties.—Pericles was employing the public resources, splendidly and usefully—embellishing the city; giving occupation to a multitude of the poorer class; creating future resources for us; and, (as he thought,) strengthening his own interest, by the patronage attached to this peaceful harmless sort of expenditure. But he and his administration were grown old;—a new generation had sprung up, who thought themselves active enough and clever enough, to begin fingering the public money. They could not endure, that the whole public expenditure should pass directly from Pericles's hands, to be distributed among mere architects and artists and mechanics. The young rising political and military geniuses (precisely the men of your sort) felt it as a kind of contempt, that he should presume to govern without their participation or assistance. His scheme of policy was deficient in point of office and salary for persons of their description. They began, therefore, by attacking the system; Phidias was accused and ruined, and he himself was

was threatened with opposition at the approaching audit of his accounts; finally, he was driven to a compromise, and was obliged to make war, in order to have the means of stopping your mouths with appointments and commissions.—I have seen all this; and now, I see you (the very same young gentlemen) extremely indignant at finding yourselves occasionally hustled and jostled and ousted in your contests for office, by the very individual ragamuffins who were your agents among the populace at the time when you succeeded in raising an uproar against Pericles. Now, for my own part, I feel quite incapable of sympathizing with those exalted and indignant sentiments; I prefer you, (no doubt,) to your new rivals; but whenever they happen to get the better of you, I console myself with the reflection, that your present mortifications are the results of your own measures—that you have, in fact, nothing to complain of, except that you are deprived (perhaps with some mortifying circumstances) of the fruits of your own unjustifiable policy.—And lastly; that after all, the remedy is in your own hands; if you will unite yourselves to make a peace, your own salaries, and this offensive rivalry on the part of your inferiors, will cease together at once, and so I think Dicæopolis has told you.—v. 619.

We shall now close our account of the *Acharnæ*; but we shall first extract a burlesque lyrical passage which appears to us perfectly well translated.

‘ O, for a muse of fire,
Of true Acharnian breed !
A muse that might some strain inspire,
Brightness, tone and voice supplying,
Like sparks which, when our fish are frying,
The windy breath of bellows raise
From forth the sturdy holm-oak’s blaze :
What time our cravings to supply,
Some sift the meal and some the Thasian mixture try.’—

p. 290.

We do not mean to enter so much at length into the examination of the Knights (or Demagogues, as they are more properly called.) We shall content ourselves with noticing a few oversights not peculiar to the present translator. In the first scene, there is a manifest tone of drunkenness in Demosthenes’s part, it is the caricaturist’s mark by which he indicates that the figure on the stage is meant to represent Demosthenes—timidity and superstition, in like manner, serve to mark out Nicias—just as, in the caricatures of fifty years ago, a fox’s tail projecting between the flaps of a full dressed coat, supplied the defective resemblance of a young orator. The poet follows the rule of association, which is more suited to burlesque than the law of cause and effect. Demosthenes is represented drinking on the stage, but the tone of drunkenness begins as soon as he begins to talk about drinking—

‘ The verse too stammers and the line is drunk.’

Οἶϑος . . . ὅλως πρὸς τοὺς ἀνθρώπους . . . ὅλως . . .

1 1 2

observe,

observe, too, the similar endings in the following lines perfectly suited to express the pronunciation of a drunken man.

According to the same rule, the poet, before he leaves the stage, has no scruple in representing him as sober and even eloquent.—It is usual with Aristophanes, in the first instance, to mark the person; and afterwards to modify him. Thus Don Quixote, in the first chapters, is a mere madman; towards the conclusion he is modified, and becomes a vehicle for communicating many of the author's own sentiments and opinions. We shall now extract some lines of the attack upon Cleon which appear to be admirably well translated.

'Where's the officer at audit but has felt your cursed gripe?

Squeez'd and tried with nice discernment, whether yet the wretch
be ripe.

Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful to discern,

Which is green and which is ripe, and which is just upon the turn.

Is there one well-purs'd among us, lamb-like in heart and life,

Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating bus'ness, hating strife?

Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his mind is least at home,—
Room and place—from farthest Thrace, at your bidding he must
come.

Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and shoulder in your
grip,

To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite him on the hip.—
pp. 185, 186.

In the passage which follows, '*old deeds of valour*' is a most unlucky epithet. The party opposed to Cleon had been lately much strengthened in popularity and influence by the result of the expedition to Corinth. Cleon was aware of it—and (as it appears by this passage) had been truckling to them and began talking about 'his intention of proposing a proposal for a plan for erecting a monument in memory of the event.' In the two last lines of the original there is a studied vagueness of expression.

In verse 327, ὁ Ἱπποδάμου λειβεῖται θεωμένος, Brunck translates *liquitur lacrimis*, and the present translator has adopted the same sense. We would rather follow the scholiast, who thinks that a slap is given to Hippodamus, by the bye—the phrase should seem equivalent to *λαλεῖται οφθαλμοῖς*, not as expressing sorrow, but *envious longing*.*—At line 450, the translator observes—

'If the reader should think that the abuse of this pair has reached its climax, he has yet to learn the perseverance and extent of Grecian invective—the two rivals compass half the circle of Grecian science for terms of reproach, before they conclude;—the builder's art, the powers of the nail and the hammer, the glue-pot, the carpenter's yard, the art of running and casting metal, the crafts of the founder, the

* Hence you squeeze and drain alone the rich milch kine of our allies,
While the son of Hippodamus licks his lips with longing eyes.

brazier,

brazier, the cheesemonger, and the currier, all furnish terms which render their sarcasms more poignant, and alternately turn the tide of victory.'—p. 199.

This, we think, is an imperfect view of the subject; in the passage, the omission of which is supplied by this observation, it is evidently the object of the poet to mark a departure from the ancient decorum of public oratory, by an affectation of employing metaphors derived from the mechanical arts.—A similar style of affected homeliness has occasionally been in fashion in parliamentary speaking, and would furnish sufficient equivalents for a translation.

But an example is more satisfactory, and commonly more concise than an explanation. We shall endeavour to give the passage according to our notion of the poet's intention.

CLEON says,

'By the Holy Goddess its not new to me,
This scheme of yours—I've known the job long since
The measurement and the scantling of it all,
And where it was shap'd out and tack'd together.

(*The CHORUS are alarmed at this new vein of popular metaphor, and encourage their advocate to do his best in the same style.*)

Ch. Ah, there it is!—you must exert yourself,
Come, try to match him again with a carpenter's phrase.

Sausage-seller. Does he think I have not track'd him in his intrigues

At Argos? his pretence to make a treaty
With the people there, and his clandestine meetings
With the Spartans? Then he works and blows the coals,
And has plenty of other irons in the fire.

Chorus. Well done! the blacksmith beats the carpenter.

The contest in this instance is no longer a mere reciprocation of abuse and menace; it is an imitation of public oratory as infected and debased by vulgar jargon. What follows is in the same style, and is still more evidently an imitation of the accusatory and menacing style of the orators at that time, when actually speaking before the people. We should suspect that the Sausage-seller's style was copied from '*Hyperbolus's vein.*'

But our readers, if they have followed us thus far, will be glad to turn to a very beautiful specimen of Mr. Mitchell's, in which the higher and more austere lyrical poetry is imitated with a slight infusion of burlesque.

'Lord of the Waters! king of might,
Whose eyes and ears take stern delight
From neighing steeds and stormy fight
And gally swift pursuing;

' From starting car and chariot gay,
 And contests on that festive day,
 When Athen's sprightly youth display
 Their pride and their undoing ;

' Lord of the dolphins and the spear—
 Geræstian—Sunian—or more dear,
 If Cronus' name salute thy ear,
 And Phormion's gallant daring ;

' O come amongst us in thy power,
 Great Neptune ; in her trying hour
 Athens knows none so swift to shower
 Aids of immortal bearing.'—pp. 209, 210.

In p. 213 (v. 595 of the original) the translator justly controverts the opinion of Casaubon as to the intention of the poet in this burlesque description of the expedition to Corinth. The truth seems to be that neither compliment nor censure was intended. Aristophanes was the poetical advocate of his party, it was his business to serve them by bringing their merits to the recollection of his audience, and he thought that this might be done, more effectually and less invidiously in the fanciful style of humour which he has here adopted. His statement of the political character and merits of his clients was given distinctly in the Epirrema ; here in the Antepirrema, it is enforced by example, but extravagantly and whimsically ; in the first place, to avoid tediousness and uniformity ; and secondly, from the consideration, (manifest in the concluding lines of the Epirrema) that the party for which he was pleading was particularly obnoxious to popular disgust and envy. It would have been politic in Cleon as their adversary, to tempt them to acquiesce in an offensive display of their services, by a public monument. Their advocate, on the contrary, (but from the same considerations,) makes his poetic record as humorous and as inoffensive as possible. The Chorus, composed of knights, could hardly have been allowed seriously to celebrate their own exploits.

We shall here insert, as a curious scene in itself, and as a fair specimen of the translation, the Sausage-seller's narrative of his contest with Cleon before the senate, with the chorus of congratulation on his success.

' Straight as he went from hence, I clapt all sail
 And followed close behind. Within I found him
 Launching his bolts and thunder-driving words,
 Denouncing all the Knights, as traitors, vile
 Conspirators—jags, crags, and masses huge
 Of stone were nothing to the monstrous words
 His foaming mouth heav'd up. All these to hear
 Did the grave Council seriously incline ;
 They love a tale of scandal to their hearts,

And.

And his had been as quick in birth as golden-herb.
 Mustard was in their faces, and their brows
 With frowns were furrow'd up. I saw the storm,
 Mark'd how his words had sunk upon them, taking
 Their very senses prisoners ;—and, oh !
 In knavery's name, thought I,—by all the fools
 And scrubs and rogues and scoundrels in the town,—
 By that same forum, where my early youth
 Received its first instruction, let me gather
 True courage now : be oil upon my tongue,
 And shameless Impudence direct my speech.
 Just as these thoughts pass'd over me ; I heard
 A sound of thunder pealing on my right—
 I mark'd the omen,—grateful, kiss'd the ground—
 And pushing briskly thro' the lattice-work—
 Rais'd my voice to its highest pitch, and thus
 Began upon them—“ Messieurs of the Senate,
 I bring good news, and hope your favour for it.
 Anchovies, such as since the war began
 Ne'er cross'd my eyes for cheapness, do this day
 Adorn our markets”—at the words a calm
 Came over ev'ry face, and all was hush'd—
 A crown was voted me upon the spot.
 Then I (the thought was of the moment's birth),
 Making a mighty secret of it, bade them
 Put pots and pans in instant requisition,
 And then—one obol loads you with anchovies,
 Said I : anon most violent applause,
 And clapping hands ensued ; and every face
 Grew unto mine, gaping in idiot vacancy.
 My Paphlagonian discern'd the humour
 O' the time ; and seeing how the members all
 Were tickled most with words, thus utter'd him :
 “ Sirs—Gentlemen—'tis my good will and pleasure,
 That for this kindly news we sacrifice
 One hundred oxen to our patron-goddess.”
 Straight the tide turn'd : each head within the Senate
 Nodded assent and warm good-will to Cleon :
 “ What ! shall a little bull-flesh gain the day ?”
 Thought I within me : then aloud, and shooting
 Beyond his mark :—“ I double, sirs, this vote,—
 Nay more, sirs, should to-morrow's sun see sprats
 One hundred to the penny sold, I move
 That we make offering of a thousand goats
 Unto Diana.”—Ev'ry head was rais'd ;
 And all turn'd eyes incontinent on me.
 This was a blow he ne'er recover'd : straight
 He fell to mutt'ring fooleries and words
 Of no account—the chairmen and the officers

Mr. Mitchell has hit the very key-note of Aristophanes, whose choruses throughout this play are contrived to afford a relief and contrast to the vulgar acrimony of his dialogue; not in their logical and gramatical sense, but in their form and rhythm, and in the selection of the words; which, if heard imperfectly, would appear to belong (as in the present instance) to a grave, or tender, or beautiful subject.

We may except from this general observation the first chorus, $\Omega \mu\iota\alpha\rho\acute{\epsilon} \kappa\alpha\iota \beta\delta\epsilon\lambda\upsilon\rho\acute{\epsilon}$, as it forms a transition from the eager and vehement part which the chorus has taken just before. This also is translated by Mr. Mitchell with great power and effect.

Cho. Wretch! without a parallel—
Son of thunder—child of hell,—
Creature of one mighty sense,
Concentrated impudence!—
From earth's centre to the sea,
Nature stinks of that and thee.
It stalks at the bar,
It lurks at the tolls;
In th' Assembly, black war
And defiance it rolls.
It speaks to our ears
In an accent of thunder;
It climbs to the spheres
And rives heav'n asunder.

Athens deafens at the sound in her ears still drumming;
While seated high,
You keep an eye
Upon the tolls, like those who spy
If tunny-fish be coming.'—pp. 188, 189.

Having extracted already the contest between Cleon and his adversary in the senate, we shall subjoin a part of their subsequent altercation before the assembly of the people, personified in the character of Demus.

Cl. (to Demus.) For service and zeal I to facts, sir, appeal:—
say of all that e'er sway'd this proud city,
Who had ever more skill your snug coffer to fill,
undisturb'd by respectance or pity?
For one and for two I've the rope and the screw,
to a third I make soft supplication;
And I spurn at all ties, and all laws I despise,
so that Demus find gratification.

Saus. Mere smoke this and dust! Demus, take it on trust,
that my service and zeal can run faster:
I am he that can steal at the mouth a man's meal,
and set it before my own master.

Other

Other proofs than of love in this knave's grate and stove,
 noble lord, may your eyes be discerning :
 There the coal and the fuel that should warm your own gruel,
 to your slave's ease and comfort are burning.
 Nay, since Marathon's day, when thy sword (*to Demus*) pay'd the way
 to Persia's disgrace and declension,
 (That bountiful mint in which bards without stint
 fashion words of six-footed dimension,)
 Like a stone or a stock, hast not sat on a rock,
 cold, comfortless, bare and derided :—
 While this chief of the land never yet to your hand
 a cushion or seat hath provided ?
 But take this (*giving a cushion*) to the ease of your hams and your knees :
 for since Salamis' proud day of story,
 With a fleet ruin-hurl'd, they took rank in the world,
 and should seat them in comfort and glory.

Dem. What vision art thou ! let me read on thy brow,
 what lineage and kindred have won thee !
 Thou wert born for my weal, and the impress and seal
 of Harmodius are surely upon thee.

Cleon (*mortified.*) O feat easy done ! and is Demus thus won
 by diminutive gifts and oblations ?

Saus. Small my baits I allow, but in size they outgo
 your own little douceurs and donations.

Cl. (*fiercely.*) Small or great be my bait, ne'er my boast I abate,
 but for proof head and shoulders I offer,
 That in act and in will to Demus here still
 a love unexampled I proffer.

Saus. (*dactylics.*) You proffer love indeed ! you that have seen him bleed ;
 buffing and roughing it years twice four ;
 A tub-and-cask tenant,—vulture-lodg'd—sixth-floor man ;
 batter'd and tatter'd, and bruise'd and sore !
 There was he pent and sheut with a most vile intent,
 his milk and honey sweet from him to squeeze ;
 Pity none e'er he won, tho' the smoke pinch'd his eyes,
 and his sweet wine it was drawn to the lees,
 When Archeptolemus lately brought PEACE to us ;
 who but you (*to Cleon*) scatter'd and scar'd the virgin,
 While your foot rudely plac'd, where Honour's soul is cas'd,
 spurn'd at all such as acceptance were urging ?

Cl. (*fawning.*) And, my good sir, the cause ?—Marry that Demus'
 laws
 Greece universal might obey :
 Oracles here have I, and they in verity
 bear that this lord of our's must hold sway,
 Judging in Arcady, and for his salary,
 earning him easily a five-obol coin.
 Let him but wait his fate ; and in mean time his state,
 food and support shall be care of mine.'—pp. 230—233.

Upon

Upon the whole, the specimens of lyrical execution which we have given above, will justify us in venturing the opinion (which Goldsmith's friend suggested to the travelling connoisseur as a safe one in all cases), that 'the picture would have been better, if the painter had taken more pains.' There is evidently a very just comprehension of the intended effect of the original, and a full power of expressing it, but this power is not uniformly exerted. With respect to the dialogue, we have already noticed the defects which are inseparable from an obsolete and unfamiliar language, and which, in our opinion, would make it impossible for any talent to produce an adequate representation of Aristophanes in a style so unsuited to this species of Comedy. This, however, is an estimate of the work merely as compared with the original;—as compared with former translations, it stands on the highest ground—and even the original does not, at the first perusal, reveal to the young student, so much perhaps, as the mere English reader may collect from Mr. Mitchell's translation. His estimate of the character of his author, as detailed in the Preliminary Dissertation, is (in our opinion) perfectly correct and curious, and interesting in the highest degree. The notes, though we have pointed out one or two defects, are in general spirited, judicious and learned:—and even if we were inclined to attribute to the translator a degree of poetical merit much inferior to that which he may justly claim; we should still consider British literature as under the highest obligations to him, for an addition of such a mass of curious, interesting and instructive matter; which has hitherto been inaccessible, and which is now laid open to every English reader, to a point beyond which many professed scholars have not thought it worth their while to proceed. Since the publication of Mr. Mitford, nothing has appeared, so calculated to convey a true impression of the character of antiquity, or to efface those theatrical and pedantic notions, which are become the source not only of infinite absurdity and distortion of mind among scholars, but of much practical mischief and error, in proportion as the blunders of the learned are diffused among the vulgar.

w.

ART. X.—*Advice to Julia. A Letter in Rhyme.* pp. 236.
London. 1820.

THIS little poem has a great many merits, but it has, we fear, one fault, the worst which a poem, great or little, can have—it fails in interest. We find it difficult at first sight to account for this. The writer possesses a very agreeable vein of pleasantry if not of wit, great command of language, and a happy facility of versification.

fication. His subject is gay and varied, and he treats it with the ease and good breeding of a gentleman, and occasionally not without the imagination of a poet—and yet it is on the whole heavy; so much so, indeed, that though we have read it *all*, we cannot boast of having been able to read it *through*: we have read it by fits and starts, and here and there, with great satisfaction; but whenever we endeavoured to proceed right on with a regular perusal it fatigued us—like a French avenue or a Dutch canal, which is pretty to look at from an occasional crossing, but which becomes exceedingly wearisome when you are obliged to travel on it for leagues.

The causes of this tediousness appear to us to be, first, the didactic and narrative style to which the author's original design restricted him.—Three thousand lines of uninterrupted advice, even though it be the advice of a *dandy* to a *dolly*, are very appalling; and a whole poetic novel with but a single character, affords the prospect of no very enlivening *tête-à-tête*:—and secondly, the bad taste shewn by him in selecting a woman of that style as the object of a literary tribute: it throws a sameness of vulgarity and fulsomeness over the whole work, and though the author's language and his scenes are always decent, nay though they often rise into high life, our feelings are shocked in every page with the appearance of a connexion which would degrade its hero in the eyes even of the partners of such follies.

The author seems to have anticipated this last objection; and urges, in his defence, that he copies Horace; for that, to the Eighth Ode of the First Book,

‘ Lydia, dic, per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando
Perdere ?’——

he is indebted for his idea: but in the first place, Horace's ode is a pleasantry of only *sixteen lines*; and, secondly, there is not a word in it which obtrudes Lydia upon us as a courtesan. The Scholiast thinks she was one, and we think so too; because from the state of manners in ancient Rome, no other kind of female society was likely to have drawn Sybaris from his usual exercises or amusements; but the ode itself conveys no idea which might not, according to our manners, be applied to a legitimate love, nay even to domestic and conjugal happiness: and we cannot but think, that if the adviser had jocularly complained that a happy marriage had domesticated his friend, and drawn him from the gayer pleasures of his former society, it would have been a much more agreeable hypothesis; though even *that* would have wanted truth and nature, since marriage does not now-a-days remove a man from scenes of decent amusement,
such

such as the author describes.—In short, we cannot praise the plan of the work. It proceeds on principles altogether false, both in point of fact and in point of taste; and the author's powers of fancy and of language are incapable of giving any lasting interest to so indelicate and so ungrateful a subject. That these powers are considerable a few extracts will shew. Our readers cannot but admit that there is much pleasantry and spirit in some of the following portraits, and a lively, accurate and original view of nature in some of the following landscapes. His description of the dandy's conversation, though not perhaps in his best manner, is characteristic and clever.

'How much at home was Charles in all
The talk aforesaid—nicknamed *small*!
Seldom embarrassed, never slow,
His maxim always "touch and go;"
From grave to gay he ran with ease,
Secure alike in both to please.
Chanced he to falter? A grimace
Was ready in the proper place;
Or a chased snuff-box, with its gems
And gold, to mask his *ha's* and *hems*,
Was offered round, and duly rapp'd,
Till a fresh topic could be tapp'd.
What if his envious rivals swore
'Twas jargon all, and he a bore?
The surly sentence was outvoted,
His jokes retail'd, his jargon quoted;
And while he sneered or quizzed or flirted,
The world, half angry, was diverted.'—pp. 22, 23.

The following passages of autumnal London are extracted from a too long and too minute description; yet are they, in themselves, sprightly and amusing.

'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat,
As o'er it, the faint breeze, by fits
Alternate, blows and intermits.
For short-lived green, a russet brown
Stains every withering shrub in town.
Darkening the air, in clouds arise
Th' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies;
At rest, in motion—forced to roam
Abroad, or to remain at home,
Nature proclaims one common lot
For all conditions—"Be ye hot!"
Day is intolerable—Night
As close and suffocating quite;

And

And still the Mercury mounts higher,
 'Till London seems *again* on fire.'—pp. 149, 150.

' See, how beneath the cloudless beams
 Of a hot sun the river steams !
 The breeze is hushed ; a dazzling glare,
 Shot from the water, fires the air.
 And since, alas ! in sultry weather
 Few are the *amateurs* who feather
 And pull, like watermen, together, }
 Long ere the destined voyage is ended,
 Full many a *dashing* oar's suspended,
 Till, checked awhile, beneath the awning
 Breaks out, at length, a general yawning ;
 As melting in " day's garish eye,"
 Becalmed and motionless they lie.
 Or worse befalls. For oft a raw gust
 Broods o'er the burning brow of August,
 And " hushed, expects" throughout the day,
 " In grim repose, its evening prey."
 Bursting at last, a sudden squall
 Drenches the ladies near Black-wall ;
 Or the vext waters make a breach
 Clean over them in Chelsea-reach.'—pp. 152—154.

Now cloudless skies their heat redouble ;
 The " Swart Star" rages o'er the stubble.
 Now, half dried up, the river shrinks,
 And the parched common yawns in chinks ;
 Dogs in the fancied chase grow hot,
 And birds impatient to be shot.
 These signs, and more—but 'twould encumber
 My verse to reckon up their number,
 The earth, in short, the air, the sun,
 Proclaim The Capital undone.'—pp. 162, 163.

The trip to Margate in the steam-boat is excellent in its way :
 and our readers will not fail to observe here and there, amid the
 broad and accurate humour of the descriptions, touches of a finer
 pleasantry.

' Now many a city-wife and daughter
 Feels that the *dipping* rage has caught her.
 Scarce can they rest upon their pillows,
 For musing on machines and billows ;
 Or, should they slumber, 'tis to dream
 All night of Margate and of Steam ;
 Of Steam, which stronger than a giant,
 Duly invoked, is more compliant.
 At half-past eight, propitious hour !
 He's at their service, at the Tower.

Embarked,

Embarked, they catch the sound, and feel
 The thumping motion of his wheel.
 Lashed into foam by ceaseless strokes,
 The river roars, the funnel smokes,
 As onward, like an arrow, shoots
 The giant, with his seven-league boots;
 Spite of their crowded sails, outstripping
 With ease the speed of all the shipping
 Through every reach—mast following mast
 Descried, approached, o'ertaken, past.
 Look where you will, you find no traces
 Of qualm-anticipating faces
 From shifting helm or taught lee-braces,
 Ills with which fate the bliss alloys,
Else perfect, of the Margate-hoys.
 No calm, so dead that nothing stirs,
 Baffles the sea-sick passengers.
 With ecstasy no tongue can utter,
 They take to tea and bread and butter.
 On the smooth deck some stretch their legs,
 Some feast below on toast and eggs,
 As, cheered by clarinet and song,
Ten knots an hour, they spank along,
 (Sure at their destined post to sup,
 Unless, perchance, they're all blown up,)
 By Graves-end, South-end, through the Nore,
 Till the boat lands them all at *four*,
 Exulting, on the Margate shore!—pp. 156—158.

There is something in the following illustration of that gentle violence with which political favours are 'thrust upon us,' which savours of Swift.

'Tis thus that peerages are proffered,
 And ribbons pressed, and mitres offered.
 There's no protection, no defence
 Against this gentle violence.
 Some receive pensions, others places,
 As from the hands of all the Graces.
 "They never had the slightest notion,—
 " 'Twas all the minister's own motion;
 " They fight, 'tis true, beneath his banner;
 " But—given in such a handsome manner—
 " Never solicited or troubled—
 " They feel the obligation doubled."
 Ask not the meaning, or the force
 Of words like these—they're words of course;
 Sounds which, however strange to utter,
 Add relish to men's bread and butter.—p. 197.

These airy and clever passages, (and these are not the only ones of

of this description in the poem,) shew the author to more advantage than the whole work; for he is never satisfied to *sketch* his scene—he labours it with the care, but without the effect, of a Dutch painter; and rarely intermits his pains, till he has confused and flattened his first design by the cruel luxuriance of his illustration.

If this redundancy of rhyme be attributable to copiousness,—to the errors of taste, and the inexperience of a young author, we entertain great hopes of his future success; but if, on the other hand, as we see some reason to suspect, the Letter to Julia is the vehicle of the hoarded facetiousness of a practised dealer in jeux d'esprits, we can expect not merely nothing better, but perhaps even nothing more of this kind from the same pen. The accumulated pleasantries of years have apparently been lavished in an incautious fortnight on the extravagant Julia.

ART. XI.—*Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. Begun by himself and concluded by his Daughter, Maria Edgeworth.* 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1820.

WE have been so much amused with the writings of Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter, and their style seems so particularly adapted to domestic biography, that we found it impossible to open this book without certain anticipations of pleasure. But it too often happens that those who exhibit the shrewdest good sense in measuring or describing the qualities of others, are woefully deficient in appreciating their own. To speak of one's self with *moral* truth is difficult; with *absolute* truth perhaps impossible. Endless indeed are the forms which vanity takes; but it may generally be said that the two most frequent, and yet most intolerable faults are, on the one hand, long-winded explanations of minute and trivial facts, and on the other, pompous declamations, in which the facts are overlaid by a verbose and unwearied panegyric. We are afraid that our readers will find these observations not altogether inapplicable to the present volumes.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth was born at Bath, in the year 1744, of a family which had been settled in Ireland since the time of Queen Elizabeth, but which he says had been, God knows how long, established at 'Edgeworth, in Middlesex, now *erroneously* called Edgeware.'

Mr. Edgeworth favours us with some memoranda of his immediate ancestors, which it required no little exertion of candour to give, and which are only curious as showing that some of the most absurd scenes of his Castle Rack-rent were copied from the traditions of his own family. And here, perhaps, we may be allowed to observe—as the literary reputation of the Edgeworths is mainly
built

built on their representation of Irish characters—that their habit was to write down (even in society) any expressions which appeared to them likely to suit their publications; and we have been informed that when Mr. Edgeworth acted as a magistrate in hearing the disputes of his Irish neighbours, his daughter was often in the room taking notes of the peculiar manners or expressions of the litigants. This accounts for the admirable truth and minuteness with which they have painted *individual* Irish character. It explains also why such of their works, and such parts of the works, as are not peculiarly Irish, are so very inferior to those which are; and it removes a little of the wonder which we have felt, that the authors of *Castle Rack-rent* and *Ennui* should have produced such works as *Belinda*, *Harrington* and *Ormond*, and the two volumes before us. But it is also worthy of observation, that this mode, of sketching after *individual* nature, has a strong tendency to caricature, and that, accordingly, the portraits which Mr. and Miss Edgeworth compose, on the principle of *Apelles*, by collecting into one canvass the features of many individuals, are often exaggerated, and tend to give us an amusing rather than a just representation of the Irish character.

As a specimen of the manners, or rather, of what Mr. Edgeworth *believes* to have been the manners, of his forefathers, we extract the following passage.

‘ Captain Edgeworth had a son by his former wife, and the present wife had a daughter, by her former husband. The daughter was heiress to her father’s property. These young people fell in love with each other. The mother was averse to the match. To avoid the law against running away with an heiress, the lovers settled, that the young lady should take her lover to church behind her on horseback. Their marriage was effected. Their first son, Francis, was born before the joint ages of his father and mother amounted to thirty-one years.

‘ After the death of Captain Edgeworth and his wife, which happened before this young couple had arrived at years of discretion, John Edgeworth took possession of a considerable estate in Ireland, and of an estate in England, in Lancashire, which came to him in right of his wife; he had also ten thousand pounds in money, as her fortune. But they were extravagant, and quite ignorant of the management of money. Upon an excursion to England, they mortgaged their estate in Lancashire, and carried the money to London in a *stocking*, which they kept on the top of their bed. To this stocking, both wife and husband had free access, and of course its contents soon began to be very low. The young man was handsome, and very fond of dress. At one time, when he had run out all his cash, he actually sold the ground-plot of a house in Dublin, to purchase a high crowned hat and feathers, which was then the mode. He lived in high company in London, and at court. Upon some occasion, King Charles the Second insisted upon knighting him. His lady was presented at court, where she was so much taken notice of by

the gallant monarch, that she thought it proper to intimate to her husband, that she did not wish to go there a second time; nor did she ever after appear at court, though in the bloom of youth and beauty. She returned to Ireland. This was an instance of prudence, as well as of strength of mind, which could hardly have been expected from the improvident temper she had shewn at first setting out in life. In this lady's character there was an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness. She was courageous beyond the habits of her sex in real danger, and yet afraid of imaginary beings. According to the superstition of the times, she believed in fairies. Opposite to her husband's castle of Lissard, in Ireland, and within view of the windows, there is a mount, which was reputed to be the resort of fairies; and when Lady Edgeworth resided alone at Lissard, the common people of the neighbourhood, either for amusement, or with the intention of frightening her away, sent children by night to this mount, who by their strange noises, by singing, and the lights they shewed from time to time, terrified her exceedingly. But she did not quit the place. The mount was called Fairy-mount, since abbreviated into *Fir-mount*.*

‘Of the courage and presence of mind of this Lady Edgeworth, who was so much afraid of fairies, I will now give an instance. While she was living at Lissard, she was, on some sudden alarm, obliged to go at night to a garret at the top of the house, for some gunpowder, which was kept there in a barrel. She was followed up stairs by an ignorant servant girl, who carried a bit of candle without a candlestick, between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half way down stairs again, she observed, that the girl had not her candle, and asked what she had done with it, the girl recollected, and answered, that she had left it ‘*stuck in the barrel of black salt*.’ Lady Edgeworth bid her stand still, and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was; found the candle as the girl had described—put her hand carefully underneath it—carried it safely out, and when she got to the bottom of the stairs, dropped on her knees, and thanked God for their deliverance.’—Vol. i. pp. 10—14.

We have chosen this extract because, while it shews Mr. Edgeworth's style, it gives us occasion to observe on one or two points which will subsequently present themselves in the consideration of some particulars of his own life.

The first is, that Mr. Edgeworth's notion about the degrees of kindred between whom marriage may be contracted, seems very loose, as the only epithet he applies to this union of two persons who stood almost in the relation of brother and sister, and who had several brothers and sisters common to both, is, that it was *inconsiderate*. Perhaps Mr. Edgeworth was induced to quote this family failing, as a kind of hereditary justification of his own practice.

* We believe nothing of this abbreviation, as it is ridiculously called. *Fir* is as ancient a term as *Fairy*, which, we suspect, was unknown in Ireland when the mount was named.

The second (and we shall be but too often obliged to revert to it) is, that Mr. Edgeworth's anecdotes do not always seem to bear that character of *strict authenticity* which makes the whole charm of family history or of autobiography; for instance, the story of the barrel of gunpowder is one which we have ourselves heard told of many persons, with some slight variation of circumstances, but never, we think, with so many marks of improbability as in this instance. A barrel of gunpowder, so large, and standing high enough to serve to stick a candle in, is no very likely part of the furniture of the garret of a country-house—then, that a servant girl should be so ignorant as not to know gunpowder from *black salt*—that she should stick the candle into the very barrel where her mistress was at work—that they should come away and lock the door in the *dark*, and get half way down stairs, *still in the dark*, before they remembered the light—are all, and particularly the latter, incredible, not to say impossible circumstances.

Of the same character is a story of the preservation of this lady's husband, when an infant, in the Irish rebellion, by the fidelity of a poor servant, who hid the child in a pannier, and conveyed him, covered and *concealed by eggs and chickens*, through the rebel camp safely to Dublin. The notion of evading the vigilance of a camp of hungry rebels, by hiding the infant under articles so little likely to be examined or plundered as eggs and chickens, is a happy idea, which could only occur to an Irish servant; but, unluckily, *this* story too is of pretty general currency in Ireland, but with the more credible change of *eggs and chickens* into hay or straw; and if we are not very much mistaken, old Macklin used to give some such account of *his* being conveyed into Drogheda, in this way during the hostilities in that neighbourhood between William and James the Second.

These would be hardly worthy Mr. Edgeworth's relation, even if they were facts, but they become worth noticing as affecting in some degree our confidence in Mr. Edgeworth's veracity, or at least in his judgment. It is indeed ridiculous enough to see him giving such trifles all the pomp of history—carrying on a running date—1593—1641—1680—at the head of the page in which they are recorded. Nor are these the only instances we could quote, but they are enough, perhaps more than enough, and they certainly diminish the regret which we should otherwise feel at the following passage.

'These anecdotes were told to my father by Lady Edgeworth, that widow of Sir John, who lived till ninety, and who related to him many curious anecdotes of the five reigns during which she flourished. From her traditions, and from letters and papers, now in my possession, my father compiled some manuscript memoirs, from which I was tempted

here to make further extracts, illustrative of the manners of the times. Thinking, however, that they would take up more room than could properly be spared in this narrative, I omit all which do not immediately relate to my own family.'—vol. i. p. 19, 20.

There is nothing whatsoever in Mr. Edgeworth's childhood worth notice; and considering the minute facts which he condescends to record of his infancy, it is surprising that there should be so little to distinguish him from the herd of boys.

In one particular, however, he certainly seems to have been somewhat singular; he was, it appears, very religious, and wept bitterly before he was eight years old because he had no opportunity of *being a martyr*, and yet at the same time, says he, "I ventured to think for myself;" and these thoughts appear to have been considerations upon *revelation, free will, original sin*, and topics of this nature, which he treated, it would seem, with as bold and infidel a spirit as Voltaire himself could have done at thrice his age. The example which he gives of this *original thinking* is thus stated.

'My father was about this time enclosing a garden; part of the wall in its progress afforded means for climbing to the top of it, which I soon effected. My father reprimanded me severely, and as no fruit was at that time ripe, he could not readily conceive what motive I could have, for taking so much trouble, and running so great a risk. I told him truly, that I had no motive but the pleasure of climbing. I added, that if the garden were full of ripe peaches, it would be a much greater temptation; and that unless he should be certain that nobody *would* climb over the wall, he ought not to have peaches in the garden. After having talked to me for some time, he discovered that I had reasoned thus: if my father knows beforehand, that the temptation of peaches will necessarily induce me to climb over the garden wall; and that if I do, it is more than probable that I shall break my neck, I shall not be guilty of any crime, but my father will be the cause of my breaking my neck. *This I applied to Adam*, without at the time being able to perceive the great difference between things human and divine. My father, feeling that he was not prepared to give me a satisfactory answer to this difficulty, *judiciously declined the contest*, and desired me not to meddle with what was above my comprehension. I mention this, because all parents, who encourage their children to speak freely, often hear from them puzzling questions and observations; and I wish to point out, that on such occasions children should not be discouraged, but on the contrary, according to the advice of Rousseau, parents should fairly and truly confess their ignorance.'—vol. i. p. 33—35.

Here again we hesitate. That he climbed the wall may be true enough, but that he could apply his reasoning to Adam we disbelieve for two reasons; the first is, that he does not seem even when he *wrote* this account to understand his argument, which is (to say nothing of its fallacy) obviously too abstruse for an infant; and, secondly

condly, because it is out of all nature, that facts so *different* from Adam's case should have reminded him of *that case*, and that he should have argued upon the *spirit* and recondite principles to be derived from the two stories, when the sensible and external objects were so different. If he had been permitted to play in a fruit garden under a prohibition of touching any thing, and had (as he naturally might) yielded to temptation and been punished, a clever boy might have likened himself to Adam; but that, because, disobeying no prohibition, he climbed, for climbing-sake, over a wall into a garden where there was *no fruit*, and where there was *neither offence nor punishment*, he should have extravigated into the discussions that perplexed Milton's devils, we can still less believe than we do the stories of the *black salt* and the *eggs and chickens*.

This may serve to explain, in some degree, a fact which we have on a former occasion noticed with regret, that a belief in Christianity formed no part of the system of Mr. Edgeworth's works, nor, as we fear from the perusal of this work, of the principles of his life: but of this hereafter.

We pass over his school adventures, 'his knavery and pleasantry,' as honest Tully has it, to arrive at an affair which Mr. Edgeworth treats as a pleasantry, but which it seems evident that he misrepresents in a considerable degree.

'My favourite partner among the young ladies at these wedding dances was the daughter of the curate from whom I learned my accidence.

'One night after the dancing had ceased, the young people retired to what was then called a *raking pot of tea*. A description of this Hibernian amusement I have given in another place. It is here sufficient to say, that it is a potation of strong tea, taken at an early hour in the morning, to refresh the spirits of those who have sat up all night. We were all very young and gay, and it was proposed by one of my companions, who had put a white cloak round his shoulders to represent a surplice, that he should marry me to the lady with whom I had danced.

'The key of the door served for a ring, and a few words of the ceremony, with much laughter and playfulness, were gabbled over. My father heard of this mock-marriage, and it excited great alarm in his mind. He was induced by his paternal fears to treat the matter too seriously, and he instigated a suit of *jactitation of marriage* in the ecclesiastical court, to annul these imaginary nuptials. The truth was apparent to every body who knew us. No suspicion even was entertained of the young lady's having any design on my heart, or of my having obtained any influence in her's. All the publicity that was given to this childish affair was fortunately of no disadvantage to her; on the contrary, it brought her into notice among persons with whom she might not otherwise have been acquainted, and she was afterwards suitably married in her own neighbourhood. It was before I was sixteen, that I was thus married and divorced. I say MARRIED, be-

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cause in the proceedings in this strange suit it was necessary to show that a marriage had been solemnized, or else there could have been no DIVORCE.—pp. 70, 71.

Now Mr. Edgeworth's father seems to have been a man of common sense, whatever the son was, and surely no father would have thought it necessary to institute legal proceedings, and no court would have entertained such proceedings founded on a marriage performed by a lad in a white cloak to represent a surplice, with the key of the door, at four o'clock in the morning, after or in the midst of a ball, and only a *few words* of the ceremony gabbled over with much mirth and playfulness, and when the 'truth of this farce was apparent to every body.'

But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Edgeworth's disposition and habits concur with the evidence of the solemnity of the legal proceeding to shew that there was something more serious in this matter than he thinks fit to represent. Exclusive of this mock ceremony, he was married four times; and if this his *first* marriage was performed before he was *sixteen*, the second took place when he was about nineteen, and the last when he was near sixty; the intermediate marriages too were both accompanied by circumstances of some degree of peculiarity: we, therefore, are obliged, on even a first view of the transaction, to refuse our assent to the farcical representation given of this affair by Mr. Edgeworth; and one of the strangest assertions we ever read, and which shews that he had no very nice delicacy on such points, is his assertion, that the unhappy publicity given to this affair was of no disadvantage to the poor young woman; but, *on the contrary*, brought her into notice amongst a better class of society!

But out of Mr. Edgeworth's own mouth we can convict him of a *downright untruth* in his account of this matter—he says, 'I say *married*, because in the proceedings in this strange suit it was necessary to shew that a *marriage had been solemnized*, or else there could have been no divorce;—but Mr. Edgeworth forgot that he had just told us that the suit was one of *jactitation* of marriage and not for a *divorce*. In a suit for a *divorce*, it is necessary to prove that there has been a previous marriage; but in a suit 'for *jactitation* to annul imaginary nuptials' it is, on the contrary, necessary to shew that there had been *no* previous ceremony. This is quite conclusive against Mr. Edgeworth, and saves us the trouble of supplying, from private sources, proofs of his wilful misrepresentation of an affair so important to his history, and justifies us in calling this his *first* marriage.

'Immediately after my farcical marriage, and more farcical divorce, I entered Trinity College Dublin, 26th April, 1760. My tutor was the Rev. Patrick Palmer, a gentlemanlike and worthy man; but it was

was not the fashion in those days to plague fellow-commoners with lectures. My class-fellows, except William Foster, my competitor, gave me so little motive for emulation, that I did not trouble myself much with study. In competition with him I was obliged to exert myself strenuously. After a hard fought examination, he obtained from me the premium, which he generously *acknowledged to be my right*. At the next public examination I was audaciously and shamefully careless, I went into the hall to translate six books of Homer, of the greatest part of which I had never read one word. A stupid young man succeeded against me, though I certainly answered better than he did; but the examiner, the celebrated Dr. Duigenan, suspecting from my manner, that I had not taken much previous pains, plainly asked me, how often I had read these books of Homer. I told him "never." "Then Sir," said he, "though you have answered better than your antagonist, I will not give you the premium, which is intended as a reward for diligence, and not as an encouragement for idleness and presumption."—pp. 74, 75.

Again we are sorry to be obliged to charge Mr. Edgeworth with more than inaccuracy, and with a degree of vanity which would be offensive even if founded in truth.

In the first place, the story of Doctor Duigenan's having deprived him, as a punishment for idleness, of a prize he had deserved, *must be false*; as it appears from the books of the University, that Doctor Duigenan did not become a fellow, a master, or an examiner, till the year after Mr. Edgeworth had quitted the University, and that, therefore, the learned doctor never could have examined the hopeful pupil. If it be said that Mr. Edgeworth may have only mistaken the name of the examiner, but that the fact may be otherwise true, then we must observe, that the person of the man was the thing most likely to stick to his memory, and that when we find him erroneous in that plain particular, we may well be allowed to doubt his recollection of the minor parts of the transaction; but there is other evidence to shew that Mr. Edgeworth's claim to superior merit is wholly unfounded. He had forgotten, perhaps, that the mode of reward at the University of Dublin is this.—There are four examinations in the year. At the first the best answerer gets a prize, or premium as Mr. Edgeworth calls it; at the second, if the same person is still successful, he gets, *not* the prize, but, a *certificate* that he deserves it, while the prize itself passes to the next best answerer, and so on in the two other examinations of the year; so that four persons, at least, in each class, which consists on the average of about fifteen or twenty persons, must be annually rewarded with prizes. Now if Mr. Edgeworth was unjustly deprived by Foster of the *first* premium, why did he not get the *second*, and if the imaginary Doctor Duigenan was so illnatured as to deprive him of that, why, if 'his competitors gave him so little room for emulation,' did he not

persist in contesting the two subsequent prizes of the year with those dunces?—But so far was his successful competitor, a Mr. Dawson, it seems, from being a *stupid young man*, that he obtained the first prize and the two subsequent certificates of the ensuing year, surpassing even Foster, whose merits Mr. Edgeworth acknowledges: and though Mr. Edgeworth speaks so slightly of his class fellows, and particularly of the fellow-commoners of that period, we find amongst them, (besides the names of Foster and Dawson, his immediate conquerors,) those of Mr. Speaker Foster, Lord Chief Baron Burgh, Lord Chancellor Fitz Gibbon, Edmond Malone, Bishop Kearney, Doctors Usher and Richardson, and a crowd of other men who have all become eminent in the senate, the church or the law. We are afraid that these observations are conclusive, to shew that Mr. Edgeworth's boast is wholly unfounded, and that his vanity is worse than puerile—that it is slanderous; and if it be said that these are mistakes about trifles, we must reply, that inaccuracy in trifles creates a strong presumption of inaccuracy in more important matters, and that, in fact, these things are not more trifling than the generality of anecdotes which this book contains.

After two idle, dissipated, and unprofitable years spent at Dublin, his father *prudently*, he says, removed him to Oxford. Of the *prudence* the fruits were not very apparent; for we know not what right he had to expect, from the laxity of Oxford discipline at that time, an improvement in learning which the strictness of the Dublin examinations had not produced; and as to moral prudence, we find that he married, while at Oxford, a young lady of the neighbourhood, and had a son *before he was twenty*.

This match also was made under awkward circumstances.—The lady, a daughter of Mr. Elers, of Black-Bourton, near Oxford, an old friend of Mr. Edgeworth's father, 'attracted his attention; I had paid my court to her, (he says,) and I felt myself insensibly entangled so completely, that I could not find any honourable means of extrication.' But having, in one of the vacations, made a trip to Bath, he had, it seems, changed his mind.

'I have not to reproach myself with any deceit, or suppression of the truth. On my return to Black-Bourton, I did not conceal the *altered state* of my mind; but having engaged the affections of the young lady, I married while I was yet a youth at college. I resolved to meet the *disagreeable* consequences of such a step with *fortitude*, and without being *dispirited* by the loss of the society to which I had been accustomed. I determined to submit to the displeasure of my father with *respectful firmness*. By my mother's tears and supplications she obtained his forgiveness. As I was under age *I had married in Scotland*; but a few months afterwards, my father had me remarried by license with his consent.'—vol. i. pp. 102, 103.

So

So that Mr. Edgeworth's first marriage his father was obliged to *set aside* by a solemnity, and his second, he was obliged by a solemnity to *confirm*.

As Mr. Edgeworth treats his first marriage with ridicule, so he appears to have looked upon this his second with permanent disgust. We find in his poetical opuscula an epigram written in 1811 on some recent Scotch marriages and divorces.

'To ready Scotland boys and girls are carried
Before their time impatient to be married.
Soon wiser grown, the self-same road they run,
With equal haste, to get the knot undone.
Th' indulgent Scot, when English law too nice is,
Sanctions our *follies* first, and then our *vices*.'—p. 490.

That Mr. Edgeworth, the hero of five marriages, two of them clandestine, another of them irregular, and the last three indecently hasty, should have presumed to erect himself into a censor on such a subject, and that his daughter should have published this sneer at the union *which gave her birth*, appears to us, to be an effrontery in him and an indiscretion in her which we could not have believed, if it were not before our eyes.

After this marriage, Mr. Edgeworth thought of being called to the bar, but his mode of study was not very likely to lead to successful results. He took a house at Hare Hatch, between Maidenhead and Reading, and his legal pursuits seem to have been confined to going up to town four times a year, for two or three days, to keep, as it is called, his terms at the Temple. This is not much to be regretted; Mr. Edgeworth could hardly have made a good lawyer, and in his retirement at Hare Hatch, he indulged his mechanical turn, and laid the foundation of that useful knowledge which enabled him, in after life, to educate a large family with considerable success, to amuse if not benefit the public by some ingenious experiments, and to contribute no unimportant share to those entertaining works since published in conjunction with his eldest daughter.

During his occasional visits to town he had become acquainted, by his proficiency in the *art of conjuring*,—‘*omne, vafer tangit*’—with the celebrated Sir Francis Delaval.

‘A famous match was at that time pending at Newmarket between two horses, that were in every respect as nearly equal as possible. Lord March, (late Duke of Queensbury,) one evening at Ranelagh, expressed his regret to Sir Francis Delaval, that he was not able to attend Newmarket at the next meeting. “I am obliged,” said he, “to stay in London; I shall, however, be at the Turf Coffee House; I shall station fleet horses on the road, to bring me the earliest intelligence of the event of the race, and I shall manage my bets accordingly.”

“I asked

"I asked at what time in the evening he expected to know who was winner.—He said about *nine* in the evening. I asserted, that I should be able to name the winning horse at *four o'clock* in the afternoon. Lord March heard my assertion with so much incredulity, as to urge me to defend myself; and at length I offered to lay five hundred pounds, that I would in London name the winning horse at Newmarket, at five o'clock in the evening of the day when the great match in question was to be run. Sir Francis, having looked at me for encouragement, offered to lay five hundred pounds on my side; Lord Eglintoun did the same; Shaftoe and somebody else took up their bets; and the next day we were to meet at the Turf Coffee-House, to put our bets in writing. After we went home, I explained to Sir Francis Delaval the means that I proposed to use. I had early been acquainted with Wilkin's "*Secret and swift Messenger*;" I had also read in Hooke's works of a scheme of this sort, and I had determined to employ a telegraph nearly resembling that which I have since published. The machinery I knew could be prepared in a few days.

"Sir Francis immediately perceived the feasibility of my scheme, and indeed its certainty of success. It was summer time, and by employing a sufficient number of persons, we could place our machines so near as to be almost out of the power of the weather. When we all met at the Turf Coffee-House, I offered to double my bet, so did Sir Francis. The gentlemen on the opposite side were willing to accept my offer; but before I would conclude my wager, I thought it fair to state to Lord March, that I did not depend upon the fleetness or strength of horses to carry the desired intelligence, but upon other means, which I had, of being informed in London which horse had actually won at Newmarket, between the time when the race should be concluded and five o'clock in the evening. My opponents thanked me for my candour, reconsidered the matter, and declined the bet. My friends blamed me extremely for giving up such an advantageous speculation. None of them, except Sir Francis, knew the means which I had intended to employ, and he kept them a *profound secret*, with a view to use them afterwards for his own purposes. With that energy, which characterised every thing in which he engaged, he immediately erected, under my directions, an apparatus between his house and part of Piccadilly; an apparatus, which *was never suspected to be telegraphic*. I also set up a night telegraph between a house which Sir F. Delaval occupied at Hampstead, and one to which I had access in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. This nocturnal telegraph answered well, but was too expensive for common use.

"Upon my return home to Hare Hatch, I tried many experiments on different modes of telegraphic communication. My object was to combine secrecy with expedition. For this purpose I intended to employ windmills, which might be erected for common economical uses, and which might at the same time afford easy means of communication from place to place upon extraordinary occasions. There is a windmill at Nettlebed, which can be distinctly seen with a good glass from Assy Hill, between Maidenhead and Henly, the highest ground in England,

land, south of the Trent. With the *assistance* of Mr. Perrot, of Hare Hatch, I *ascertained* the practicability of my scheme between these places, which are nearly sixteen miles asunder.

‘I have had occasion to shew my claim to the revival of this invention in modern times, and in particular to prove, that I had practised telegraphic communication in the year 1767, long before it was ever attempted in France. To establish these truths, I obtained from Mr. Perrot, a Berkshire gentleman, who resided in the neighbourhood of Hare Hatch, and who was witness to my *experiments*, his testimony to the *facts* which I have just related. I have his letter; and, before its contents were published in the Memoirs of the Irish Academy for the year 1796, I shewed it to Lord Charlemont, President of the Royal Irish Academy.’—vol. i. pp. 145—149.

The solemn and querulous tone in which Miss Edgeworth, throughout a whole chapter (vii. vol. 2.), talks of ‘her father’s telegraph’ and of ‘his *invention*,’ induces us to make a few observations upon this passage.

In the first place we must notice that Mr. Edgeworth does not himself directly claim the *invention*, but only its *revival* in modern times, and although he, and more frequently his daughter, are fond of confounding the invention of the *principle* with the invention of a particular *mode* of applying it, it is quite clear that the foregoing account contains all that Mr. Edgeworth has to say about the telegraph previously to its employment by the French. After that, he amused himself, like so many thousand others, in devising new modes of application, but that seems to be all.

Mr. Edgeworth admits that he took the idea from Wilkins and Hooke—that is conclusive as to the *invention*. Now as to the practice—it would not be unreasonable, after what we have seen of Mr. Edgeworth’s modes of relating, to doubt that he had ever entertained the notion at all. ‘None of his friends, except Sir Francis, *knew the means* he intended to employ,’—‘Sir Francis kept them a *profound secret*.’ ‘He erected an apparatus which was *never suspected to be telegraphic*.’ This studied secrecy is endeavoured to be accounted for by Sir Francis wishing to keep the invention for his own purposes; to have allowed him to do so is not very consistent with the candour with which Mr. Edgeworth states that he had warned his antagonists in the case of the wager:—again, all this was in 1767; but Sir Francis Delaval died within a year or two, and we find Mr. Edgeworth in 1768 and 1769 receiving the gold and silver medals of the Society of Arts for models, machines, and inventions, for waggons, turnip-cutters, wooden horses, phaetons, umbrellas, perambulators, &c. &c. Why from 1767 to 1794 do we not hear a word of the telegraph? This silence in a man who was so generously communicative of *all* his other inventions seems unaccountable.

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Let it be also observed, that Mr. Edgeworth's first offer to Lord March was to have the intelligence five hours sooner than his Lordship's 'fleet horses,' stationed along the road, could bring it. Now it is known, that Lord March used to receive intelligence from New Market by this mode in about three hours and a half. So that Mr. Edgeworth's plan would have brought the news before the event could have happened.

Mr. Edgeworth seems to have anticipated some suspicion of his veracity, for he calls in corroborative evidence—'with the *assistance* of Mr. Perrot, (he says) of Hare Hatch, I *ascertained* the practicability of my scheme between these two places, which are sixteen miles asunder; and to establish these truths I obtained from Mr. Perrot, who was witness to my *experiments*, his testimony as to the *facts* I have just related. I have his letter.' This, one would think, quite enough, but Miss Edgeworth, 'to make assurance double sure,' is so kind as to insert Mr. Perrot's certificate.

"DEAR SIR,

"I perfectly recollect having several *conversations* with you in 1767 on the subject of a speedy and secret conveyance of intelligence. I recollect *your* going up the hills to see how far, and how distinctly, the arms (and the position of them) of Nettlebed windmill sails were to be discovered with ease.—vol. ii. p. 169.

Here it turns out that Mr. Perrot does not speak as to '*facts*,' but as to '*conversations*,' and that the '*assistance*' which he afforded to Mr. Edgeworth was confined to *seeing him go up the hills* to look at the arms of Nettlebed windmill! Can it be denied that Mr. Edgeworth's expressions imply that he performed actual experiments, and that Mr. Perrot *practically assisted* in them? and can it be denied that Mr. Perrot's certificate *negatives* those assertions, and only testifies as to *conversations* and *seeing* (not even accompanying) Mr. Edgeworth going up the hills? The proof, therefore, which he and Miss Edgeworth justly thought so necessary, fails them, and there is not the slightest evidence that he had gone a jot beyond the notion which he derived from Wilkins and Hooke. Nay he does not seem to have extended his idea much beyond that of old Ægæus, who devised the unlucky black sail of Theseus,—or of Hero who held out a lamp as a signal across the Hellespont,—or of the connected watch fires and beacons which, in remote and even in comparatively modern times, all nations have employed. In short, Mr. Edgeworth, by his own shewing, has no *more* claim to the merit of inventing telegraphs than half mankind, and, by the evidence he produces, appears to have *less*.

The death of Sir Francis Delaval, fortunately perhaps for Mr. Edgeworth, put an end to the connexion with the motley society of gamblers, players, and philosophers, with whom he lived; and he formed

formed another with Mr. Thomas Day, Dr. Darwin, to whom he introduced himself through the medium of some mechanical invention which he had borrowed from the doctor, Mr. Keir, of Birmingham, Doctor Small, and some others: but of all these, Day was his intimate, and indeed his bosom friend.

Of persons not actually insane, Day seems to have been one of the most extravagant characters that England, fertile in oddities, has produced. His eccentricities (we use the mildest word) have been made known to the public by a lively account of him in Miss Seward's *Life of Dr. Darwin*. The chief distinction of his character seems to have been a mixture of '*mauvaise honte*' and savage pride. He neither would nor could act like other people. The accomplishments and manners which he did not possess and could not attain, he not only despised but proscribed; and in his indignation against modern female manners, his horror of modern female education, and a certain theory of non-resistance, and passive obedience, which he had laid down for the lady whom he was to honour with his hand, he took two girls out of the Foundling Hospital, intending to educate them as wives *for self and friend*, in blissful innocence and ignorance, a contempt of folly and finery, and an implicit submission to all his fancies. The one was called Sabrina after the Severn, and Sidney after Algernon Sidney; the other was Lucretia—we forget what. This fine plan utterly failed, at least so far as regarded poor Mr. Day. Lucretia was turned off for stupidity; but she, it seems, married a decent tradesman, and had talents enough to make a good wife and mother. Sabrina was more docile and more handsome, and, perhaps, Mr. Day might have married her, but he took some disgust at the sleeves of a certain gown which the young lady one day put on, and Sabrina subsequently married Mr. Bicknell, a lawyer, a friend of Day's, and who indeed, Miss Seward says, was a partner in the original venture. Mr. Edgeworth, however, asserts, that Mr. Day took *both* the girls for his own use, in order to have a better chance of success; though he admits that he discarded all thoughts of marrying Sabrina on account of some toilette error, which Mr. Edgeworth relates with a grave deference to his friend's crack-brained absurdities very amusing and characteristic of both.

'Mr. Day had by this time been attached to Sabrina. She had now grown up, and, no longer a child, was entitled by her manners and appearance to the appellation of a young lady. Mr. Day took great pains to cultivate her understanding, and still more to mould her mind and disposition to his own views and pursuits. His letters to me at this period were full of little anecdotes of her progress, temper, and conduct: I had not formerly thought, that she was sufficiently cultivated,
or

or of a sufficiently vigorous understanding, to be his companion. I knew also, that whoever should become the wife of Mr. Day must be content to live in perfect retirement; to give up her taste to his; to discuss every subject of every day's occurrence with logical accuracy; to be totally indifferent to all the luxuries, and to some of the comforts of opulent life. To balance these sacrifices, she would find herself united to a man of undeviating morality, sound sense, much knowledge, and much celebrity; a companion never deficient in agreeable or instructive conversation, of unbounded generosity, of great good-nature; a philanthropist in the most extensive, and the most exalted sense of the word: in short, a man who would put it in her power to do good to every body beneath her, provided she could scorn the silly fashions of those above her. Sabrina was, as to many of these circumstances, well suited to Mr. Day; but she was too young and too artless, to feel the extent of that importance, which my friend annexed to trifling concessions or resistance to fashion, particularly with respect to female dress. He certainly was never more loved by any woman, than he was by Sabrina; and I do not think, that he was insensible to the preference, with which she treated him; nor do I believe, that any woman was to him ever personally more agreeable.

From his letters at this time I was persuaded that he would marry her immediately; but a very trifling circumstance changed his intention. He had left Sabrina at the house of a friend under strict injunctions as to some peculiar fancies of his own; in particular, some restrictions as to her dress. She neglected, forgot, or undervalued something, which was not, I believe, clearly defined. She did, or she did not, wear certain long sleeves, and some handkerchief, which had been the subject of his dislike, or of his liking; and he, considering this circumstance as a criterion of her attachment, and as a proof of her want of strength of mind, quitted her for ever! The circumstances of this singular transaction and determination I learned from the gentleman at whose house they happened. Mr. Day, at the moment, wrote me a letter, explaining to me the feelings and reasoning which decided him to give up; from a motive apparently so trifling, a scheme upon which he had bestowed so much time and labour; a scheme which he had recurred to after every disappointment; and which, at last, from the surprising improvement that hope had wrought in Sabrina's mind and manners, promised him a companion, peculiarly pleasing to him in her person, devoted to him by gratitude and habit, and, I believe, by affection. Mr. Day's reasons for breaking off this attachment proved to my understanding, that, with his peculiarities, he judged well for his own happiness; but I felt, that, in the same situation, I could not have acted as he had done.—vol. i. pp. 337—340.

Sabrina had a fair escape; for with such notions of female manners as the above story supposes, and with what his friend Edgeworth calls 'Mr. Day's deep-rooted prejudices in favour of a savage life,' (p. 198,) she would have lived very uncomfortably with him, instead of marrying, as she did, a man of sense and talents,
and

and becoming an amiable mother of a family, and a useful and respectable member of society.

Though Mr. Edgeworth—speaking of his friend *in contrast to himself*—represents him as *not* being of a very *amorous* turn, yet he appears to have done his best towards getting married; he proposed to Edgeworth's sister; to Miss Honora Sneyd, who was afterwards Mr. Edgeworth's third wife; to Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, afterwards Mr. Edgeworth's fourth wife; to say nothing of Sabrina, Lucretia, and other charmers who may have escaped Mr. Edgeworth's notice;—and finally he was married, by the *prescription* of Doctor Small, to Miss Milnes of Yorkshire, who seems to have realized the very beau ideal of Day's fancy. Mr. Edgeworth's account of this couple is not unamusing.

‘My wife and I went to see the new married couple at Hampstead. It was the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and to our great surprise we found Mrs. Day walking with her husband on the heath, wrapped up in a frieze cloak, and her feet well fortified with thick shoes. We had always heard that Mrs. Day was particularly delicate; but now she gloried in rude health, or rather was proud of having followed her husband's advice about her health—advice which was in this respect undoubtedly excellent.

‘I never saw any woman so entirely intent upon accommodating herself to the sentiments, and wishes, and will of a husband. Notwithstanding this disposition there still was a never-failing flow of discussion between them. From the deepest political investigation to the most frivolous circumstance of daily life, Mr. Day found something to descant upon; and Mrs. Day was nothing loth to support upon every subject an opinion of her own; thus combining, in an unusual manner, independence of sentiment, and the most complete matrimonial obedience. In all this there may be something at which even a friend might smile; but in the whole of their conduct there was nothing which the most malignant enemy could condemn.

When Day proposed to Miss Elizabeth Sneyd they interchanged projects and counter-projects, nearly in the style, though not quite in the spirit of Millamant and Mirabel—the lady was to wear long petticoats, and submit to divers similar conditions; the gentleman was to learn to dance, and to perform sundry other preliminaries. For this purpose he set out for Paris accompanied by Mr. Edgeworth.

‘We proceeded to Lyons, like true English travellers, without stopping on the road to examine what was curious, or worthy of observation. We determined to pass the winter at Lyons, as it was a place where excellent masters of all sorts were to be found; and here Mr. Day put himself to every species of torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to compel his antigallican limbs, in spite of their natural rigidity, to dance, and fence, and manage the *great horse*. To perform his promise to Miss E. Sneyd honourably, he gave up seven or eight hours of the day to these exercises, for which he had not the slightest taste, and for which,

which, except horsemanship, he manifested the most sovereign contempt. It was astonishing to behold the energy with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards, which reached from the ground higher than his knees; these boards were adjusted with screws, so as barely to permit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means M. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outward; but his screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient; but original formation, and inveterate habit, resisted all his endeavours at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.'—vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

While Mr. Day was thus excruciating himself in vain, Mr. Edgeworth undertook the superintendence of some works for turning the Rhone—his exertions were gratuitous; as indeed they ought to have been; for as well as we can understand his long detail upon this subject, they failed altogether; but whether owing to the want of skill in Mr. Edgeworth, or to the obstinacy of the French in not taking his advice, or from the difficulties of the work itself, does not satisfactorily appear. If he contributed nothing better than the two or three mechanical arrangements which he details with more than sufficient pomp, we cannot much applaud his exertions, and the French engineers must have been miserable creatures to require such assistance. If we were to credit the information which *we have received from Lyons* on this subject, we should be obliged to pronounce the whole story to be another of the illusions of Mr. Edgeworth's vanity.

But he was recalled from the scene of this and several minor adventures not worth repeating, by the death of his wife (Miss Elers). With this lady, as we have seen, he had not connected himself willingly, and he seems, after he had formed his Lichfield acquaintance, to have treated her with unpardonable neglect, and to have conducted himself when absent from her in a manner which cannot be justified. Dr. Darwin brought him acquainted with the Sewards, and they, with a family of the name of Sneyd. His first appearance in this society, even as told by himself, was not quite consistent with the conduct of a married man of delicate principles.

'The next day I was introduced to some literary persons, who then resided at Lichfield, and among the foremost to Miss Seward. How much of my future life has depended upon this visit to Lichfield! How little could I then foresee, that my having examined and understood the Microcosm at Chester should lead me to a place, and into an acquaintance, which would otherwise, in all human probability, have never fallen within my reach! Miss Seward was at this time in the height of youth and beauty, of an enthusiastic temper, a votary of the muses,

and

and of the most eloquent and brilliant conversation. Our mutual acquaintance was soon made, and it continued to be for many years of my life a source of never-failing pleasure. It seems that Mrs. Darwin had a little pique against Miss Seward, who had in fact been her rival with the Doctor. These ladies lived upon good terms, but there frequently occurred little competitions, which amused their friends, and enlivened the uniformity, that so often renders a country town insipid. The evening after my arrival, Mrs. Darwin invited Miss Seward, and a very large party of her friends, to supper. I was placed beside Miss Seward, and a number of lively sallies escaped her, that set the table in good humour.

‘I paid Miss Seward, however, some compliments on her own beautiful tresses, and at that moment the watchful Mrs. Darwin took this opportunity of drinking *Mrs. Edgeworth’s health*. *Miss Seward’s surprise was manifest.*’—vol. i. p. 165—167.

To this society he seems frequently to have returned, leaving his wife in her retirement at Hare Hatch, and here he became acquainted with Miss Honora Sneyd and her sister.

‘Honora’s person was graceful, her features beautiful, and their expression such as to heighten the eloquence of every thing she said. I was six and twenty; and now, for the first time in my life, I saw a woman that equalled the picture of perfection, which existed in my imagination. I had long suffered much from the want of that *cheerfulness* in a wife, without which marriage could not be agreeable to a man of such a temper as mine. I had borne *this evil*, I believe, with patience; but my not being happy at home exposed me to the danger of being too happy elsewhere.

‘The charms and superior character of Miss Honora Sneyd made an impression on my mind, such as I had never felt before.

‘When Miss Seward perceived the impression that her young friend had made upon me,—an impression, which I believe she discovered long before I had discovered it myself,—she never shewed any of that mean jealousy,’ (of a married man!) ‘which is common among young women, when they find that one of their companions, who had never before been thought equal to themselves, is *suddenly* treated with *preeminence*’ (Mr. Edgeworth’s attention it seems conferred *sudden preeminence*), ‘On the contrary, she seemed gratified by the praises bestowed upon her friend, and took every opportunity of placing whatever was said or done by Honora in the most advantageous point of view.’—vol. i. p. 240—242.

It must be confessed that this, and all that must be inferred from this, was not calculated to *enliven* poor Mrs. Edgeworth’s disposition, or to impart that *cheerfulness*, of the want of which Mr. Edgeworth so pathetically complains. Miss Sneyd was not, however, a person to give hopes to a married man, and Mr. Edgeworth, therefore, seems to have recollected himself just before it was too

late :—his admiration of Miss Sneyd had been a little checked too by Mr. Day's paying his addresses to that lady; but that courtship was at an end.

'I now felt (he says) that this restraint, which had acted long and steadily upon my feelings (a married man, with a family at home) was now removed : my friend (*he never thinks of his own poor wife*) was no longer attached to Miss Honora Sneyd. My former admiration of her returned with unabated ardour. The more I compared her with other women, the more I was obliged to acknowledge her superiority. This admiration was unknown to every body but Mr. Day. He could not see more plainly than I did the imprudence and folly of becoming too fond of an object, which I could not hope to obtain. With all the eloquence of virtue and of friendship, he represented to me the danger, the criminality of such an attachment. I knew that there is but one certain method of escaping such dangers—*flight*.

'I resolved to go abroad : Mr. Day determined to accompany me to France, and to dedicate a large portion of his time to the acquirement of those accomplishments, which he had formerly treated with sovereign contempt.'—vol. i. p. 254, 255.

This was very magnanimous of Day; and Mr. Edgeworth evidently thinks that *he* also acted with great prudence and generosity in thus flying from the tempter. We must be excused if we deny the *generosity*. It may have been *prudent*, but it seems to us to be a dastardly abandonment of his duties, and an additional and most cruel insult to his wife. She was, he tells us, 'prudent, domestic, and affectionate.' p. 164.—She was at least his wife and the mother of his children, and to her society he ought to have retired, and made reparation for the wandering of his thoughts; instead of which, he takes his son with him and sets off to amuse himself in France, where he remained till his wife's *death in child-birth*, when he returns, post haste, and—as far as we can understand his dates, which are here (intentionally we believe) imperfect—*within three months* he is married to Miss Honora Sneyd!

Mrs. Edgeworth's memory ought to have been dear to the mind, if not to the heart, of Mr. Edgeworth, for she was, *we believe*, the mother of his celebrated daughter; but strange to say, neither the gratitude of the father, nor the piety of the daughter, have thought it worth while to throw away even the most transient expression of affection or regret upon the unhappy mother. In fact, if the family cat had died in kitting, the circumstance could not be noticed with less ceremony;—indeed it is only by a comparison of dates, that we learn that this neglected lady was the parent of Maria Edgeworth, who, nevertheless, has found abundant occasions to shew her affection and gratitude for each of the three wives that succeeded her own mother.

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The six years of his life which succeeded his marriage with Honora are dispatched in six pages, and afford not six lines for our purpose; he was happy and domestic, and of such a life there are few anecdotes to tell. Notwithstanding the exaggerations of praise which it was the custom of all the Lichfield coterie to lavish upon each other's mediocrity, there seems some reason to believe that Honora Sneyd was a woman of considerable personal attractions, and of a very competent understanding. She died of a consumption in about six years after her marriage, and was succeeded, on her own recommendation as is stated, in Mr. Edgeworth's bed by her sister Elizabeth, and that too, we fear, after an interval indecently short; for here again, Mr. Edgeworth, who was so accurate as to date his great great grandmother's apocryphal adventure of the black salt, leaves us in almost utter darkness upon later and, we should have thought, more important points. Honora died on the 30th of April, (1780, we believe,) and Mr. Edgeworth was married to her sister on the 25th of December, in the same year. But this period of abstinence, short enough God knows, was, in fact, still shorter; for it seems they had made up their minds long before.

'Unforeseen circumstances, however, interposed difficulties to our union; and certain officious friends produced a great deal of unnecessary vexation. The subject of this marriage became public, and was made an object of party disputes. Many persons interfered; and in the Birmingham and other newspapers, various replies and rejoinders appeared, which have sunk into oblivion.

To remove these impediments the parties removed into Cheshire; here, says Mr. Edgeworth,

'After we had been asked three times in the parish church, we met to be married; but on the very morning appointed for our marriage the clergyman received a letter, which alarmed him so much, as to make me think it cruel to press him to perform the ceremony. Lady Holte took Miss Elizabeth Sneyd to Bath: I went to London with my children, took lodgings in Gray's-Inn-Lane, and had our banns published three times in St. Andrew's church, Holborn. Miss Elizabeth Sneyd came from Bath, and on Christmas day, 1780, was married to me in St. Andrew's church, in the presence of my first (*second*) wife's brother, Mr. Elers, his lady, and Mr. Day.'—vol. i. p. 380.

Shortly after this event the first volume and Mr. Edgeworth's own share of this work concludes.

In beginning her task Miss Edgeworth was fully aware of some of the difficulties she would have to contend with, but these were overborne in her mind by the duty which she owed, and by the tenderness which she felt towards her father—a tenderness which she very forcibly expresses in alluding to his desire that she should finish what he had begun.

' After he was no more, I read those solemn and pathetic words, in which he bequeathes the care of his posthumous character "to his beloved daughter," and in which he calls upon me for the performance of a promise and a duty, for which I was left unprepared and unequal.

' I resolved,—and it was the only point upon which I could then determine,—that nothing should be written by me hastily. I waited a considerable time, to recover composure of mind. In repeated attempts, I felt how little capable I was of fulfilling the trust reposed in me; but I have persevered. I could not relinquish the hope of doing justice to the memory of my father; of the father who educated me; to whom, under providence, I owe all of good or happiness I have enjoyed in life. Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness, or such advantages as I have had in the instructions, society, and unbounded confidence and affection, of such a father and such a friend. He was, in truth, ever since I could think or feel, the first object and motive of my mind.

' It may be thought, that with these feelings I am, of all persons, the least fit to be his biographer; and that no time or endeavours can qualify me for the undertaking. The reader will apprehend, that he shall have a *panegyric* instead of an impartial life and character; he may fear, that he shall be wearied with *uninteresting details*, or pained by *reiterated calls upon sympathy* beyond what he can naturally feel.'

Without entering in this place into a general examination of Miss Edgeworth's performance, we may compliment the sagacity with which she discovered the precise kind of danger into which she was running—dangers perhaps inevitable, certainly not escaped. She is too rhetorically panegyric—too pompous about trifles—somewhat too querulous—and as little amusing as the nature of memoir writing would permit her to be.

It is now, however, that the utility and real respectability of Mr. Edgeworth's life commences; he retires with his family to his paternal mansion in the county of Longford in Ireland, and dedicates himself to the education of a large and encreasing family, the cultivation of a long neglected estate, and the improvement of the manners and morals of an oppressed and degraded tenantry; and in all he was successful—in as great a degree as could be reasonably expected.

We have seen him hitherto as volatile and as visionary as the best of the Laputian tribe. We find that in his memoirs written so late as the year 1809, he dwells with particular regard on his wooden horses that could leap walls—wheels in which human turnspits were to walk 10 miles an hour—phaetons with a single wheel behind, like a wheelbarrow going the wrong way, and such like; and we find him at all times and to his latest hour ready to throw away his time and ingenuity on any kind of contrivance out of the common course;—thinking in 1786 of carrying manure about his farm by a fire-balloon (p. 84);—in 1792, of making roofing tiles of a fine blue

blue colour (cobalt, by which only it could be done, being but two guineas a pound), and then *planing* the tiles down to a proper thinness to resemble slates (p. 147);—and in 1802 of making a table with a claw to turn aside, of which the only result seems to have been, that the table “could not stand alone, but must be reared against the wall.” The mind which loved to dwell on such projects as these was not likely to employ itself in other respects so usefully as Mr. Edgeworth’s did; and we observe in several passages the fears expressed by his friends of his sharing the common fate of projectors; in one of his letters to his fourth wife, 1786, he says,

‘I attribute, my dear Bessy, your anxiety lest I should engage too ardently in this business to that true friendship and affection, which you invariably shew me upon every occasion of consequence; and I can only reply, that one word from you can at any time abate my application, or, if necessary, stop me in the midst of my career.’

Perhaps this tender and prudent solicitude, and the practical care of educating a large family, and the habit which Mr. Edgeworth seems to have adopted of discussing all matters in a kind of family parliament, may have tended to restrain within reasonable limits his love of experiments, and it is proper to add that it seems to have been about the time of his union with his last wife, that his mind appears to have taken most decidedly a regulated and useful character.

On his arrival in Ireland he found the whole nation in argument and in arms, and but too well inclined to support their political and civil claims by the *terror*, if not by the *force* of their military array.

It was upon a raw and gusty day,
The sullen Tiber chafing with its shores,

that Mr. Edgeworth, ‘accoutered as he was’ and knowing, as we shall see, but little of the depth or force of the current, or of the ocean to which it was rolling, ‘at once jumped in,’ and—to quit our metaphor,—published within ‘*a few days after* his arrival in Dublin, an address to the associated volunteer corps of the county of Longford, in which he warns them that their late successes may be all ruined by the corruption of parliament; and he therefore advises them before ‘*they lay down their arms*,’ to force from the aristocracy their *rights*; that is, a reform in parliament, both in the manner of election and the period of delegation.’

The first copy of this address was ‘*as Miss Edgeworth remembers*,’ lying on her father’s table when Mr. William Foster, afterwards Bishop of Clogher, came in, and after looking over it, with a good humoured raillery, wrote the word *free* before the signature; inferring from the popular topics and tone of the address that the

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writer was preparing to become a candidate for the county of Longford.

‘ But his friend was mistaken, neither popularity, nor a seat in parliament, was my father’s object; he meant only that which persons, who have seen much of the political world, can scarcely believe, that a man past thirty, and a man of talents, can intend by a political address, *simply* the good of his country.—p. 52.

Miss Edgeworth’s statement, that she tells this story from *her own* remembrance of the occurrence, seems extraordinary; she was then not above twelve years old; and, was more likely, we should have thought, to have it from her father’s relation than from actual recollection. We suppose also, the denial of all personal motives was derived from him; and *this* (notwithstanding the sneer by which Miss Edgeworth seems to wish to repress incredulity) we must be allowed to say, we doubt;—not, observe, that Mr. Edgeworth thought he was doing a public service, but that such was his object, *simply* and *in exclusion* of all personal objects:—Miss Edgeworth thinks she adds to her father’s character by endeavouring to remove all suspicion that *he* was acting from mixed motives, and to shew that *his* decision must therefore be received without those limitations and allowances to which the advice of other public men is liable: but, again, we ask Miss Edgeworth how she knows her father’s *secret motives*? if from *his* own relation, we believe there never was and never will be a candidate who does not make equal professions of disinterestedness; if from *her* own observation of his character and of the events of his life, he and she have now put us in a condition to form our own judgments; and in this case, we may be allowed to say, we distrust Mr. Edgeworth’s wholly unbiassed motives and *simple* patriotism;—because in many places he expresses a considerable longing after parliament;—because his scheme of parliamentary reform was exactly suited to ensure his own return for the county;—because he procured himself, immediately after this letter, to be elected a delegate to the national convention;—subsequently became a candidate for the county;—and got into parliament as soon as he could.

Within three pages, however, we have a most extraordinary and important proof, indeed confession, on the part of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, of the folly and imprudence of that very advice for which he has been so eulogized. That advice was to the volunteer corps, *not to lay down their arms* till they had wrested from the aristocracy a reform in parliament. It was given in June; the volunteers *adopted* it in November; the convention of volunteers sent down Mr. Flood and a body of their delegates, in full uniform, to move in the House of Commons for Parliamentary Reform, while ‘ the armed convention itself continued sitting the whole night waiting

waiting the result of the debate. One step more,' adds Miss Edgeworth, 'and irreparable fatal imprudence might have been committed;'—and yet the volunteers were only acting in the spirit of Mr. Edgeworth's own advice!

Again; Mr. Edgeworth, she says, used afterwards to pride himself on the share he had in preventing a desperate resolution of this kind from taking effect. It was proposed at a meeting of the heads of the party, that the convention should carry up their petition to the door of the House of Commons, in their uniforms. 'I,' said Mr. Edgeworth, 'was the first person who opposed this plan, and fortunately for the country, all present became convinced of its *rashness and illegality*. I assert, that I was the *first* person who ventured, in a distinct manner to oppose this proposition.'—p. 64—Now this rash and illegal proposition, big with such imprudent and fatal consequences was, in fact, a modification of Mr. Edgeworth's own proposition of a few months before, which this able and disinterested man had made *simply* for his country's good. The fact appears to be, that Mr. Edgeworth, at the first moment of his landing in Ireland, listening to his vanity, his ambition or his enthusiasm, inconsiderately published the address in question; but either seeing the extent of danger, or finding, perhaps, that other men would carry away the popularity he had looked to, he glories in having started back,

'Even at the sound himself had made.'

Our readers will observe the solemnity and reiteration with which Mr. Edgeworth claims the merit of being the *first* to oppose this fatal proposition; he does so because 'he afterwards heard more than one gentleman, who had been of that company, claim the merit of having prevented the convention going in *arms* to the House of Commons.'—p. 64. Now we are disposed to give the *other* gentlemen the credit of this moderation;—1. Because Mr. Edgeworth was himself, *as far as appears here*, the first to propose to the volunteers the course of intimidation by arms. 2. Because Mr. Edgeworth's own account is, that he only opposed a proposition to go down in *uniform*, which many did, but which is very different from going down in *arms*, which none attempted; and, 3. because Mr. Edgeworth has too often given us reason to think that his memory had the quality of distorting circumstances to fit the views of his own self-importance.

Whether taught by the lesson he had received in the affair of the armed petitions for reform, or from whatever cause, Mr. Edgeworth, we are told, took for sixteen years no part in public affairs: he applied himself, we suppose, with greater assiduity to his domestic concerns and the care of his increasing family; but he still

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continued to pursue his favourite maggot of inventions, which, however, now seems to have taken a more sober direction.

‘In his own house, or in the houses of his friends, he was continually devising new means of adding to their comfort. He executed, and put to the proof of long and constant use, a variety of small inventions, which, separately considered, are scarcely worth mentioning; but which, put altogether, add essentially to domestic order, and every-day enjoyment.’—vol. ii. p. 137.

We have heard some ridiculous stories of the contrivances with which he filled his house, and perplexed his guests and servants. His innumerable plans for the *saving of trouble* kept every one so busy, and occasioned such a world of labour as to be quite intolerable.

With Doctor Darwin and Mr. Day, he kept up a frequent correspondence, and several of their letters will be read with great pleasure—Miss Edgeworth, we think, would have performed a service more acceptable to the public and more creditable to her father’s memory, if she had published a collection of his letters, with a short and plain biographical memoir, instead of the trifling and apocryphal anecdotes of the first, or the heavy and laboured dissertations of the second of these volumes.

Miss Seward, in her life of Dr. Darwin, depreciates his epistolary powers—they certainly were very different from the flimsy and affected style in which that good lady herself took pride. We shall insert one letter, merely on account of the melancholy circumstances connected with it.

‘FROM DR. DARWIN TO MR. EDGEWORTH.

“*Priory, near Derby, April 17, 1802.*

“DEAR EDGEWORTH,

“I am glad to find that you still amuse yourself with mechanism, in spite of the troubles of Ireland.

“The *use* of turning aside, or downwards, the claw of a table, I don’t see; as it must then be reared against a wall, for it will not stand alone. If the use be for carriage, the feet may shut up, like the usual brass feet of a reflecting telescope.

“We have all been now removed from Derby about a fortnight, to the Priory, and all of us like our change of situation. We have a pleasant house, a good garden, ponds full of fish, and a pleasing valley somewhat like Shenstone’s—deep, umbrageous, and with a talkative stream running down it. Our house is near the top of the valley, well screened by hills from the east and north, and open to the south, where, at four miles distance, we see Derby tower.

“Four or more strong springs rise near the house, and have formed the valley, which, like that of Petrarch, may be called *Val chiusa*, as it begins, or is shut, at the situation of the house. I hope you like the description, and hope farther, that yourself and any part of your family will sometime do us the pleasure of a visit.

“My

“ My bookseller, Mr. Johnson, will not begin to print the Temple of Nature, till the price of the paper is fixed by Parliament. I suppose the present duty is paid” * * * * *

At these words Dr. Darwin's pen stopped. What follows was written on the opposite side of the paper by another hand:

“ SIR,

“ This family is in the greatest affliction. I am truly grieved to inform you of the death of the invaluable Dr. Darwin. Dr. Darwin got up apparently in health; about eight o'clock, he rang the library bell. The servant, who went, said, he appeared fainting. He revived again—Mrs. Darwin was immediately called. The Doctor spoke often, but soon appeared fainting; and died about nine o'clock.

“ Our dear Mrs. Darwin and family are inconsolable: their affliction is great indeed, there being few such husbands or fathers. He will be most deservedly lamented by all who had the honour to be known to him.

“ I remain, Sir,

“ Your obedient and humble Servant,

“ S. M.

“ PS.—This letter was begun this morning by Dr. Darwin himself.”—vol. ii. pp. 26—365.

In a former letter the Doctor had advised his friend to publish ‘ something wonderful.’—‘ Pray think (he adds) of a decade of mechanic inventions, with neat drawings, by R. L. Edgeworth, Esq. F.R.S. M.R.I.A. &c. &c. to the end of the alphabet.’ On this Miss Edgeworth remarks—

‘ I must express my regret that my father did not follow Dr. Darwin's counsel about the *decade* of mechanic inventions. He might in such a publication have inserted a variety of mechanical and agricultural experiments and contrivances, which he had brought to perfection. It was a plan that would have peculiarly suited his mind, so fertile in invention, so ready in adapting it to practical use, and so habitually conversant in the detail of the small circumstances, which contribute to domestic convenience.’—vol. ii. p. 137.

We apprehend that Miss Edgeworth has mistaken the meaning of the word *decade*—she seems to think that the Doctor recommends a periodical publication like, perhaps, the *Decade Litteraire* of the French; but, in fact, he only meant, “ if you cannot give us an *hundred* inventions like the Marquis of Worcester, give us at least *ten*.” Mr. Edgeworth appears to have complied with this wish as far as he could—he has detailed about a dozen of his *inventions*—of which, unluckily, not one appears to have been an *invention*, or likely to become useful if it had succeeded; and it requires more confidence than we possess in Mr. Edgeworth's ingenuity to believe that he had done any thing more valuable than what he has taken the trouble

trouble to record. On the whole, we do not much participate in the regret for the lost decades of Mr. Edgeworth.

In amusements or employments of this nature, however, Mr. Edgeworth passed many happy, and in some respects useful years, when he was visited by a calamity, the most severe which can happen to men in general, but to which he must have been in some degree habituated—the loss of his wife :—and again he had recourse to the same consolation—another marriage—there still remained two other sisters of the house of Sneyd, but though these amiable and respectable ladies continued to reside with him, he determined on making another and a younger connexion.

His fourth wife died in the autumn of 1797. The same omission of precise dates occurs here as on the former occasion; but it is at least certain, that he was not married again till about the 31st May, 1798, which leaves it possible that his widowhood may have lasted on this occasion full six months!

The new lady was the daughter of Dr. Beaufort, a name creditably known in the literature of Ireland, and still more deservedly honoured within the sphere of his acquaintance and duties. Mr. Edgeworth's first acquaintance with this young lady was after his marriage with Honora, when she accompanied her father on a visit to Mr. Edgeworth's brother-in-law—'a little child in white frock and pink sash : her image was fixed on my father's recollection by a question that occurred whether her mother did or did not spoil her?'—to this childish observation Miss Edgeworth adds one still more childish, and more absurd from the oracular solemnity with which it is delivered. 'He could *little foresee* how much influence this child was to have, years afterwards, on his happiness.'

It is one of the inconveniences not to say the indecencies of what Miss Edgeworth has chosen to publish, that it brings under public notice, and consequently under public criticism, subjects which should have remained buried in the bosom of her family. The great object of the work is to represent Mr. Edgeworth as a pattern for husbands and fathers. Now, fortunate as Mr. Edgeworth happened to be in his wives and children, can it be maintained for a moment that his practice was commendable—decent—fit to be imitated? Our duty to the public calls on us to censure it—and yet, how can we do so without inflicting pain on innocent individuals, the fruits or the connexions of four marriages, formed under circumstances of which we believe we do not speak too harshly when we say, that they had better not have been divulged? We are aware that Miss Edgeworth could not well have entirely suppressed circumstances so material in her father's life: but she need not have written a life on which she had such a difficulty to encounter; or, if she was resolved to write the life, she might have touched the matter slightly
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and with regret, not with that pride and approbation and eternal praise of the best of husbands and the best of fathers, which imposes upon us the duty of counteracting such an example by censures of such conduct. We return to the narrative.

At the moment of Mr. Edgeworth's last marriage the Irish rebellion of 1798 broke forth—and was followed (fortunately not accompanied) by a French invasion.

‘ Previous to this time, the principal gentry in the country had raised corps of yeomanry ; but my father had delayed doing so, because, as long as the *civil authority* had been sufficient, he was unwilling to resort to military interference, or to the ultimate law of force, of the abuse of which he had seen too many recent examples.’—vol. ii. p. 211.

Whether it was this tardiness of Mr. Edgeworth, or as his daughter hints, his neglect to mix with society, or what other cause, we cannot tell, but it appears that Mr. Edgeworth had become an object of suspicion at this crisis to his loyal neighbours, and before his corps could be armed, the French, in their rapid marches,—which were directed wherever they could best escape the king's troops,—approached the county of Longford, and threw Edgeworth Town and all its inhabitants into a state not merely of confusion, but of considerable difficulty and danger.

This tardiness of Mr. Edgeworth was certainly very remarkable, and the reason given for it is absolutely unfounded. A rebellion—an extensive, bloody, organized, embattled rebellion—had been raging in Ireland ever since the 25th May. Several pitched battles had been fought with various success. The whole nation was in arms for or against the constitution—and Mr. Edgeworth forsooth did not, *until the autumn*, think that there was justifiable ground for *military* interference. The great mass of the yeomanry of Ireland had been raised at or just before the menaced invasion of 1796. Why was Mr. Edgeworth so backward then? We cannot but suspect that he was playing, what is called, a *popular game*; and we well know that, in such times of peril, not the vulgar alone, but even the wise must feel, that ‘ he who is not with us is against us,’ and that the backwardness of a man of Mr. Edgeworth's rank and consequence may have given confidence (however unjustified) to the disaffected, and alarm (not wholly unfounded) to the loyal.

Mr. Edgeworth, however, was destined to feel the effect of his temporizing. When the day of trial came his corps was still unarmed—obnoxious to the rebels by being enrolled, and incapable, no less from want of arms than of discipline, of assisting the well-affected. In this emergency Mr. Edgeworth and his corps were obliged to leave their houses in the power of the rebels, and in a naked and ridiculous state, march to Longford, not to defend, but

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to be defended. It is not surprising that the gentlemen and yeomanry who garrisoned that town looked upon the new comers with some degree of suspicion, which was increased by the circumstance of Mr. Edgeworth's house having been spared by the rebels through the interference of one of the body to whom the Edgeworth family had done some kindness.

'We had scarcely time to rejoice in the escape of our housekeeper, and safety of our house, when we found, that new dangers arose even from this escape. The house being saved created jealousy and suspicion in the minds of many, who at this time saw every thing through the mist of party prejudice. The dislike to my father's corps appeared every hour more strong. He saw the consequences, that might arise from the slightest breaking out of quarrel. It was not possible for him to send his men unarmed, as they still were, to their homes, lest they should be destroyed by the rebels; yet the officers of the other corps wished to have them sent out of the town, and to this effect joined in a memorial to government. Some of these officers disliked my father, from differences of electioneering interests; others, from his not having kept up an acquaintance with them; and others, not knowing him in the least, were misled by party reports and misrepresentations.' vol. ii. p. 223.

We think we may venture to say that Miss Edgeworth here gives a colour to the dissatisfaction of these gentlemen which it does not deserve. Mr. Edgeworth, she told us (p. 67) took no part in public affairs; there had not lately been an election contest in the county; but even if there had, at that awful moment, the gentlemen of Ireland had other matters to attend to, than local disputes; these were all absorbed *for the moment* in the common danger; and however mistaken they may have been (and mistaken certainly they were) as to Mr. Edgeworth's loyalty, it was, we have no doubt, an honest mistake on their parts, which should rather be laid to the charge of Mr. Edgeworth's own temporizing, than to the motives imputed by Miss Edgeworth: and indeed it seems that his whole neighbourhood, high and low, shared this mistake. The evening of the day of the final defeat and surrender of the French, the mob of Longford, who had been pacified for some time with a notion that Mr. Edgeworth had been arrested, finding him at liberty, resolved to perform summary justice on him for his supposed disloyalty; a very serious riot took place, and poor Mr. Edgeworth, who, blind to the signs of the times, had put his whole trust in the *civil* power, would have been murdered in the streets of Longford but for the *military* officers, 'at the sight of whose drawn swords the populace gave way, and dispersed in every direction.'—vol. ii. p. 231.

The return home is well described, and we quote it with pleasure:

'When we came near Edgeworth-Town, we saw many well known faces at the cabin doors, looking out to welcome us. One man, who was

was digging in his field by the road side, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house every thing was as we had left it—a map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream. The joy of having my father in safety remained, and gratitude to heaven for his preservation. These feelings spread inexpressible pleasure over what seemed to be a new sense of existence. Even the most common things appeared delightful; the green lawn, the still groves, the birds singing, the fresh air, all external nature, and all the goods and conveniencies of life, seemed to have wonderfully increased in value, from the fear into which we had been put of losing them irrecoverably.'—vol. ii. p. 232.

The conclusion of this strange affair is as mysterious as the rest. Mr. Edgeworth demanded a court-martial on one of the rioters, who happened to be a serjeant in a volunteer corps; it was found that he was not amenable to martial law; Mr. Edgeworth then indicted him at the assizes, but

'Having accomplished his own object of publicly proving every fact that concerned his own honor and character, my father felt desirous, that the poor culprit, who was now ashamed and penitent, should not be punished. The evidence was not pressed against him, and—*he was acquitted*. My father's counsel was his zealous and eminent friend, Mr. (afterwards judge) Fox. The judge, who presided at the trial, was Sir Michael Smith, whose charge, as I have been assured, was able and eloquent; as honourable to himself, as it was to my father.'—vol. ii. p. 256, 257.

We honestly confess we do not understand all this:—a solemn trial,—great counsel employed,—an eminent judge making an able and eloquent charge,—and the prisoner *acquitted*,—because the prosecutor, having satisfied his own honour, wished to save the culprit from punishment. With humble submission to Miss Edgeworth, it seems not to accord with what she tells us of her father's practice in analogous cases. In the next place we should be greatly amazed, any where but at an Irish Assize, to hear that a gentleman had established his view of any case by *failing* in his prosecution, and by the *acquittal* of a man whom he had indicted as *guilty*.
And

And thirdly, we must observe that where the defendant is guilty, and the prosecutor magnanimous, the usual mode is, that when the conviction of the former shall have cleared the character and satisfied the feelings of the latter, he should *then* interfere and solicit the court either for a mild sentence or for a nominal punishment.

In 1799 the great question of the Union agitated the public mind, and Mr. Edgeworth came into parliament for the borough of St. John's-town; thus again offering a practical refutation of his own arguments on parliamentary reform (p. 444. vol. ii.); for notwithstanding all his talents, independence, patriotism, and popularity, he was obliged to find his way into parliament, as the Pitts, father and son,—the Foxes, father and son,—the Burkes and the Barrés, the Floods and the Grattans, and in short many who did honour to either parliament, had done before him. Indeed he admits, in 1817. 'that his original opinion on the borough system went further than he could now approve.'—vol. ii. p. 63. Thus it is that experience refutes the theorists!

In parliament, however, his success was not considerable; he came too late, and his conduct on the great question of the Union is quite inexplicable; he was friendly to a Union, and even spoke in its favour, yet he voted against it, and refused, as he intimates, large offers of rank and office rather than vote according to his own conscience! This is a kind of independence which we think might afford a pleasant illustration in the next edition of Irish Bulls. His own account of it, is, we must say, not creditable to his common sense or to his public character.

'I am an Unionist, but I vote and speak against the Union now proposed to us—as to my reasons, are they not published in the reports of our debates? &c.

'It is intended to force this measure down the throats of the Irish, though five-sixths of the nation are against it. Now, though I think such a union as would identify the nations, so as that Ireland should be as Yorkshire to Great Britain, would be an excellent thing; yet I also think, that the good people of Ireland ought to be *persuaded* of this truth, and not be dragooned into submission.'—vol. ii. 252.

Mr. Edgeworth in endeavouring to justify his own inconsistency should not make such charges as these, even in a private letter, and Miss Edgeworth should not have given publicity to a notorious calumny. Whatever may be said of the means by which the Union was carried, no one but Mr. Edgeworth has ventured to say that the people were "*dragooned into submission*," a metaphor borrowed from the bloody persecutions of bigotry. Whatever else may have been done, there was assuredly nothing like "*dragooning*;" and if the great and useful end to be obtained does not justify the political means used to effect it, the conduct of such men as Mr. Edgeworth

Edgeworth seems to do so; for here was a man of talents, with a clear and decisive opinion in favour of the Union, who was corrupted by a very limited, a very transient, and a very paltry popularity, to vote *against* his conscience and the good of his country. "*The people should be persuaded;*"—assuredly; but who should have tried to persuade them but Mr. Edgeworth, who was convinced they were in error? It was *his* duty to endeavour to enlighten the public mind;—to give the whole weight of his rank, his fortune, his reputation, his independence, to the side of truth, and to stem with all his powers the torrent of error. If he feared to do this—if for popularity he joined in the cry which his conscience condemned—it was high time to counteract such unworthy motives, by measures, which, in another state of the case, might not have been justifiable.

We take the liberty of doubting, altogether, that Mr. Edgeworth had any offers of rank or office made to him, to induce him to do what he confesses was his duty.—It may be true that he had large offers from individuals for the sale of his seat, but we have good reason to think that the other insinuation is wholly unfounded.

After this we find Mr. Edgeworth conspicuous as an author in conjunction with his daughter and biographer. We have not room to examine him in this character, nor is it necessary. Many of the useful and entertaining works published by them have already been individually noticed in our publication, and this would hardly be a fit occasion to take a general view of their joint productions; nor do we know how we could separate or distinguish the respective shares of the father and the daughter. In his latter years an examination before a Committee of the House of Commons revived Mr. Edgeworth's inquiries into the use of springs in wheel carriages, and brought into full light a discovery which he had made twenty-five years before, and which is, as far as we know, the only one of Mr. Edgeworth's mechanical inventions or propositions likely to survive him, or to be of any value to mankind, namely, that springs lighten and facilitate the draught of carriages.

His literary character his daughter is desirous to bottom on 'the merit of having been the first to recommend, both by example and precept, what Bacon would call the experimental method in education,' or, as it is explained, 'noting down anecdotes of children,' as data on which to build a system of education. We have great doubts of the merit and efficacy of this system, and we think there is an obvious sophism in assimilating it to the analytical method in science. The varieties of the human mind and temper are innate and indefinite—they admit of no uniform law—all bodies gravitate, and gravitate by the same rules, but the qualities of the mind and temper are nearly as numerous as the individuals of our species, and

and we hardly can imagine a wilder scheme than the attempt to educate one child by a system of observations made upon another. The modes which are common to all children—fear, hope, appetite, love, vanity, emulation—had been observed, noted, and employed as the foundation of education, even before education was known as a science; and, in fact, while all *other* sciences (if we may use the expression) were travelling the ‘high priori road,’ education had, from its earliest dawn, proceeded on the experience which had been made of the human mind in its different stages: so that, in truth, Mr. Edgeworth has no kind of claim to the merit of being the Bacon of education. What he appears to have done—namely, the registering of the *gesta et dicta* of individual children, is to parents an amusing and delightful occupation, but for the purpose of founding a general system of education it is worse than useless; it would become deceptive, and never lead to any available practical result. All the great operating motives are already known, and employed; but the attempt to found a universal theory on the shades of distinction between individuals appears, at once, hopeless and absurd. Newton is said to have observed an apple fall to the ground—he then recollected that *all* apples fall—he thought that there must be a common reason for this general effect, he found they fell faster or slower in proportion to their weight and density, and by a series of experiments and observations of this nature, he arrived at the sublime system which rules the harmonized universe. Mr. Edgeworth’s merit is, as if he should note down that one apple was a pippin and one a pearmain, that one was red and another yellow, that one was sweet and another sour, and then conclude that, by such observations, he had developed and extended the doctrine of gravitation! We give one of Miss Edgeworth’s own examples.

‘When she (one of his daughters) was about seven years old, and had just *heard*, not *learned by rote*, the definitions of a line, a square, and a cube, and had been told what was meant by a body moving through the air, and describing a figure as it moves, she was asked, by her father, the following question:

“If a line move its own length through the air, so as to produce a surface, what figure will it describe?”

‘She answered.—“*A square.*”

‘She was then asked,—

“If that square be moved downwards or upwards in the air, the space of the length of one of its own sides, what figure will it, at the end of its motion, have described in the air?”

‘After a few minutes silence, she answered,—“*A cube.*”’—vol. ii. p. 124.

Now, what, we ask, is this extraordinary anecdote worth, as an experiment on which to found any doctrine of education? If it taught

taught us how a mathematical turn in the child's mind could be produced, it would be curious, and if it shewed that education could cause that effect it would be useful; but lo! Miss Edgeworth admits that this child probably inherited it from her mother, who had been remarkable for strong powers of reasoning; in other words, it was the gift of God—a rare and curious power conferred on an individual; but what (we repeat) is to be gained from it for general purposes?—nothing but mischief, if any parents should be deluded by this experimental education to puzzle their poor girls of seven years old, who had no *hereditary* mathematics in their composition, with lines and squares and cubes.

We now arrive at the last scene of Mr. Edgeworth's long, and, in reference to the good he has done in his own family and neighbourhood, and to the stock of rational amusement which his works have given the world, we may add somewhat useful life.

His serenity and composure during his last moments were exemplary. We wish we could add that they gave us any reason to hope, that they were founded in a spirit of *Christian* confidence.—We regret to say, that they do not, and that Mr. Edgeworth's life leads us additionally to fear, that the omission of all peculiar expression of reverence for the Christian revelation, in the productions of him and his daughter, arises neither from accident nor from an opinion of its being extraneous to their subject, but simply and plainly because they did not believe in that Revelation—a moral heathen might have died as Mr. Edgeworth did. 'I die,' said he, 'with the soft feeling of gratitude to my friends and submission to the God who made me.' Gratitude to man, but no *gratitude to God*,—no future fears, no future hopes—but a dry *submission*, to what is inevitable.

Mrs. Honora Edgeworth's death, so highly eulogized by the biographers, is merely philosophic; and the manner in which Mr. Edgeworth himself bears the loss of a beloved daughter is very remarkably stated by Miss Edgeworth. 'In sorrow the mind turns for comforts to our earliest friends,'—vol. ii. p. 129.

This may be true of those who are not Christians; but the minds of Christians certainly do *not* turn to early friends of *this world*; and every Christian's own experience must have taught him that it is in *sorrows* of this nature, that one *peculiarly* feels how vain all earthly friendship is, and how naturally and fondly the mind clings to the hopes of a future state. She proceeds—

'He went to that sister whom he mentions in the first part of these memoirs as the favourite companion of his childhood. Their friendship continued a blessing to both in every circumstance of life. With her he had *all that could be done for his consolation* by sympathy, by the strong charm of similarity of character, and the stronger charm of association with scenes of youth and early affection.' 'But, as he said, for

real grief there is no sudden cure, all *human* resource is in time and occupation.'

Now the word '*human*,' thus printed, is the only hint which we have been able to discover in these volumes that either of the authors believe, in their own minds, that there can be any *other* than *human* resources; and the care taken to put it in italics, shews, in Miss Edgeworth, a desire to go as far as she could towards leading us into a belief, that her father had *divine* resources of consolation: we must confess, however, that the introduction of the word, in this manner, only serves to confirm our original suspicions, and further, a little to disgust us at the appearance of equivocation which it bears.

In describing the equanimity with which Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth sees her approaching fate, (vol. ii. p. 178,) her husband attributes it with great approbation 'to *good sense* forming just estimates of every object which lies before it and regulating the temper and conduct;' but not a word about religion; good sense, temper and conduct is all in all.

In vol. ii. p. 386, we find, in a paper addressed to his children, what may be almost considered as Mr. Edgeworth's profession of faith, and account of his ministry in this particular point.

'I now write in my seventy-second year, and I think it a duty owing to my children, to let them know the means which have been taken to cultivate their understandings, to *give them a sense of religion*, a profound veneration for the unknown cause of their existence, and a sincere and practical *submission* to those decrees which are to us, in our present state, inscrutable. I wish to prove to my children that pains have been taken to give them *moral* habits, *generous* sentiments, kind *tempers*, and easy *manners*.'

Not a word of a future existence!—A *veneration* for an unknown cause! a submission to inscrutable decrees!—morality, generosity, temper, and good manners! these constitute Mr. Edgeworth's notion of religion—what is all this but mere pagan philosophy. Nay, it falls short of what we read in Plato or Cicero. Why is there no mention of piety, of gratitude to God, of confidence in a Saviour, of hopes of futurity, to be found in this summary of the religion which Mr. Edgeworth taught his children?—The omission can hardly be accidental, for he descends to notice *temper* and *manners*; and the question admits, we fear, but of one answer.

If Mr. Edgeworth is to be believed, the lesson he received from his own mother was not much better than that which he has given to his children; in her death-bed admonition to her son, she is represented as saying—'If there be a state of just retribution in another world, I must be happy, for I have suffered during the greatest part of my life, and I know that I did not deserve it by my thoughts
or

or actions:—vol. i. p. 103. thus very illogically and very impiously asserting her own *right* to happiness *if there be a just retribution*; and thus putting as a doubtful question what a Christian mother in such circumstances would have felt and inculcated as an eternal truth. But we have seen enough of Mr. Edgeworth's way of telling stories, to believe that the hypothetical form of this proposition may have been supplied by himself.

In vol. ii. p. 413, we find 'that the pleasure attached to the *mere feeling of existence* is sufficient to create man's attachment to life.' This sentiment seems to us to be consistent only with a belief that we shall not exist after this life; but, (whatever may be thought of this inference,) it is most remarkable and most important to this subject, that in *developing* and *explaining* Mr. Edgeworth's feelings on this point, Miss Edgeworth does not drop a single hint as to the probability of a future state of existence; and in discussing, very much at large, the progress of the human mind—its gradual improvement even to the last moments of life, and the gratification and pleasure which such a continually improving state of existence gives,—not the slightest allusion to a *continuance* of that existence and of that improvement *beyond death* has escaped her pen. This cannot be mere accident—nothing but the most studied care could have prevented some thoughts of futurity intruding themselves into such a dissertation. Nay, the case is still stronger—for she is silent on this point, on an occasion in which, if she or her father believed in futurity, she could hardly in fair reasoning have omitted to notice it. She observes,

'That old men continue to believe, that they shall live to-morrow as they have lived to-day, and though increasing infirmities, or the deaths of those who are of the same age, warn the old that *they cannot last beyond a certain term*; yet the mere IRRATIONAL habit prevails so far as to counteract much of that apprehension which might otherwise embitter the latter years of life.

'These things my father pointed out to us as *some of the beautiful provisions* which have been made in our nature for the tranquillity of age.'—vol. ii. p. 413.

We appeal to the candour of our readers, whether this view of the subject does not seem to consider that existence *ends with this world*, and that the most effective consolation of the frail creature who *cannot last beyond a certain term*, is the *irrational* habit of thinking that his annihilation is not quite so near as other people see it to be. Here again Miss Edgeworth is far behind the pagan philosophers; for they do not hesitate to place the hopes of an immortal life among 'the *most beautiful provisions* which have been made in our nature for the tranquillity of old age.'

It is true, indeed, that a passage from the preface to the *second*

edition of 'Practical Education' is quoted (vol. ii. p. 404,) as disavowing 'the design of laying down a system of education founded on morality exclusive of religion;' and, in page 405, is repeated a letter to Dr. Rees, in answer to some criticism on this subject in the Encyclopedia, in which Mr. Edgeworth says,

'That he is convinced that *religious obligation* (*—observe the periphrasis—*) is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people *in every part of the world*, and that religion, *in the large sense of the word*, is the only bond of society.'

Now in the first place, we presume that *religion* here could, at best, only mean *religion* according to the definition just before given, and which we have seen, is any thing but Christianity; but for fear any doubt should exist upon that point, the words, '*large sense of the word*' and '*in every part of the world*,' are introduced to place Christianity in the same line with Judaism, Mohammedanism, Brahminism, and those superstitions which degrade human nature, though they all act as some degree of restraint on human vices, '*in every part of the world*.'

And even if he had given the word religion a better meaning, what is his conclusion—that it is necessary to salvation? No; that it leads to a future state? No; but that it is the only bond of society—a mere political engine.

Miss Edgeworth is so sore upon this subject, that there is nothing, in the way of innuendo and inference and circumlocution, omitted, to give what, we fear, must be felt to be a false colouring to it; for instance, in page 4 of vol. ii. she states—

'That many distinguished members, and some of the most respected dignitaries of the established church, honoured Mr. Edgeworth with their esteem and private friendship. This could not have been had they believed him to be either an open or a concealed enemy to Christianity, or had they conceived it to be his design to lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion.'

And she proceeds to instance the solemnity with which, as a magistrate, he administered an oath, and his receiving the *confession* of a papist criminal, when party bigotry denied admittance to the Catholic priest. Now instead of all this argumentation, and these facts from which we are to draw such favourable *inferences*, why does not Miss Edgeworth say in one sentence, '*my father was a Christian, and he brought me and his other children up in the belief of a future life and a redeeming Saviour!*' These two lines would have rendered unnecessary an hundred pages of shuffling.

And what does the *acquaintance* of dignitaries of the church prove, their external *esteem*, and, in the ordinary meaning of the words, their *private friendship*?—nothing to this point: no one ever supposed, that Mr. Edgeworth was so notorious and offensive an infidel

infidel as to deserve to be put out of the pale of society; there was nothing in his manners or conduct in society, as to religion, to justify any peculiar observation upon him; and even as an author, his fault is that of omission; and, indeed, if he had not been put forward as the *Bacon of education*, and as a model for husbands and fathers, it would not have been necessary for us to go into this subject with so much earnestness, an earnestness which we confess is much increased by the evasions and equivocations with which we see, or fancy we see, that his real sentiments are disguised.

What proof of Christianity is the decorous administration of an oath? It may be a proof of a general supposition of a Supreme Being. It may be a proof of good taste, good sense, propriety and obedience to the laws; but nothing more. What proof is the charitable attendance on a Catholic criminal?—of a kind heart, and nothing more; for if it proved any thing beyond this, it would prove that Mr. Edgeworth was a papist, and believed the peculiar superstitions of that sect. Miss Edgeworth must have been hard pushed for evidence when she has recourse to such as this.

But she collects all her force to assure us that—

‘No man could be more sensible than he was of the consolatory fortifying influence of the Christian religion, in sustaining the mind in adversity, poverty, and age; no man knew better its power to carry hope and peace in the hour of death to the penitent criminal * * * Nor did he ever weaken in any heart, in which it ever existed, that which he considered as the greatest blessing that a human creature can enjoy—firm religious faith and hope.’—vol. ii. p. 407.

These sentences, if they stood alone, written spontaneously, and untainted by all the shifts and equivocations on the subject which we have observed, would be perhaps considered as satisfactory; but we have been put on our guard, and must look at them more narrowly.

In the first place we observe that Mr. Edgeworth, when defending *himself* on this very charge, says nothing like this; HE never, we believe, distinguishes the *Christian* religion, from ‘religion in its large sense, and in every part of the world;’ and we might, therefore, if necessary set his own against his daughter’s evidence. But it is not necessary; she does not say a syllable about *his own personal faith* in this doctrine; she says of him what might be said by any deist or infidel, that the worldly effect of the Christian religion is obvious and highly advantageous to society; she dwells upon its *human effects*, which every man sees and acknowledges, namely, its power of sustaining the mind in adversity and sorrow—its support to the condemned criminal—its consolation to those who rely upon it. These are mere *facts*, which every one sees, and which Hume or Voltaire could not, and do not deny; but, that such a

reliance is well founded, rational, just—THAT is what Hume and Voltaire would deny, and that is what Mr. and Miss Edgeworth do not affirm. To see and acknowledge the effects of any thing in third persons is one thing; to feel the effects one's self is another; the former is but the exertion of common observation and common candour; the latter is an internal conscientious conviction; in short, the former is consistent with deism or paganism, the latter is the distinction of a Christian.

It will not, we hope, be thought, that we have invidiously or unnecessarily introduced this subject. It forms so prominent a feature in Miss Edgeworth's work and in Mr. Edgeworth's Life, that we could not pass it over in silence, and we could not mention it without stating our impressions, and the reasons which produced them. We should have not imputed it as blame (though we should have regretted it as a misfortune) if the minds of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth had been so constituted as not to be able to believe in the great doctrines of Christianity—*belief is not in our own power*; and if they were not Christians, we should applaud the good sense and delicacy with which in their former works, and indeed in this, they have taken care not to give any offence by the ostentatious production of infidel opinions—but when we see, what we think, a design to induce us to believe *the thing which is not*—to represent Mr. Edgeworth as a Christian, and to justify as Christian doctrines and practices things which are certainly not so—when we find a system of education rejecting the Christian doctrines from its schools, and yet are told that the author of that system is a Christian, it becomes a duty to pull off the mask, under which Mr. Edgeworth's system and principles might be received without that caution and suspicion to which, in this particular, they are liable.

If, after all, we have been mistaken as to Mr. Edgeworth's religion, it is the fault of himself and his daughter. Three words would, as we have already said, have rendered all this discussion unnecessary; three words may yet clear up the difficulty, and if Miss Edgeworth, in her next work, is able to say, with confidence, *my father was a Christian*, she will do a pious office to his memory, and no inconsiderable good to mankind; and no one will be more pleased than ourselves to find that her inaccurate modes of expression had confirmed an error into which her father's own avowals had originally led us.

We have now done our painful task; and, on the whole, our greatest objection to the work is, that it must lower Mr. Edgeworth's reputation, and not raise that of his daughter. There is much to blame, and little to praise in what they, with a mistaken and self-deceptive partiality, record of him—his own share of the work is silly, trivial, vain, and inaccurate; hers, by its own pompous claims
to

to approbation, fails of what a more modest exposition would have obtained, and might have been entitled to. Mr. Edgeworth had some ingenuity, great liveliness, great activity, a large share of good sense, (particularly when he wrote,) of good nature, and of good temper—he was a prudent and just landlord, a kind husband, (except to his second wife,) an affectionate parent; but he was superficial; not well founded in any branch of knowledge, yet dabbling in all:—as a mechanic he shewed no originality, but some powers of application—as a public man he was hasty, injudicious, inconsistent, and *only not* mischievous: in society we must, notwithstanding Miss Edgeworth's dutiful partiality, venture to say that he was as disagreeable as loquacity, egotism and a little tinge now and then of indelicacy could make him; but with all these drawbacks, his life was, as far as we have heard or seen, on the whole, more useful, more respectable than the representation which is here given of it. For his reputation these two volumes of biography ought to be forgotten. It is a mistaken tribute of vanity and filial piety, which almost justifies the superstition of our German ancestors, that monuments were onerous to the dead.

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- ART. XII.—1. *The Church in Danger; a Statement of the Cause, and of the probable Means of averting that Danger.* Attempted by the Rev. Richard Yates, B. D.
2. *The Basis of National Welfare; considered in Reference chiefly to the Prosperity of Britain, and Safety of the Church of England.* By the Rev. Richard Yates.
3. *Substance of the Speech delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Monday the 16th of March 1818, on proposing a Grant of One Million for providing Additional Places of Public Worship in England.*
4. *A Sketch of the History of Churches in England, to which is added a Sermon on the Honours of God in Places of Public Worship.* By John Brewster, M. A. Rector of Egglescliffe and Vicar of Greatham in the County of Durham.
5. *A Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool on that Part of the Speech of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, which recommended the Attention of Parliament to the Deficiency in the Number of Places of Public Worship belonging to the Established Church.* By James Elmes, Architect.
6. *New Churches, considered with respect to the Opportunities they offer for the Encouragement of Painting.* By B. R. Haydon.

A NEW novel of American manufacture has reached us from Boston; the writer assumes the character of an English woman,

man, and lays the scene of her fiction in the vale of Keswick. Fictitious tales are good for something when they convey information concerning the age and country wherein they have been written: and, as the *Troy Book* throws more light upon the age of Caxton than of king Priam, so does this little tale represent, unwittingly, the state of America in one most important point, when it speaks of England. 'After the lapse of some years,' it says, 'in which a parish has been vacant, and when the voice of prayer and the songs of praise have only been heard at long intervals, it may readily be supposed that the revival of religious institutions occasions a kind of jubilee among the people.' Hence it appears that, because of the want of a religious establishment in America, when a minister dies years sometimes elapse before his place can be supplied! And this is confirmed by what the writer supposes to have happened at Keswick, in a passage not the less amusing for its attention to local circumstances. 'A year had passed since her husband's death, and yet the living of Keswick was vacant. During this time, there had been some sabbaths in which divine service was performed, and the good Bishop of Landaff had not forgotten the people of Keswick. Two young gentlemen from Carlisle had also officiated there.'

'In the United States,' says Mr. Bristed, there is no national church established, no lay-patronage, no system of tithes. The people call and support their minister; few churches having sufficient funds to dispense with the necessity of contribution by the congregation. The law enforces the contract between the pastor and his flock, and requires the people to pay the stipulated salary so long as the clergyman performs his parochial duty according to the agreement between him and his parishioners. The general government has no power to interfere with or regulate the religion of the Union; and the States generally have not legislated farther than to incorporate, with certain restrictions, such religious bodies as have applied for charters. In consequence of this entire indifference on the part of the state governments, full *one third* of our whole population are destitute of all religious ordinances, and a much greater proportion in our southern and western districts.'

Such is the state of things in America; and the consequences are thus described by the same able and meritorious writer:

'The late President Dwight declared in 1812, that there were three millions of souls in the United States entirely destitute of all religious ordinances and worship. It is also asserted by good authority, that in the southern and western states societies exist, built on the model of Transalpine Clubs in Italy, and the atheistic assemblies of France and Germany; and, like them, incessantly labouring to root out every vestige of Christianity. So that in the lapse of a few years we are in danger of being overrun with unbaptized infidels, the most atrocious and remorseless banditti that infest and desolate human society.'

A society

A society has been formed in Connecticut for the purpose of endeavouring to remedy this evil. It appears by the statement in an address to that society, that five millions of people in the United States are destitute of competent religious instruction.*

'An immediate universal vigorous effort,' says Mr. Beecher, 'must be made to provide religious instruction for the nation. It is indispensably necessary, to prevent the great body of the nation from sinking down to a state of absolute heathenism. Let the tide of population roll on for seventy years as it has done for the seventy that are past, and let no extraordinary exertion be made to meet the vastly increasing demand for ministers, but let them increase only in the slow proportion that they have done, and what will be the result? There will be within the United States seventy million souls, and sixty-four million out of that society will be wholly destitute of religious instruction. They may not become the worshippers of idols; but there is a brutality and ignorance and profligacy always prevalent where the Gospel does not enlighten and restrain, as decisively ruinous to the soul as idolatry itself. If knowledge and virtue be the basis of republican institutions, our foundations will soon rest upon the sand, unless a more effectual and all-pervading system of religious and moral instruction can be provided. The right of suffrage in the hands of an ignorant and vicious population, such as will always exist in a land where the Gospel does not restrain and civilize, will be a sword in the hand of a maniac, to make desolate around him, and finally to destroy himself. It is no party in politics that can save this nation from political death, by political wisdom merely.'

The American legislators, those of Old America at least, will probably ere long consider these things to be 'worth a fear':—they will otherwise be repaid, and with large interest, by our demoralizing philosophism, for the evils which their political lessons have brought upon Europe. The old Americans will lay it to heart, because the first and chief consideration by which their forefathers were moved to establish themselves in a wild country, was the belief that it would be 'a service unto the church of great consequence to carry the Gospel into those parts of the world.' But if the general government continues to profess a liberal indifference whether there be any religion in the country or none,

* When the American Convention were framing their constitution, Dr. Franklin asked them how it happened that while 'groping as it were, in the dark, to find political truth,' they had not once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights to illuminate their understandings?—"I have lived, Sir, (said he) a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach

none, the Americans will find, and at no very remote time, that the want of an adequate provision for the moral and religious instruction of the people,—that is to say, the want of an established church,—a circumstance of which their short-sighted admirers have boasted as their peculiar happiness,—will bring upon them in its inevitable effects worse evils than have ever been produced, even by superstition itself.

Modern colonies are always in a more immoral state than their respective mother-countries. This is lamentably exemplified in Spanish America, and in the Columbian Islands; but nowhere more strikingly than by the Dutch, wherever they have established themselves in India, in Africa, or in the New World. In their native land they are an exemplary people, but in their colonies and conquests none so vicious, so brutal, and so mercilessly inhuman. Two causes tend mainly to produce this degradation; the existence of slavery, for wherever that abomination exists it is in its moral effects scarcely less injurious to the oppressor than to the oppressed;—and the absence of religious institutions. The backsettlers of every new country, receding from civilization themselves while they prepare the way for it, live without law and without religion,—an assertion which the history of every continental colony supports. Even in the Spanish Indies and in Brazil, where the governments have always been influenced by a Catholic zeal for the salvation of souls, it has not been possible to provide adequately for the spiritual instruction of a population scattered over so wide a surface of wild country; and if this is impracticable for the Romish church, with its celibacy, its power, its admirable organization, its great auxiliary force of Regulars under the most despotic discipline, and the zealous aid of governments which, upon that point at least, were beyond all doubt conscientious,—how much less is it to be effected by protestant churches to which all these advantages are wanting!

We have upon former occasions adverted to the service which the monastic orders formerly rendered in aid of the church in this country. While they existed the church had in itself a principle of growth which kept pace with the growth of cities, the general increase of population, and the necessities of society. It would have been difficult, or perhaps impossible, to reform them upon their original foundation, because so much audacious and blasphemous imposture was connected with their history. But it is on many accounts to be regretted that the revenues of these orders, instead of being so scandalously and sacrilegiously squandered,

reproach and a bye-word down to future ages." He then moved that prayers should be performed in that assembly every morning before they proceeded to business. "*The Convention except three or four persons thought prayers unnecessary!*" These words, and these notes of admiration were written by Franklin himself.

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had not been applied to the foundation of institutions, such as might easily have been devised, retaining all that was good in the former establishments, without any of the alloy.

From the time of the abolishment of the Regulars the ill consequence of having diminished the number of religious instructors has been felt. It was more glaringly manifest in the capital. Before the vote for building fifty churches in the metropolis was past, in Queen Anne's reign, Burnet says that there were in the suburbs of London about two hundred thousand persons more than could possibly worship God in the existing churches. This had been partly owing to the Fire, eighty-four churches within the walls out of ninety-seven having been destroyed in that tremendous visitation : but many had been rebuilt, and several of the smaller parishes had been united, so that it was not in the city of London itself that the want was felt, so much as in Westminster which had then joined it, and in the suburbs which were every year becoming more extensive. In 1696 Evelyn complained of the increase of buildings about what he called ' this already monstrous city,' wherein, he says, he was credibly informed that one year with another, about eight hundred houses were erected. St. Martin's and St. Giles's were then no longer in the fields, but Mary-le-bone was still a village, and cattle were pastured upon the site of New Bond Street and Hanover Square. Of the proposed fifty churches only eleven were built, so grievously was this good intent frustrated in the performance. But if the necessity of such an augmentation was acknowledged then, how much more is it required at the present time, after the interval of more than a century, during which the metropolis has been doubled in extent and in population !—If even then there were parishes which, as Captain Graunt said, ' were grown madly disproportionate,' what should be said in these days when those parishes have increased twenty fold ! when it appears that, in the metropolis, there are seven parishes containing each from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants more than their respective places of worship can contain,—six wherein the excess amounts to from thirty to forty thousand ; two in which it is from forty to fifty thousand, and one parish, that of Mary-le-bone, which has not room in its church and chapels for nine thousand out of a population of seventy-five !—Nor is this deficiency confined to the metropolis. In Liverpool, out of 94,000 inhabitants only 21,000 can be accommodated in the churches ; in Manchester, only 11,000 out of seventy-nine. In the diocese of Winchester accommodation is wanting for 265,000 persons, more than four-fifths of its whole population ; in that of York for 580,000 ; in that of Chester for 1,040,000. The deficiency is greatest in growing towns and cities,
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the very places where religious instruction is more peculiarly required : it is an evil which has arisen with the commercial prosperity of the country and keeps pace with it. Our forefathers built convents and cathedrals,—the edifices which we have erected are manufactories and prisons, the former producing tenants for the latter.

Upon this subject Mr. Yates has entered into a full inquiry, and has stated with great force the tremendous result. It appears from the official documents which he has collected and compared, that within the small circle of ten miles round London, ‘no less than NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND souls are shut out from the common pastoral offices of the National Religion!’—‘Shut out,’ says Mr. Yates, ‘from the pale of the church, from all participation in its benefits, they are necessarily driven to join the ranks of injurious opposition, either in dissent and sectarian enthusiasm, or in the infinitely more dangerous opposition of infidelity, atheism, and ignorant depravity.’ Well may he add that ‘such a mine of heathenism, and consequent profligacy and danger, under the very meridian (as it is supposed) of Christian illumination, and accumulated around the very centre and heart of British prosperity, liberty and civilization, cannot be contemplated without terror by any real and rational friend of our Established Government in Church and State ; and is surely sufficient to awaken the anxious attention of every true patriot, every enlightened statesman, every sincere advocate of suffering humanity, and every intelligent and faithful Christian.’

The ecclesiastical, as well as the civil institutions of England, were originally accommodated in many points to local circumstances which have long ceased to exist. Thus when bishoprics were first established among our Saxon ancestors, the dioceses had the same limits as the respective kingdoms of the heptarchy, in which they were founded. In like manner, the limits of a parish were determined by those of the manor, or estate, of the person who founded the church ; and thus, not upon any system, nor with any regard either to the extent of ground, or number of souls, but according to the accidental extent of particular properties, the present division of parishes was generally fixed before the time of Edward the Confessor.

Mr. Yates has given tables and calculations, whereby it appears that the average proportion of population to one church, is 640, in those parts of the country where inhabitants are not crowded together for the purposes of trade and manufactures. Though parishes certainly were not determined by any considerations of this kind, it is sufficient for his argument that, in prospective measures for removing a great national evil, reference must be had to

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some such scale of fitness. Assuming it as a fact, that villagers have generally been reduced in proportion as overgrown towns have increased, he is of opinion that a somewhat larger numerical average may be considered as the standard at and before the Reformation. But he seems not to have taken into his account the great general increase of population which has more than doubled itself since that time. In our judgement, the average parochial population must have been considerably less three centuries ago than it is now. Be that as it may, the number of religious instructors was far greater : for the regulars, the auxiliary force of the Church, were undoubtedly more numerous than the secular clergy. That they interfered with the parochial clergy in many respects, and lessened their utility by diminishing their influence, is undeniable : but so long as they existed, there was no lack of religious instruction, such as it was ; and in extensive parishes, and thinly peopled countries, the itinerant friars performed those duties which a stationary minister could but imperfectly discharge.

In those days too, the task of the clergy was comparatively easy ; half the work was done for them by the manners of the age, and the effect of surrounding circumstances. Entirely ignorant as the peasantry and populace in Catholic countries are of the true nature of Christianity, they are every where habituated to a strict and regular observance of its forms : and although they are precluded from the use of the Bible, they are nevertheless made familiar with the great and leading facts of Gospel history, by means of images and pictures, which have truly been called the books of the ignorant. It was as natural for our forefathers to respect their church as to love their country. Its symbols were always and every where before their eyes. In infancy they played with the rosary while at the breast, and in age they dropt asleep with the unfinished bead-string in their hands. A relic, an *agnus Dei*, or some such memorial, was worn at once for a trinket and an amulet. In case of disease they applied to the Saints with more faith than to the physicians, certainly with less danger, and perhaps with more success. A fashionable shrine was more frequented in those days, than a fashionable watering-place in these ; and any medicinal properties which a spring might possess were ascribed to the celestial patron who was invoked there, and who was believed to have endued the waters with their healing virtue. Some reference to the usages of religion was made in almost all the ordinary business of life ; the time of day was familiarly denoted by the names of the canonical hours ; the quarterly pay-days by the festivals which occurred at those seasons. The regular recurrence of fast-days made it necessary that every housewife should order her table with regard to appointed observances : but the Romish Church was too wise

wise in its generation not to perceive how impolitic it would be if these observances related to privations alone; it had, therefore, its feasts and merry-makings also; and the greater holydays were distinguished by some junket for the table, or sport for the day, some of which, in spite of the war which the Puritans declared against them, continue, generally or locally, to keep their ground. In many provinces the village *wake* still evinces by its name, that the annual season for revelry and joy was connected with the festival of the patron Saint; and perhaps, though such assemblages are seldom or never altogether innocent, the kind of religious sanction under which they were held, imposed upon them some restrictions of decorum, and rendered them less injurious to good morals than they have been since they were wholly secularized. Every thing, indeed, in those ages, tended to impress upon the people, a feeling of the dignity and importance of their Church Establishment. The clergy were then ostensibly as well as actually one of the three estates of the realm. A sense of stability and of protection was felt by those who resided upon their estates. They were the best landlords, and in times of civil war, their tenants were seldom called upon to take part in the danger, like those of the turbulent barons. Feelings of kindness and good will toward the members of this great and powerful body were equally experienced by those who bestowed their bounty upon the mendicant brother, believing that whatever was thus given would be carried to account in their stock of good works, and by those who received a portion of alms at the convent gate, or partook within of its liberal hospitality.

We shall not be suspected of insidiously setting forth the advantages of the old Catholic establishment; nor of overlooking, or unfairly keeping out of sight, the superstitions and frauds and immoralities which were connected with it. Our opinions upon that subject have been too often and too explicitly declared, for any such misconception of our meaning to be possible. The observation of every intelligent person who has travelled in Catholic countries, may safely be appealed to in proof that we have not exaggerated the effect which is produced upon the popular mind by the forms and discipline of the Catholic Church. The general tone of morals among the vulgar may be in some main points far below what it is among the English populace, and in others not above it; but the lowest of the vulgar are not abandoned to a state of utter irreligion. They may have their jest against the priest, and their tale or their proverb against the friar; but this levity leaves no leaven of infidelity behind, it passes as it comes, and the principle of faith remains unaffected. Great evil unquestionably arises from the confidence with which they look to the church as a sanctuary from

from the pursuit of justice, and to the confessional as a place where a long score of sin may be wiped off; still there exists a deep and rooted reverence for religious things. The spirit is kept alive by habitual attention to the forms. At whatever hour you enter a Catholic place of worship, some persons will be found, at one or other of its altars, on their knees, abstracted in solitary devotion, whether the church be full, or crowded with spectators. At the hour of vespers you hear the evening hymn from every house in a village; and in the streets of a busy and a populous town, at the sound of the vesper bell, the passengers uncover their heads, and halt, or utter a prayer as they pass on. And who knows how many holy thoughts and healing influences may at such times have entered the heart! how often a check may have been given to temptation; how often wretchedness may have received consolation; and weakness and frailty may have been admonished where to look for and to find support! Comparing the state of mind which is thus produced with that of our own town populace, if the populace alone were considered, we might almost wish that they had still been 'suckled in a creed outworn.'

Looking back, therefore, upon England, as it was before the Reformation, we find that the population did not, in all probability, reach to a fourth part of its present amount; that the number of religious instructors was at least twofold of what it now is (though the methodist ministers, and the dissenting clergy of every denomination be taken into the account), and that the religion of the country, by means of its forms and ceremonies, was interwoven with the whole business of life. The habits of the people were not migratory at that time. A peasant, perhaps, scarcely ever went thirty miles from the place where he was born, unless he were called away upon military service. There were then no overgrown cities, and the few manufactures which existed were carried on upon a small scale, and in a manner which was neither incompatible with private comfort, nor with public peace and safety.

But even in those parts of the country which are merely agricultural, and where the parochial population continues nearly at its old standard, the influence of the clergyman over his parishioners, for many reasons, never can be what it was in former times, unless there be an extraordinary degree of zeal on his part. Formerly the routine and mechanism of the church did the greater part of the work for him: he must now do every thing for himself. The Romanists, persuading themselves that their church service is an actual sacrifice, are persuaded also that the value of that sacrifice can, in no degree, be diminished by the incapacity or unworthiness of the minister by whom it is performed: whoever, therefore, may officiate, the Romanist has the same satisfaction in attending mass, and

and partakes equally of the imaginary propitiation. With us, on the contrary, the effect of an admirable liturgy may be dismally impaired* by a cold or careless delivery; and pulpit discourses may be of such narcotic potency that no attention, however vigilant, can resist their operation. We have retained but few festivals which have any direct relation with the Church, and those only locally. Nevertheless in the agricultural parts of the kingdom the Church has still a strong hereditary hold upon the minds of the people. The increase of population has not excluded the peasantry from a due attendance at divine service. They are familiar from their childhood with the sound of the church bell, in all its varied imports of joy and sorrow: the sight of the font and the altar brings with it to them hallowed and tender recollections, and their family graves are in the green and quiet church-yard, where they themselves know that they shall one day find room as well as rest. It happens not unfrequently that a peasant on his death-bed gives directions as to the precise spot where his grave shall be digged, and names the friends and kinsmen by whose hands it is his desire that his coffin may be let down; and this with a composure equally remote from the insensibility which philosophism affects, and from the delirious raptures which enthusiasm inspires.

The difference between the church-yards of remote villages and those of a crowded town, might of itself lead a thoughtful observer to reflect upon the wide difference between the parochial duties, and possible influence of the clergy, in the agricultural and manufacturing parts of the kingdom. The village church-yard, with its little grassy mounds,

————— ‘transversely lying side by side;
From east to west,’

has a character of quietness and sanctity, which makes us feel how appropriately such an enclosure is called by the Germans *God's ground*. Compare it with the inhuman cemeteries of a great city, where the probe must be inserted before a grave can be opened; where iron coffins or cages† are used as securities against the corpse

* Speaking of the present Rectors of St. George's Hanover Square, and St. James's, Mr. Yates says ‘they are articulate, impressive and audible readers and preachers. The two Churches built to the full extent of the human voice, and a few years since, while served by incumbents that could not be heard, almost constantly empty, are now both of them attended by crowded congregations. The appointments of these two Rectors to the situations for which they have proved themselves so appropriately qualified, have more augmented the number of adherents, and more contributed to the support of the Church of England, than all the controversial defences of its doctrines, or all the legislative enforcements of its discipline, that have appeared during the last half century.’

† We noticed on a former occasion, (vol. xxi. p. 380.) the curious legal question concerning the iron coffins, which was then pendent in the Courts. The iron cage,
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corpse stealers; and where the bones of those who have been allowed to moulder in the earth, are made an article of trade, to be ground and pulverized for manure. Alas, the same causes which have occasioned this huddling together of the dead in a manner so offensive to the feelings, so repugnant to that respect which is due to the poor relics of mortality, have induced consequences far more injurious to the living inhabitants, than the indecency to which they are exposed when they have departed! At the commencement of the late reign, the parishes immediately surrounding London were villages, with a larger proportion of opulent inhabitants indeed than were to be found in other villages, but with a population of one, two or three hundred souls, all of whom could be accommodated in their parish church, and all personally known to the parochial minister, living under his eye, and benefited by his notice and his instruction. In the course of that long reign, (three-score years which have produced more momentous changes in society than ever before occurred during an equal length of time,) these parishes have increased in population to the enormous amount of thirty, forty, fifty, and in one instance of more than seventy thousand souls; and no alterations having been made in their religious establishments, 'many of the civil advantages and moral restraints, (says Mr. Yates), and almost all the ecclesiastical benefits of the Established Church are necessarily annihilated. An immense numerical majority of the inhabitants are excluded from all instructive participation in the prayers and praises of their parish church. The due discharge of the salutary duties of a resident parochial minister is become absolutely impossible. The advantage which individual knowledge and notice give to instruction, and the preventive effect which that knowledge and notice have upon the vices of the lower classes, are absolutely and wholly lost.'

Mr. Yates seems to think that it had been the practice before the Reformation to divide parishes and build places of worship according to the increase of inhabitants. It is certain, however, that there was no public provision for this; nor could there be at the period in which Christianity was introduced among us. The cathedrals and larger monasteries were mostly founded and endowed by royal personages, either from an impulse of piety, or as an atone-

or frame, is a Scotch invention, which we have lately seen at Glasgow, where it has been in use between two and three years. A frame work of iron rods is fixed in the grave, the rods being as long as the grave is deep; within this frame the coffin is let down and buried, an iron cover is then placed over the grave, and fitted on the top of the rods, and securely locked. At the expiration of a month, when no farther precaution is needful, the cover is unlocked, and the frame drawn out. The price paid for this apparatus is a shilling per day. This invention is not liable to the same objection as the iron coffins, and if it has not already reached London, the undertakers may thank us for an useful hint.

ment for acts of injustice and blood. Powerful men were taught that in this manner they might redeem the penance which they had incurred. In the laws of Edgar it is said, 'he that has ability may raise a church to the praise of God; and if he has wherewithal, let him give land to it, and allow ten young men, so that they may serve in it, and minister the daily service.' In like manner it was an act of atonement to repair a church. Motives of ambition, as well as of piety and repentance, induced men also to erect places of worship. It was a law, or custom, that 'if a churl thrived so that he had five hides of his own land, a church, a kitchen, a gate, a bell-house, a seat, and several offices in the king's hall, then was he thenceforth the Thane's right-worthy; and from this usage, says Stavely, 'we may observe that there is scarce any village, town, or hamlet, but it still retains, or anciently had, some church or chapel, there built by some chief proprietor in that place or circuit.'

Thus it was that those edifices were originally founded, so many of which still remain as the great ornaments of the country, and which were so distinguished for their beauty, that in the old verse they are enumerated among the things for which England was remarkable.

Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, femina, lana.

Provision for dividing parishes was not made when the churches were first built, and the parishes originally constituted, because the future evil was not foreseen, nor were there in that stage of society any indications whereby it might be apprehended. Few generations escaped some scourge, either of war or of pestilence, by which the country was thinned from time to time: considering the frequency of these visitations, the violence with which the plague and the sweating sickness used to rage, and the desperate desolation with which our civil wars were carried on, it may reasonably be inferred that the population of England in the days of Henry VIII. little, if at all, exceeded what it was at the Conquest. The few towns which increased in size, increased slowly; and old towns are always well provided with churches, because no small part of the wealth which in those ages was acquired by trade was thus meritoriously bestowed.

When, therefore, the Church of England was established upon its present foundation, and from that time till the *Radical* Church Reformers succeeded for awhile in their design of overthrowing it, the evil was not that there was any want of places of worship, nor that parishes in any part of the kingdom, whether town or country, had become too populous for the care of a resident minister. If it had been so, the same conscientious solicitude for the religious instruction of his subjects, which James I. displayed towards his native

native land, would undoubtedly have manifested itself in England also. This monarch has been hardly dealt with by posterity; his errors have been exaggerated, his weaknesses represented as crimes, his motives maligned, and justice has rarely been rendered either to his disposition or his talents. Well might Sir Benjamin Rudyer describe it as 'a glorious and religious work,' and relate it 'to his unspeakable honour,' that 'within the space of one year he caused to be planted churches through all Scotland, the Highlands and the Borders, worth £30 a year apiece, with a house and some glebe belonging to them; which £30 a year, considering the cheapness of the country, and the modest fashion of ministers living there, is worth double as much as any where within an hundred miles of London.'—'And in Ireland he,' says Dr. Ryou, 'of his princely bounty and Christian devotion, hath of his own given well nigh three hundred thousand acres of principal good land to the reverend bishops, dignitaries and parish churches of the north of that kingdom.' The evil in England was that qualified clergymen could not be found for the churches, and the chief cause of this was that the church had been grievously and scandalously impoverished by the transfer of impropriations from the regular into lay hands. Motives of policy prevented Elizabeth from remedying this great evil; and James, who expressed his desire of applying some remedy, found it impossible to effect his intentions. The lapse of time had then established a legitimate right of possession, which it would have been unjust as well as dangerous to disturb.

At the commencement of the ensuing reign a memorable scheme was formed for purchasing impropriations by means of a fund raised by voluntary contributions, and applying them to the maintenance of the clergy. There is no reason to doubt that the intention of those persons who first devised this scheme, and promoted it, was good; but good intentions may sometimes be perverted to the most seditious and mischievous purposes, and so it soon proved with this feoffment, as it was called. The feoffees perceiving the power which they had got into their hands, employed it as a great engine for overthrowing that church, which it was then the fixed determination of the puritans to destroy. When they purchased the lay-tithes of a parish, instead of reannexing them to the cure from which they had been severed, according to the direct and plain object which they professed; they founded lectures for puritanical preachers,—'persons disaffected to the discipline, if not to the doctrine, of the Church of England;' and no small part of the funds which they thus obtained, and held at their own unrestricted disposal, was 'given to schoolmasters to season youth *ab ovo* for their party: and to young students in the universities, to purchase them and their judgments to their side, against their

their coming abroad into the church.' The danger to be apprehended from such a self-constituted power was discovered in time. It was perceived, as Kennet has well stated, that 'by degrees the rectories and tythes, before more safely dispersed into several hands, would have been at last united in this one *civil* body, without any restitution of the right to spiritual persons;' and that 'their disposing the profits in arbitrary pensions to what persons, in what places, and for what time they pleased, would soon have brought the inferior clergy to such a great dependance on *them* as would at last outweigh any other interest, even that of the king, and the bishops, and all other patrons.' Laud, therefore, properly wrote down among the 'things which he projected to do if God should bless him in them,' his intention 'to overthrow the feoffment, dangerous both to Church and State, going under the specious pretence of buying in impropriations.' He succeeded in this by means as strictly constitutional and legal, as the end was justifiable; and one of the charges against him upon his infamous trial was, that he had 'wilfully and maliciously caused this feoffment to be overthrown, contrary to law,—whereby that pious work was suppressed and trodden down, to the great dishonour of God and scandal of religion.' If any thing were necessary to prove the propriety of Laud's conduct in this respect—it would be that he was thus accused for it by the blood-thirsty faction who murdered him under a mockery of law.

The earliest intimation which has occurred to us in our reading, that there was a want of churches in the metropolis, and that for that reason the lower classes were deprived of the means of religious instruction, is in a tract entitled *England's Wants*, printed, we believe, for the first time, in 1685. It is there proposed 'that (as in the reformed churches beyond the seas, and as in the royal chapel of the King of England, which should be a pattern to all other English churches) every Sunday morning early, and other festivals, there may be in all parish churches, (but more especially in London) divine service, and plain sermons, only for servants, apprentices, and the meaner sort of people, who have most need of all to be instructed, and yet now, *for want of room*, or leave, seldom come to church at all, or to very little purpose, the ordinary eleven o'clock sermons being usually made and intended for the best and most knowing persons of the parish, who have the least need of instruction.' Here the evil is only mentioned incidentally; but from that time it rapidly increased. And in the reigns of William and Mary, and Anne, a great war expenditure bringing with it a quick circulation of money, and acting as a general excitement to industry and adventure, a rapid increase of city population

population followed as the natural consequence :* and the religious state of the people in those places which were most affected, was brought before the legislature by petitions from those parishes in London and Westminster which were then extending their streets into the fields, and from places the prosperity of which was directly connected with our maritime power, such as Deptford, Greenwich, and Gravesend. The convocation then spoke of the extreme want of churches in and about the metropolis. In the papers which were laid before Parliament upon this subject, it is worthy of notice, that the four parishes of Newington, Lambeth, Pancras, and Marylebone, all at present of an enormous population, are not mentioned ; that the average number of persons in a family is computed at six, but seven are allowed in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and ten in St. James's and St. Martin's in the Fields ; and that reckoning the number of persons in the specified parishes over and above those whom the existing churches could contain at 342,000, a deduction of 101,500 was made from that number, as being French Protestants and Dissenters, for whom, therefore, it was not necessary to provide. The French Protestants have melted down into the general mass. But including the sects which have sprung up since that time, and the Methodists also, it would appear that the proportion of separatists has rather diminished than increased.

The Act of Queen Anne was only carried partially into effect. Of the fifty churches which it proposed only eleven (as we have said) were erected. Since that reign the population of the kingdom has doubled ; and that of the circle about London has probably decupled its inhabitants ; but no additional churches were built, neither were any means provided for imparting religious

* 'Our affairs,' says Burnet, 'were in all respects, except that of the coin (1696) in so good a condition, that we felt ourselves grow richer by the war.' (Vol. III. p. 230, last 8vo. edition.) A passage from this valuable author respecting the state of things in the midst of Marlborough's glorious career may be read with advantage as well as interest, from the resemblance to what we ourselves have witnessed.—'The credit of the nation was never raised so high in any age, nor so sacredly maintained ; the treasury was as exact and as regular in all payments as any private banker could be. It is true a great deal of money went out of the kingdom in specie : that which maintained the war in Spain was to be sent thither in that manner, the way by bills of exchange not being yet opened. Our trade with Spain and the West Indies, which formerly brought us great returns of money, was now stopped ; by this means there grew to be a sensible want of money over the nation : this was in a great measure supplied by the currency of Exchequer bills and bank notes : and this lay so obvious to the disaffected party, that they were often attempting to blast, at least to disparage this paper credit ; but it was still kept up. It bred a just indignation in all who had a true love to their country, to see some using all possible methods to shake the administration, which, notwithstanding the difficulties at home and abroad, was much the best that had been in the memory of man ; and was certainly not only easy to the subjects in general, but gentle even towards those who were endeavouring to undermine it.'—Vol. iv. 153.

instruction to the multitudes who were now actually excluded from public worship. This enormous evil would not have remained so long without some attempt to remove it, had not the clergy suffered their old right of meeting in convocation to fall into disuse. Men of business at last began to perceive the opportunity which was afforded them by the legislature's neglect; and private chapels in and about the metropolis were built as good speculations, which would return a larger interest than could be obtained by buildings of any other kind. This interest being derived wholly from the pew-rents, of course none but those who could afford to pay a high price for seats could find admittance; and the sole benefit was that a certain number of the wealthy were thus accommodated when there was no room in their respective churches. But the ministers who officiated had no other relation with their hearers than that of merely going through the service of the chapel,—they had no parochial connection with them, nor were they allowed by the law to perform any of the pastoral offices. In fact, they were merely the hired servants of the owner of the building, and the obvious tendency of such a system was to bring the Establishment into disrepute.

The diseased growth of parishes frustrated the political as well as the religious purposes of our old parochial system, if we may be permitted to consider apart things which are, strictly speaking, inseparable. Every parish being in itself a little commonwealth, it is easy to conceive, that before manufactures were introduced, or where they do not exist, a parish, where the minister and the parochial officers did their duty with activity and zeal, might be almost as well ordered as a private family. Indeed there cannot be a more practicable or a more efficient means of reform than this system of our ancestors would afford, if it were brought fairly into use. Mr. Yates has well pointed out the essential and important benefit of that sort of preventive police which the parish minister and parish officers were designed to exercise, but which cannot possibly be exercised in our huge city or manufacturing parishes, because 'it is necessarily dependant upon, and derived from a personal knowledge and inspection of all the poor and labouring classes.'

The evil has been at last seen and acknowledged by the legislature, and means for remedying it have at length been adopted. 'Nothing,' said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'in fact, could have justified so long a delay,—a delay which had continued till any effectual remedy began to be despaired of,—but the difficulties with which the state has had to struggle, and the expensive wars in which it has been involved.'—'It should indeed be remembered,' he added, 'that even during the pressure of the severest and
most

most arduous contest in which this country had ever been engaged, Parliament had made liberal grants to promote the comforts of the clergy, and to confer on the public the benefit of a resident, a respectable, and a moderately-endowed ministry. But these grants, however important in their object, could not supply the want of places of public worship, of which there existed so melancholy a deficiency. Those grants are among the measures for which the name of Perceval will deservedly be held in honour by his grateful country.

By the Act of 1818, a commission (to continue in force for ten years) was appointed to 'examine the state of the parishes and extra parochial places in the metropolis and its vicinity, and other parts of England and Wales, to ascertain in which additional churches and chapels are most required, and the most effectual means of affording such accommodation.' One million sterling was put at the disposal of the commissioners, from which they might make grants for building churches or chapels, in parishes containing not less than 4000 persons, and not having church-room for more than 1000, or where 1000 of the inhabitants should be residing more than four miles from any church or chapel. When the commissioners are satisfied that the parishioners are not able to bear any part of the charge of the building, they may grant the whole sum. In other places, such proportion as may be deemed fitting is to be raised by rates, or subscriptions, or both, and the commissioners may grant money in aid, and advance as a loan any part of the proportion which the parish is to supply. The application for new churches must come from the parishes; and for such application the consent is required of the majority of the inhabitants who are assessed to the poor; or if the parish be under the care of a select vestry or body, of four fifths of that body, and of two-thirds in value of the proprietors of land, whether that land be freehold, copyhold, life-hold, or held by lease for not less than fifteen years absolute. All sums expended in purchasing sites, or advanced as loans by the commissioners, are to be charged on the church-rates, so as to be repaid within a specified term. Any parish may, with consent of the bishop and the patron of the church, be divided into two or more separate parishes, for all ecclesiastical purposes; in such cases, the proposed bounds of the division, with the relative proportions of the endowments, are to be represented to the King in council; and the division is not to take effect completely till after the death, resignation, or avoidance of the existing incumbent. In these cases, the patronage is vested in the patron of the original parish. Where such a division is not thought expedient, a division into ecclesiastical districts may be made, to be approved in like manner, by the King in council.

The new churches are to be perpetual curacies. No burials are to be permitted in them, nor in the adjacent cemetery, at a less distance than twenty feet from the external wall; except in vaults wholly arched with brick or stone, under the church or chapel, to which the only access shall be by steps on the outside of the walls. The penalty for a breach of this provision is £50. One-fifth of the whole sitting in these churches, is to be reserved for free seats: the rent of the other seats may be fixed by the commissioners, and from it provision is to be made for the minister and clerk.

In the middle of the last century, when some doubts were expressed as to the propriety of erecting a new Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, Dr. Franklin delivered an opinion upon it in his characteristic manner. 'To build a new church in a growing place,' said he, 'is not properly dividing, but multiplying, and will really be a means of increasing the number of those who worship God in that way. Many who cannot now be accommodated in the church, go to other places, or stay at home; and if we had another church, many who go to other places, or stay at home, would go to church. I had for several years nailed against the wall of my house, a pigeon-box that would hold six pair: and though they bred as fast as my neighbour's pigeons, I never had more than six pair, the old and strong driving out the young and weak, and obliging them to seek new habitations. At length, I put up an additional box, with apartments for entertaining twelve pair more, and it was soon filled with inhabitants by the overflowing of my first box, and of others in the neighbourhood. This I take to be a parallel case with the building a new church here.'

The act of Queen Anne was designed as one means 'for redressing the inconveniences and growing mischiefs' which arose from the increase of Dissenters and Papists,—inconveniences and mischiefs which in that age were distinctly understood, and which it was not then thought a point of prudence to dissemble, or a proof of liberality to despise. The immediate political danger of Popery died with the hopes of the Stuarts; and as no direct tangible evil is now connected with its increase in this kingdom, the fact that it is increasing more than at any former time, and that the Jesuits have established seminaries in England and Ireland, may excite regret and wonder in a few persons who have grown up in the old school, and have not yet outgrown its lessons; but will generally be regarded with perfect unconcern. Upon this subject much might be said, were there no nearer and greater evils; and upon the Protestant Propagandists also, who send forth their missionaries,* into our peaceful

* A specimen of the spirit which these Propagandists carry to their work may be seen in Mr. Bowles's 'Plain Narrative of some circumstances attending the sickness and death

peaceful villages to illuminate the peasantry, by preaching against the ordinances of the English church, and exhorting them not to commit the grievous sin of taking their children to be baptized! But if these inconveniences and mischiefs in Queen Anne's reign rendered an increase of the means of sound religious instruction advisable, as a preventive measure, much more is such an increase required in our times, when, in addition to those disturbing causes, a mischief of more pestilent nature has arisen among us, which brings with it greater present evil, and draws after it dangers of a worse kind. The speculative impiety which has long existed in this country is no longer contented, as in the days of Chubb and Collins, to rest in speculation; it has produced a system of practical immorality; and as in colonial wars the perilous practice has sometimes been resorted to of proclaiming freedom to all slaves who will take arms against their owners, so in the war which the preachers of this philosophy have declared against the civil and religious institutions of society, the bounty which they hold out to their deluded disciples is an immediate emancipation from all the restraints which the laws of God impose upon the selfish and sinful propensities of man. The populace are told in plain terms that religion is a mere juggle between priests and kings, for the purpose of keeping them in subjection; that men are like the beasts that perish; and that, as they have no other world to look for, they are fools if they refrain from any gratification which this can give them, or suffer any prejudices to stand in the way of their interest and their inclination.

These doctrines are still disseminated in weekly journals through town and country, for the benefit of mechanics and pot-house politicians, and they are served up in verse for the edification of the higher orders, and the use of the rising generation. We know in what such principles begin,—and we know in what they end. ‘Assuredly,’ says one of our admirable old divines, ‘assuredly in this matter men’s convictions begin not at their understandings, but at their wills, or rather at their brutish appetites; which, being immersed in the pleasures and sensualities of the world, would by no means, if they could help it, have such a thing as a Deity, or a future estate of souls to trouble them here, or to account with them hereafter. To believe that there is no God to judge the world, is hugely suitable to that man’s interest, who assuredly knows that upon such a judgment he shall be condemned; and to assert that

death of Ann Nichols, a poor woman, late of the parish of Bramhill, Wilts.’ The poor woman, when upon her death-bed, had been thrown into all the horrors of despair by one of these false prophets, and in all probability would have died raving mad, if Mr. Bowles had not interfered, and rescued her ‘from the hands of this cruel Calvinist. The narrative is very interesting, and ought to be extensively circulated.

there

there is no hell, must needs be a very benign opinion to a person engaged in such actions, as he knows must certainly bring him thither. Men are Atheists not because they have *better wits* than other men, but because they have *corrupter wills*; not because they *reason better*, but because they *live worse*.'

Something of this spirit prevailed when South delivered his excellent discourses upon 'the fatal influence of words and names falsely applied.' 'Such,' he says, 'as appear foremost, and cry loudest for reformation, are a sort of men greatly branded with the infamous note of atheism and irreligion, debauchery and sensuality, lust and uncleanness; so that, although we cannot see what we are to be reformed *from*, yet we may fairly perceive what we are likely to be reformed *to*: a reformation proceeding in such hands being in all probability likely to prove much after the same rate, as if, upon those disorders and abuses mentioned to have been in the church of Corinth, St. Paul should, of all others, have singled out and wrote to the incestuous Corinthian to reform them.' The same clear-sighted writer observes that the means which had once already put the country in a flame, would infallibly do the same again, if the providence of God and the providence of man did not timely interpose between her and the villainous arts of such incendiaries; 'for,' continues he, 'we may and must pronounce of this vile cant, what a great and learned man said of common prophecies and predictions, usually vented and carried about to amuse the minds of the vulgar: to wit, that in point of any credence to be given to them, in respect of their truth or credibility, they were utterly to be despised and slighted; but in point of the influence they may have upon the public, by perverting the minds of the people, no caution can be too great to be used against them, no diligence too strict, no penalties too severe to discourage and suppress them. For even the silliest and most senseless things may sometimes conjure up more mischief to a government, than the wisest and ablest statesmen can conjure down again.'

'Whenever I figure to myself,' says Michaelis, 'a period when religion shall decline among us, I reflect at the same time with horror on the severe punishments which it will then be necessary to devise, and which, after all, will very often prove more ineffectual than the moderate ones of the present day. For, in place of the weight that religion then no longer lays in the good scale, must be substituted the constant employment of rackers and executioners. But may God,' he adds, 'avert the approach of such unhappy times which too many among us are now labouring to hasten!' It is indeed a fearful consideration, that while so many causes, some of them unforeseen in the progress of society, and others inseparable from it, are tending to produce an increase of crimes, there should be men wicked

wicked enough and mad enough to labour at removing from the multitude all respect for the laws, all reverence for the Gospel, all restraints of conscience, all salutary fear either of God or man, as if Hell had its apostles upon earth, and the Advent of Antichrist were at hand. The pestilential opinions with which these zealots of anarchy are possessed, produce an effect like that which Thucydides notices as one of the frightful characteristics of the plague at Athens: it was observed that the unhappy persons who laboured under the disease were agitated with a malignant desire of spreading their own curse, and that they rejoiced when they had succeeded in communicating the infection to others, even to their nearest and dearest friends.

The open diffusion of these destructive doctrines has been checked at last by laws which had too long been insulted, and defied with impunity. But we must be allowed to doubt, and to express our reasons for doubting, whether those laws which were enacted by our forefathers to protect the religion of the country, have not in one point, and that point a most important one, been relaxed too far.

By the statute 9 & 10 William III. it was enacted, that if any person educated in the Christian religion, or professing the same, should by writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking, deny any one of the persons in the Holy Trinity to be God, he should, upon the first offence, be rendered incapable to hold any office or place of trust; and for the second, be rendered incapable of bringing any action, being guardian, executor, legatee, or purchaser of lands, and should suffer three years imprisonment without bail. That room, however, might be given for repentance, if the delinquent, within four months after the first conviction, would publicly renounce his error in open Court, he was to be discharged from all disabilities. Thus the law stood, till a bill for its repeal was introduced by the member for Norwich, Mr. William Smith, which passed without opposition.

The necessity for the repeal was not quite obvious. It was not a statute, which by imposing pecuniary penalties, and allotting a portion of the mulct to the informer, could excite vexatious prosecutions from selfish motives. We are not aware that any Unitarian was ever deprived of a legacy by the enforcement of this law, or debarred by it from the exercise of any legal right: and certainly that body of dissenters had not been prevented by it, from defending, inculcating and diffusing their peculiar opinions with perfect freedom, whether from the pulpit, or the press. In fact, they had organized themselves as a sect, during the existence of the statute, grown up, and flourished (as far as it can be said that they have flourished) under it. Nevertheless, its repeal was asked for

for by one of their community, and it was granted with unhesitating and unsuspicious liberality.

Let us now state the use which has been made of this concession. The Unitarian Society met and passed certain resolutions upon the Bill 'for the relief of those who impugn the doctrines of the Trinity.' One of the resolutions was 'that this Society hail the present measure as an auspicious prelude to that happy day, when all penal laws and political restrictions on religious grounds, shall be for ever abolished; when an invidious and limited toleration shall give way to universal religious liberty; and when all, without distinction, shall be entitled by law, to the possession of those civil and political privileges which are the birth-right of Britons.' It is well that we should be taught how surely all concession to sects and factions leads to larger demands. The subscribers to the Unitarian fund also resolved—'that as Unitarian Christians feared not to profess and inculcate what they esteem the doctrines of the Gospel, though liable to the infliction of severe penalties, it is their incumbent duty, now that they are placed within the protection of the law, not to relax their efforts, but rather to extend those exertions which well consist with the peace and order of civil society, and the purest principles of Christian charity.'

In pursuance, we presume, of these resolutions, the following placards have been exhibited on the high-road between London and Uxbridge.

'Parish of Hillingdon.

'To any of his *poor* fellow parishioners, who honestly recognizing the fundamental principle of Protestant dissent, that the Scriptures alone are sufficient to make men wise unto salvation, and well content therefore to adhere strictly to their language as well as doctrine, are disposed to educate their children in the Evangelical and Apostolic faith of one God the Father, and Our Lord Jesus Christ, rather than, according to the Improved Version of Orthodoxy, in the belief of Trinity in Unity, Three Persons, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, &c. &c.*

Mr. Clarke

Proposes to clothe and to educate, gratis, somewhere within the above parish, fifteen female children above the age of eight years.

'N.B. All creeds, catechisms, articles and other unscriptural innovations upon genuine Christian theology, will of course be religiously excluded the above school, in which the children will be taught the Bible only.'

'The word Trinity sounds oddly, and is mere human invention. It were better to call Almighty God, God, than Trinity.'—LUTHER.

'I like not this prayer, O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity! It savours of barbarism.'

'The word Trinity is unintelligible, profane, a human invention,

* These *et ceteras* are copied from the placard.

founded upon no testimony of God's word:—the Popish God unknown to the Prophets and Apostles.'—CALVIN.

'The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.'—CHILLINGWORTH.

'Articles of Churches are not of divine authority. Have done with them! They may be true, they may be false. Appeal to the Book!'

—BISHOP WATSON.

Another of these placards was in this form :

ORTHODOXY
as learnt
from

The Bible only.

Sundry comparisons and corrections.

Under the first head are collected the texts which the Unitarians have forced into their service : under the other, the Trinitarian expressions of the Liturgy, disfigured by interpolations, and at the end, is said

If Jehovah be God,
follow him.

But if the Baal,
follow him.

The honourable member by whom the bill for repealing the Statute of William was brought in, has made it known to the nation that he is a reader of the Quarterly Review ; and it has even appeared that he sometimes carries it in his pocket. We appeal to him, therefore, in a well founded confidence that these pages will come under his eye ; and we ask him whether he would have brought in that bill, if he had been aware that the first use which the Unitarians were to make of it would have been thus openly and grossly to insult the established religion of the country ? and whether he believes that this bill would have been suffered to pass, if any such suspicion had been entertained by the Heads of the Church and the Houses of Parliament ?

The Church of England has never shrunk from the fullest investigation of its tenets. From the time when it was

'Founded in truth ; by blood of martyrdom
Cemented ; by the hands of wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with order'd pomp,
Decent, and unproved,'

it has been still

'For its defence, replenish'd with a band
Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts
Thoroughly disciplined.'

It has vindicated itself triumphantly against Romanists on the one hand, and Schismatics on the other ; and maintained with equal strength, the truths of revealed religion against the Deist, and those of natural religion against the Atheist. Whatever we may think

think of ourselves in this age of journalists, when humility is as much out of fashion as a Steenkirk wig, the student who should betake himself to the diligent perusal of our great divines, would derive from any one of them more wisdom than is to be acquired from the most diligent study of the last Review, or the most assiduous attendance upon a fashionable lecturer. Precepts are to be found in their writings, which rectify the judgment, strengthen the moral principle, and render the heart invincible. Nor has that band of champions degenerated, nor is it likely to degenerate. Against fair and regular attacks, the Church of England requires not, and needs not the protection of authority : it can protect itself by its own strength ; its defenders are armed at all points, and ready at all times. But misrepresentations and charges of idolatry, supported by mis-statements, and addressed promiscuously to the ignorant, are not legitimate modes of warfare. And the Church has a right to require from that State, the welfare and existence of which is inseparably connected with its own, that the religious feelings of the people shall not be thus wantonly and publicly outraged. For whatever may be the opinion of the Socinian propagandists,—however elaborately they may have examined the question, and conscientiously formed their own decision, they cannot but know that upon this point they are as much opposed to all other bodies of Dissenters, as to the national Church ; that in this matter they are the Ishmaelites of the Christian world, their hand is against every Christian, and every Christian hand is against them : that all Christians, except themselves, (and how insignificant their own number is they well know,) regard the Trinity, not merely as true in speculation, but as the vital and essential truth of Christianity, without which nothing but mere naturalism would remain ; they ought to know also that when the restrictions of law were removed, it might have been expected that a sense of decency would have prevented them from obtruding their tenets upon public view in a manner, which though it may seem sportive to themselves, necessarily appears blasphemous to all who believe that Christ is their Redeemer and their God.

Of the discreeter Unitarians, (and there are among them many estimable and excellent men,) we would ask whether it is fitting—whether it is decorous, that questions relating to the highest mysteries of theology, and the most important points of revelation, should be brought in this manner before the multitude ? Even if the doctrine were erroneous, upon their own view of its introduction into Christianity, it would be no common superstition, no vulgar error. They themselves derive it from that philosopher upon whom antiquity conferred the appellation of divine, and who has
been

been acknowledged by the greatest men of all times, (those who have approached nearest him in intellectual powers,) to have carried human reason as high as it is possible for mere humanity to reach. Had the doctrine, therefore, as they maintain, originated in the Platonic philosophy, it would be no fit subject for rude placards and that sort of consideration which such means are likely to invite. We are accustomed to have our affairs of state discussed upon the hustings, and we know in what manner they are usually discussed there; that for one Canning who explains the true principles of a British statesman, with an eloquence and a wisdom which Cicero might have applauded, mob-orators start up by the score, thoroughly bred in the school of faction, graduated in impudence and with all the figures of mendacity and slander at command. Use has reconciled us to this, and there is some good also to compensate in part for the absurdity and mischief of the practice. But theological controversies have never till now been brought before the populace, and carried on by means of hand-bills and placards. We would ask also of the discreeter Unitarians, whether they approve the matter of these compositions any more than the manner? Whether it be fair dealing to bring forward the authority of Chillingworth and Bishop Watson, as if either of those writers agreed with the Unitarians in opinion? Whether it be honest to quote Luther and Calvin as Anti-Trinitarians, knowing, as the author of these placards, however ill-informed he may be in other respects, must have known, that both those reformers would have laid down their lives rather than have denied the divinity of the Son, or the personality of the Holy Spirit?

It may not, perhaps, be generally known to the readers of this journal, that there exists a sect of ultra-Unitarians, forming a link between Socinianism and infidelity, but, as it appears, gravitating very sensibly towards the latter. The orthodox Unitarians, (if words so heterogenous may be used in combination,) they who follow the opinions of Dr. Priestley, and of whom Mr. Belsham may be considered as holding the most conspicuous place among their teachers, were in the habit of holding religious conferences in the lecture-room belonging to the Unitarian Chapel at Hackney. These meetings were begun and concluded with singing and prayer; the minister of the meeting presided, a quarter of an hour was allowed to each speaker, and it was one of the rules that no subject should be adjourned to a second conference. The subjects proposed for discussion, were of course chosen with a view to the support of Socinian principles, but they were perfectly decorous, and in accord with the feelings of sincere and pious men of that persuasion. They were, in some instances, objectionable, as inviting disputation upon

upon points which ought not to have been mooted as doubtful,—for example, the subject for one debate was ‘the expediency and Scriptural authority of Public Social Prayer;’ and for another, ‘how far Christianity inculcates or sanctions the virtue of Patriotism.’ One of the ablest American* writers has said, wisely as well as feelingly, ‘I desire to thank God, that since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure.’ There are questions upon which the heart should have decided. They introduced also too much of political matter, as when they debated ‘whether war be justifiable on Christian principles, and how far upon the same principles capital punishments could be justified.’

Certain persons, however, calling themselves ‘intelligent, candid and liberal† Unitarians,’ found that there was not sufficient liberality and latitude at the Unitarian Conferences, held at Hackney: ‘they had observed with pain and disgust,’ they said, ‘that all arguments tending to invalidate the authority of particular tenets and principles maintained by Unitarian professors, had been followed by a wicked and insidious attempt on the part of one or two privileged individuals to fix on those who used them a charge of disorderly and indecorous conduct, and by every specious and plausible insinuation, to degrade the speaker, the more effectually to paralyze the thing spoken.’ An anti-conference was therefore set up, and these ‘intelligent, candid, and liberal’ persons were invited to the Freethinking Christians’ Meeting-house, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate, ‘where truth,’ it was said, ‘shall neither be stifled by interested opposition on the one hand, nor borne down by aged intolerance on the other.’ This anti-conference was *not* to be opened by singing or prayer; and *no* minister was allowed to preside.

The following questions (among others) proposed for discussion once a fortnight during the winter, may shew the tendency and intent of these conferences.

1. ‘Are the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper Christian institutions?’
2. ‘Is public social worship founded on expediency or scriptural authority?’
3. ‘Is pulpit-preaching, and the appointment of any particular order of men to what is termed the Christian ministry, authorized by the writings of the New Testament?—or justifiable on the ground of utility?’

* Fisher Ames, a man of sound sense, and true political wisdom, and one whose conduct was equally admirable in public and in private life.

† It may be worth noticing that in a true and faithful account of Veritas, which is an Unitarian Utopia, (printed about thirty years ago,) one of the laws is ‘once in every three months let some part of the Alcoran of Mahomet be read, and let the minister make such commentaries thereon as he thinks proper.’

4. ‘Are

4. 'Are Unitarians in their practice as a body, free from the charge of inconsistency and of culpable indifference to truth and principle?'

These Freethinking Christians are the same community who met about twelve years ago, at No. 5, Cateaton-street, with whom another set of sectarians, calling themselves 'the Church, assembling at No. 7, Cateaton-street,' thought it necessary publicly to disclaim all connection, expressing at the same time their regret, that any of their countrymen should hold sentiments so repugnant to the word of God. They made themselves notorious at the time, by advertizing in one of the Sunday papers, their intention of publicly inquiring into the existence of the Devil. The business in their meetings (for the term Religious Service would be inapplicable) is thus described in Mr. Evans's sketch :

'At these meetings, doctrinal, moral and scriptural subjects are chosen for public instruction : there is the utmost simplicity and familiarity in their form and manner. The elder opens the business by stating the subject ; and at his call, several speakers, one after the other, address the Church and the audience assembled. It is no unusual thing to hear among them a difference of opinion, which they express without the least hesitation, considering that truth is engendered by the comparison of sentiment, and that no sensible mind can be otherwise than pleased at every attempt to correct what another may esteem its error. This exercise generally occupies about an hour and a half, and the business is concluded by the elder. The speakers, in their discourses, take frequent occasions to controvert the current opinions of the Christian world in general ; and to shew their ground of dissent from all sects and parties : nor are they at all sparing with their censures on the priesthood, which under all its modifications and refinements, they consider as opposed, both in theory and application, to the best principles of the Christian Church, inimical to the purity of the Gospel, inconsistent with the advancement of mind, and unfriendly to the interests of truth.'

It appears then, upon translating this *lingua-franca*, or liberal language, into its meaning in plain English, that this meeting, though the house is licensed under the pretext of being a place of religious worship, is neither more nor less than a debating club, in which the opinions prevailing throughout the Christian world, those Catholic doctrines which have been held by all Christians, at all times and in all parts of the world,—are controverted ; and the clergy, not those of the Establishment alone, but the religious ministers of every denomination, are denounced as a class of men whose existence is incompatible with that new and liberal order of things, that golden age of philosophy, which the sages of this society are labouring to advance, sometimes by their metaphysical

talents in Jewin Street,* and sometimes by their political harangues in the Common Hall.

Far as these gentlemen have gone, the convenient method of turning a meeting house into a debating society has been carried still farther. In this lowest deep there is a lower still. The following is literally copied from a handbill before us.

Judge Abbot
and the
BIBLE!

The following adjourned question will be debated

At Hopkin's Street Chapel,
Near Berwick Street, Soho,

On Monday Evening, Nov. 1, 1819.

** Is Judge Abbott's refusing Mr. Carlisle to read the Bible on his Trial, to be attributed to a sincere Respect for the Sacred Writings, or to a reasonable Apprehension that their supposed Absurdity and Falsehood would be exposed?*

* On Wednesday Evening next, the
Following question will be debated;

** Is the removal of Earl Fitzwilliam from the Lord Lieutenancy of Yorkshire, to be considered as a crafty Design of Ministers and Wigs,† to subvert the gigantic Power of the Radicals, vainly supposing the lower Order would accept of a rich Man for their leader, who Commands eleven Voices in the Senate, or to be Considered as an Act of Prudence on their Part, to suppress the inquiry made respecting the innocent Blood spilt at Manchester?*

One of the late acts of government (those salutary acts which were so loudly called for by all the loyal and religious part of the nation—the great majority of the British people) has put an end to this hot-bed of impiety and sedition, and to others of the same kind. The law has also reached some of the wholesale dealers in blasphemy and treason. But numerous agents of evil are still as busily at work as ever; and the poisonous drugs are still prepared and vended, though they are no longer labelled as they were before.

Mr. Yates has stated the result of a personal and minute inquiry into the 'extent of circulation given to papers and pamphlets injurious to morals, and of an infamous, loose and irreligious character.'

'There are,' he says, 'many printers and publishers of such works ;

* The following specimen may shew the manner in which religious subjects are treated in this preparatory academy for infidelity.—The true mode of conversion, said one of the speakers, is to deal with a man, as — did with St. Paul.—How was that? —By knocking him down!

† The spelling, syntax, punctuation, and other peculiarities, of this precious paper are faithfully preserved.

one of whom alone employs from ten to twenty persons (men and women) to traverse the town and country with packages; to find their way into the kitchens and stables of the higher classes; and into the shops, manufactories, public houses, and all the resorts of the numerous servants, artizans, mechanics and labourers, the greater part of whom, in all the large parishes, are left totally destitute of the care of the national religion; wholly without any participation in the instructions of a parish minister, or in the benefit of the Established Church. How successfully these sheep without a shepherd are sought after by the destructive zeal of the enemy, may appear from the fact, that each of these emissaries of vice maintain themselves by a profit of from ten to forty shillings each per week—after their employers have received an ample gain upon the printing and publishing: each of these venders of *Good Books* (as they term themselves on their catalogues and packages) brings a sum seldom less than five pounds in ready money, or a sufficient security for a like sum, and receives books to that amount at the wholesale price, living upon the retail and ready money profit, and when all are sold returning with the capital for a fresh supply. A circulation beyond credibility is thus given to the silent and insidious vehicles of licentiousness, disaffection, and every description of vice. And if even when the good seed is sown, the enemy intermixes his tares, how abundant must be the growth of evil when the uncultivated soil is left entirely to him!—*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 64.

Thus it is that those pestilential opinions are diffused which have cankered the populace at the core; opinions which are equally destructive of patriotism and of loyalty, of morality and of religion, of national welfare and of individual happiness;—which wither and blast the household virtues, and eat into the main beams and pillars of society, like a dry rot. The newspapers and other journals, through all the imperceptible shades of gradation between Whiggery and Radicalism, continually administer their stimulants and keep up the diseased action in the body politic. Quarter after quarter, month after month, week after week, day after day, the revolutionary press sends forth its poison—

*Nihil est profecto stultius neque stolidius
Neque mendaciloquius, neque argutum magis,
Neque confidentiloquius, neque perjurius.*

But false as it is, ignorant and self-contradictory even to absurdity, its impudence and its perseverance must inevitably prevail—if the laws are not vigilantly enforced. Oh folly to believe that the press, like the spear of Telephus, possesses a virtue which can heal the wounds it makes! Oh madness to suppose that the press can counteract the evils which the press is producing! As well might you hope to remedy the effects of habitual drunkenness by medicine, while the patient continues in the practice of the vice: as well

well might you expect to restore a maniac to his senses, by putting into his hands a treatise upon the right use of reason !

Upon this subject the opinion of an American writer already mentioned may be read with some interest. Fisher Ames considered it as the best proof of the remarkable strength of the British Constitution, that it had stood so long in spite of the abuses of the press. 'The press,' said this excellent man, (a republican by education, principle and duty, and a true lover of liberty)—'the press has left the understanding of the mass of men just where it found it; but by supplying an endless stimulus to their imaginations and passions, it has rendered their temper and habits infinitely worse. It has inspired ignorance with presumption, so that those who cannot be governed by reason, are no longer to be awed by authority. The many, who before the art of printing, never mistook in a case of oppression, because they complained from the actual sense of it, have become susceptible of every transient enthusiasm, and of more than womanish fickleness of caprice. The press is a new, and certainly a powerful agent in human affairs. It will change, but it is difficult to conceive how, by rendering men indocile and presumptuous, it *can* change societies for the better. They are pervaded by its heat, and kept for ever restless by its activity. While it has impaired the force that every just government can employ in self defence, it has imparted to its enemies the secret of that wildfire that blazes with the most consuming fierceness on attempting to quench it.'

The greater the power of any instrument, the greater is the mischief which it may produce if managed by unskilful hands, or directed by wicked ones. This is as true of printing, as it is of gunpowder and steam. The direction which is given to the press we see and feel at this time, and the anarchists, to do them justice, honestly tell us the end which they are endeavouring to bring about. The press in their hands, is exhibited by themselves as

'The THING

that in spite of NEW ACTS,

And attempts to restrain it by SOLDIERS or TAX,

is to POISON THE VERMIN of the country.' And that there may be no doubt, who these vermin are, they are represented as the ministers of justice, the military, the persons who are adorned with marks of honours and nobility, and the clergy. In disordering the manufacturing population these *poisoners* have succeeded to the extent of their ability. The result, however, has disappointed their hopes; for, heaven be praised, the conservative powers of society have been found stronger than the united efforts of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion. The arm of authority and the vigour of the law have with God's blessing sufficed for our preservation.

preservation. But the country can never again be in a state of permanent tranquillity,—the feeling of settled security can never be restored, unless more be done, and unless effectual means, in aid of authority and the law, be taken for providing the people, from their youth up, with sound religious instruction. The sure and only way of making them good subjects is by making them good Christians and good men.

A despotism of laws and institutions is supposed as the basis of all Utopian romance. It was aimed at by the legislators of antiquity, and (omitting less complete examples) has been thoroughly exemplified in Egypt and in Japan. To some such despotism every society which is not founded upon Christian principles, must tend, if it be not retrograde instead of progressive; and when it reaches that point, the hopes of man are extinguished. It is only through the prevailing influence of pure religion and undefiled, that the permanent blessings of perfect freedom can be attained; and it is only by timely inculcating the principles of that religion that governments can at once effectually provide for their own security, and for the happiness of their subjects. To this object the measures of the legislature are at length wisely directed, since that by the termination of a war not more arduous than it was inevitable and just, it has won for itself leisure to give its main attention to the improvement of the people, which is the great end of government.

O glorious England! thou hast borne thyself
 Religiously and bravely in that strife;
 And happier victory hath blest thine arms,
 Than in the days of yore
 Thine own Plantagenets achieved,
 Or Marlborough, wise in council as in field,
 Or Wolfe, heroic name.
 Now gird thyself for other war!
 Look round thee, and behold what ills
 Remediable, and yet unremedied,
 Afflict man's wretched race!
 Put on the panoply of faith!
 Bestir thyself against thine inward foes,
 Ignorance and Want, with all their brood
 Of miseries and of crimes!

And here let us remark, that although the grant of the late parliament is far from being adequate to the whole exigencies of the case, no measure of equal magnitude has ever yet been deliberately taken by any government for the interest of religion.—Nor must we omit to notice the conduct of those distinguished persons who have come forward on this occasion to assist in forwarding the object of the legislature by their voluntary contributions. The rea-

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diness with which the higher ranks in this country contribute their time, their personal exertions and their pecuniary aid, whenever a just claim is made upon public benevolence, is indeed a distinguishing feature of the present times—one great and consolatory consideration in an age which abounds with evil signs. For any great purpose of foreign or domestic charity,—for the relief of countries which have been laid waste by war,—for the widows and orphans of our defenders who have fallen in battle and in victory,—for assisting the poor in seasons of unusual pressure,—for spreading the blessings of national education,—for diffusing the Scriptures and the light of the Gospel over the whole world,—and now for building churches to provide for our religious wants at home, our princes, our statesmen, our nobles, our clergy and our gentry have taxed, and are continually taxing themselves, with a liberality always equal to the urgency of the call. In no other age and no other country can any parallel to these things be found: in no other age and no other country have there ever been seen such desires on the part of the government, and such exertions on the part of the higher ranks for bettering the condition of the people.

It has been asked, and in no amicable spirit towards the establishment, whether we can build church-ministers as well as churches? whether, while new places of worship are provided, we can provide also a due supply of persons properly qualified and disposed to perform the duties of their sacred office? In reply it may safely be affirmed, that at no time since the foundation of the English Church, have men been more diligently trained for holy orders than in these, our days; nor has promotion in the church been ever so generally bestowed according to desert. Such scandals as were pointed out by Eachard and Stackhouse in their days, have long since ceased to exist. The causes of the inefficiency of the clergy (in as far as they are inefficient) are to be found not in the characters of individuals, but in the history of the Reformation, in the decay of discipline, (for which their predecessors must have to answer,) or in circumstances arising from the present state of society, which, requiring more than any other in which men have hitherto been placed the restraining and correcting and healing influences of religion, places them less within its reach. The erection of new churches and the division of parishes is the first step toward a correction of this evil. For an evil of an opposite kind, the want of proper ministers in the remoter and poorer parts of the country, remedies are at this time in progress. The Bishop of St. David has formed an establishment in his diocese, where students may be qualified at a moderate expense for the ministry in Wales. And a similar institution is flourishing in the North of England,

England, through the zeal of the Bishop of Chester and the liberality of the Earl of Lonsdale.*

This island appears with peculiar distinction in ecclesiastical history, both legendary and authentic, modern and ancient. St. Paul's is the most splendid cathedral which has ever been erected by a Protestant people; and there are not wanting grave authorities who affirm that the first Christian church in the world was erected in Britain. Cressy would fain persuade his readers, upon the authority of the monk St. Augustine, that Joseph of Arimathea and his disciples, when they arrived in the isle of Avalon, found this church already existing there, 'not built by the skill of man, but prepared by God, and fitted for human salvation—a fable, for the support of which, a magnanimous lie has been forged and fathered upon St. David. But the edifice might well have been constructed by human hands, and the proportion which, as Fuller says, it beareth to time and place, is good presumption for its antiquity, as well as proof of its human origin. 'It had in length,' says that delightful writer, whose fancy never flagged over his most laborious works, 'sixty foot, and twenty-six in breadth, made of rods wattled or interwoven, where, at one view,

* When the utility of establishing such a seminary for persons who could not incur the expense of an education at Oxford or Cambridge was represented to that beneficent nobleman, he offered to assist the plan by giving to the person who might be chosen to conduct it, the living of any place in his patronage that should be thought best adapted for the purpose. And he proposed Hensingham, (a church which he had himself endowed with a stipendiary payment of 100*l.* a year out of his Whitehaven estates, and to which he had also given a good official residence,) or that of St. Bees, which was at that time vacant, and which was preferred. No place could be better adapted than this little quiet secluded village, to which the Abbey Church, and the school of Archbishop Grindall's foundation, gave something of a venerable and scholastic character. As the number of students increased, more accommodation was required than could be found in the village, and Lord Lonsdale then fitted up the ruined chancel of the Abbey in a manner at once commodious, and harmonizing in the best manner with the general appearance of that ancient building. He gave also land enough for the site of a parsonage, (there being none before,) gardens, &c. to entitle the living to a grant from the Commissioners of Queen Anne's bounty, in the usual proportion, clearing away the buildings that were upon the site, and replacing them for his tenant in another situation, at a considerable cost. A gentleman, in all respects fully qualified, was found to conduct the institution. The expenses of tuition are ten pounds per annum; two guineas are required at entrance in aid of a fund for the general purposes of the establishment, and such board and lodging as the village affords (a clean, frugal, flourishing place) may be obtained for about thirty pounds a year. The vacations are two months in summer, and one at Christmas. The students go there from the age of eighteen to twenty, with the stock of Latin and Greek which they have acquired at school, and they remain till they can be reported qualified to undergo an examination for holy orders. This useful institution could not have been placed in its present respectable state without the liberal aid of Lord Lonsdale; but the interest which he has taken in its success, and the unremitting attention which he has bestowed upon it, have been not less beneficial than his pecuniary assistance. Let us hope that the example may be followed where it is needed; and let us again express a wish, that the statute of Mortmain, of which the only possible effect now is that it may stand in the way of much good, may be speedily repealed.

we may behold the simplicity of primitive devotion, and the native fashion of British buildings in that age, and some hundred years after. For we find that Hoel Dha, king of Wales, made himself a palace of hurdle-work, called *Tyguyn*, or the White House, because, for distinction sake, the rods whereof it was made were unbarked, having the rind stripped off; which was then counted gay and glorious, as white-limed houses exceed those which are only rough-cast. In this small oratory Joseph with his companions watched, prayed, fasted, preached; having high meditations under a low roof, and large hearts betwixt narrow walls. If credit may be given to those authors, this church, without competition, was senior to all Christian churches in the world. Let not then stately modern churches disdain to stoop with their highest steeples, reverently doing homage to this poor structure, as their first platform and precedent; and let their chequered pavements no more disdain this oratory's plain floor, than her thatched covering doth envy their leaden roofs. And although now it is meet that church buildings, as well as private houses, partaking of the peace and prosperity of our age, should be both in their cost and cunning increased, (far be that pride and profaneness from any, to account nothing, either too fair for man, or too foul for God!); yet it will not be amiss to desire that our judgments may be so much the clearer in matters of truth, and our lives so much the purer in conversation, by how much our churches are more light, and our buildings more beautiful than theirs were.'

Such, according to authorities which, upon this point, there can be no valid reason for disputing, was that edifice which, if not the first Christian church in the world, was assuredly the first in England. The first Saxon Churches were all built of wood.* 'Then,' says old Trevisa, 'had ye wooden churches, and wooden chalices, and golden priests; but now golden chalices, and wooden priests.' In the course of a few centuries the land was filled with cathedrals, monasteries, and village churches; the former vying with, and the latter exceeding any similar edifices in any part of Christendom. Nothing indeed of the kind can be more beautiful, nor more beau-

* As late as the seventh century, the Scotch (it is of the Scotch, and not the Irish, that Bede is speaking here) are known to have built their churches of oak, and thatched them with reeds. The episcopal church of Lindisfarn, which afterwards became so beautiful a structure, was originally built after this fashion by St. Finan, who came from Iona. One of his successors removed the thatch, and cased the whole building with lead. The reader may be pleased with having before him the original authority for these curious facts in the history of our church architecture. '*Interea Aidano Episcopo de hac vita sublato, Finan pro illo gradum Episcopatus a Scotis ordinatus ac missus acceperat: qui in insula Lindisfarnensi fecit ecclesiam Episcopi sede congruam. Quam tamen more Scotorum non de lapide, sed de robore secto totam composuit, atque arundine texit. Quam tempore sequente reverendissimus Archiepiscopus Theodorus in honorem B. Petri Apostoli dedicavit. Sed et Episcopus loci ipsius Eadberht, ablata arundine, plumbi laminis eam totam, hoc est, et tectum et ipsos quoque parietes ejus cooperire curavit.*'—Bede, l. iii. c. 25.

tifully appropriate to their design, than the best of our parish churches, those of Somersetshire for instance, with their gothic towers, which were erected in the best age of religious architecture, and those of Lincolnshire, with their fretted spires, seen far and wide over a country which contains no other objects either of beauty or sublimity. The Quakers have a mortal objection to the steeple; and in their orthodox phraseology they never call a church by any other name than a steeple-house—a hatred conceived in the same unlucky spirit which made them proscribe sweet sounds, gay colours, graceful apparel, and good English. The other dissenters have no such prejudices; but of the numerous places of worship which they have erected, there is not one which has the slightest pretensions to architectural merit, even among those in the construction of which economy has not been the first consideration. Heaven be praised, that our forefathers had a truer sense of the beauty of holiness, and built churches and cathedrals for us instead of meeting-houses! We hope and trust that this proud and visible distinction will be preserved on the present occasion; that the new churches may all be ‘steeple-houses;’ and that the good old fashion, sanctified by the practice of so many ages, and the feelings of so many generations, may in no instance be departed from on considerations of expense—motives so temporary in their action and effect should have no operation on works intended to last for posterity:—let us remember what Erasmus said of Canterbury Cathedral,—*tantâ majestate sese erigit in cælum, ut procul etiam intuentibus religionem incutiat.*’

It is worthy of notice that when the plan of a new Post Office was laid before Parliament, a member, remarkable for his zeal for economy, objected to a noble portico, because, of the expense; the portico was rejected accordingly, and a public building, which is to stand for ages, is to be erected, not upon the most convenient and appropriate and beautiful, but upon the most economical plan, for the sake of saving a sum in the year’s expenditure, which, if equally apportioned upon the inhabitants of Great Britain, would not amount to a poll-tax of half a farthing! These are things which make an Englishman, who feels for the honour of his country, groan in spirit when he thinks of them. ‘Our King Henry VII.’ says Stavelay, ‘built a ship, and he built a chapel, and both these, as it is said, at an equal charge. His ship remains not, *ne tabella quidem*, not so much as a plank of it. But his chapel stands to this day, and is likely to stand till the last, a lasting monument of the founder’s piety and devotion.’

‘Let us remember,’ says a clergyman whose pamphlet lies before us, ‘that when we cease to have a VISIBLE CHURCH, we not only endanger our very existence as a professional body, but the character of the middle and lower classes of society becomes proportionably deteriorated

riorated or debased. The common people cannot *philosophize* themselves into religion. There must be outward, visible and tangible evidence of the services of our Maker, and our towers and spires should continue to raise and point to Heaven, if we wish to preserve the morals of the community from relapsing into a morbid state.'

Upon this subject the great moral and philosophical poet of the age has expressed himself with characteristic feeling and sublimity.

—' O ye swelling hills and spacious plains,
 Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,
 And spires whose ' silent finger points to Heaven ;'
 Nor wanting at wide intervals, the bulk
 Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud
 Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
 To intercept the sun's glad beams ;—may ne'er
 That true succession fail of English hearts,
 That can perceive, not less than heretofore
 Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
 What in those holy structures ye possess
 Of ornamental interests, and the charm
 Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
 And human charity, and social love.
 —Thus never shall the indignities of Time
 Approach their reverend graces, unopposed ;
 Nor shall the Elements be free to hurt
 Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
 Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;
 And if the desolating hand of war
 Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
 Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
 (Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds
 Exclusively with transitory things)
 An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
 Of sweet civility—on rustic wilds.'

Our pews have often been objected to by foreigners as deforming the churches, and marking far too strongly the distinction of ranks in a place where that distinction ought, as far as possible, to be forgotten. The custom, however, has been too long established, and is too closely united with our domestic habits to be laid aside, even if these objections were altogether valid. That a church, considered simply with regard to its architectural effect, appears to more advantage when its area is clear, than when it is encumbered with pews, cannot be denied ; but that consideration is perfectly inadmissible : what will be most convenient when the edifice is full, is the point to be regarded, not what will be most picturesque when it is empty. And whether our English system be not preferable to that of the Catholic churches on the continent, where dirty women during the service ply with dirty chairs to be let out

out for the sitting, will not admit of a question. The separation into families belongs moreover to our national character, and to some of its better parts; the quietness, the reserve, the decorum of our manners require it, and the sanctity of private feeling is thus preserved in the act of public worship. With regard to distinction of ranks, it may be observed, that the sense of those distinctions is much more effectually precluded by the present distribution in which every one knows his place, than it could be by a promiscuous assemblage, which, were there not other and greater objections to it in our state of society, would be liable to this decisive one, that the contrast would be rendered more glaring by juxtaposition, and persons in whom no thought of their relative conditions would otherwise have entered, would have that thought irresistibly forced upon them when they found themselves side by side; the scheme therefore would produce the very evil which it was intended to prevent. And this consequence is so unavoidable, that in those conventicles where the principle is professed, common sense has introduced a wiser practice. Even in quaker meetings every one knows his place, and they who are most respected for their station in life always occupy the chief seats in the synagogue.

When St. Wulstan was building the present cathedral of Worcester, and the former and ruder edifice of St. Oswald was destroyed to make room for his splendid structure, they who stood by him observed that he shed tears at beholding the demolition, and they told him that he ought rather to rejoice in the enlargement of the church over which he presided. He replied, *Ego longè aliter intelligo, quòd nos miseri sanctorum opera destruimus, ut nobis laudem comparemus. Non noverat illa feliciù virorum ætas pompaticas aedes construere, sed sub qualicumque tecto seipsos Deo immolare, subiectosque ad exemplum attrahere: nos è contra nitimur ut, animarum negligentes curam, accumulemus lapides.* However natural the feeling which Wulstan thus expressed may have been, the fashion of erecting fine cathedrals was certainly no indication that piety was on the wane. It is when old places of worship are dilapidated, or allowed to go to ruin, while no new ones are erected in their stead, that the decay of the mystical as well as of the material church has begun. There was nothing puritanical in Wulstan's feeling; it was just as well as natural: the demolition of a fabric which time and many circumstances had sanctified, forced upon him a melancholy sense of the vanity and instability of all human works, and he could not but think of the chances and changes which his own edifice must undergo, and the destruction to which it must needs come at last, long as it would outlast him, his monument, and perhaps his very name. Very different from this is the spirit which sometimes appears in monastic history, and represents the splendour

splendour of religious buildings as a sinful waste of money which might be piously bestowed on other purposes. Such remarks proceeded from the same spirit which defaced too many of our cathedrals, demolished our painted windows, sold our church organs to the tavern-keepers, strove hard to eject the altar, and for two centuries prevented us from having a school of painting in England, by refusing to admit pictures into the churches.

That spirit happily exists no longer. The organ is now introduced even in meeting-houses, and it is no longer pretended that the eye may not rest upon a church-picture with as little interruption to devotional feelings as upon a monumental tablet, or a bare wall. 'The mind of man, even in spirituals,' says South, 'acts with a corporeal dependence, and so is helped or hindered in its operations according to the different quality of external objects that incur into the senses. And perhaps sometimes the sight of the altar and those decent preparations for the work of devotion may compose and recover the wandering mind much more effectually than a sermon or a rational discourse. For these things in a manner preach to the eye when the ear is dull and will not hear; and the eye dictateth to the imagination, and that at last moves the affections. And if these little impulses set the great wheels of devotion on work, the largeness and height of that shall not at all be prejudiced by the smallness of its occasion. If the fire burns bright and vigorously, it is no matter by what means it was at first kindled; there is the same force, and the same refreshing virtues in it kindled by a spark from a flint, as if it were kindled by a beam from the sun.'

A forcible appeal in behalf of painting has been made upon occasion of these new churches by Mr. Haydon and Mr. Elmes. Mr. Elmes proposes that a committee should be appointed 'similar to that which investigated the merits and value of the Elgin marbles; that various architects, painters, and sculptors shall be examined by it as to the best way of using the national wealth that will be appropriated to this purpose; that this committee shall be empowered to decide on the merits of our present living artists, and give commissions for building the new churches to such architects as they shall approve; that each architect so appointed shall execute his work on his own responsibility and at his own peril, and not exceed the sum entrusted him to expend; that each new church shall have one historical picture by some living painter, who shall be commissioned in a similar way to the architect by the same committee, and the architect desired to prepare his altar-piece accordingly, with double walls, &c. to resist the damp and to keep his church in a regular state of temperature; that five per cent. out of each sum appropriated be set aside for the expense of the historical picture, its frame, &c. that the committee be empowered to inquire into the best

best modes of remedying the damp in churches, and every other object that may contribute to the improvement of these sacred edifices. 'This,' says Mr. Elmes, 'will set the seal of glory and immortality on the Regency of Great Britain, and form the key-stone of the arch of British glory, and will leave pictures, statues, and buildings to shew posterity what we were.'

Mr. Haydon writes with a warmth of feeling which the consciousness of his powers may well produce. He is laudably desirous of removing from the path of the rising artists, those obstructions which all who are established in the art have but too fatally experienced. He truly observes, that the great works by which the country has been rescued from the stigma of incapacity have been produced by the enthusiasm of individuals who have devoted themselves with the spirit of the Decii, and that those gigantic individual efforts, as they are now made, are of no effect, for want of a place of public reception. There are two ways, he says, by which the powers of the country could be called forth, 'by commemorating the glories of our Regency in our public halls, or by illustrating the duties of Christianity in our cathedrals and churches.' He proposes that, from the money voted for the new churches, three per cent. be allotted for altar pictures.

'Taking this plan,' he says, 'as merely a matter of art, it would produce in a few years the most beneficial effects. Considering it as connected with religion, it would greatly tend to extend the influence of the Established Church; for one great reason why the Methodists have gained such extensive sway is from their having never suffered the feeling of their congregations to flag; whereas, in our churches, there is nothing to excite pious associations in the short intervals of prayer; the buildings are generally dark, dingy and cold. Surely there is no impropriety in saying the regular church might now use all the means of intellectual power and refinement in its reach, under proper direction, and do its utmost to counteract by its associations the feverous excitement of other sects. As a matter of art it would correct the great fundamental and pernicious effects of exhibitions. Where a picture is bought or sold, as it happens, and then hurried into obscurity, no opportunity is ever given for candid examination, nothing is left to time; its errors or its beauties are pressed on the people according to the interests or enmities of those who conduct, or of those who oppose, the society where it is exhibited; parties puff or censure, ridicule or praise, just as it suits; the whole town is in a whirl of feeling, and before any one has time to estimate with perspicuity, the exhibition closes, and the picture and the painter are remembered or forgotten till a new season and a new subject obliterate the recollection of both: while the public vote of Parliament for a picture, as for a statue, would be sound, fair, public encouragement, and collect by degrees the accumulated talent of the country, the work would be for ever before the eye of the world, time would establish its reputation if it deserved it, or destroy it if it deserved

served it not; every man could always judge for himself by a walk to the building where it might be hung, and England would have something to shew the foreigner, when he asks with a sneer, "Where are your historical productions?"—pp. 14—16.

The appeal which has been thus made, and which Mr. Haydon prosecutes with considerable warmth and eloquence, cannot fail in consequence of any prejudices against the admission of pictures into our churches, for no such prejudice exists; Jack himself is now ashamed of the manner in which he tore off the embroidery from his coat, cloth and all. And surely the importance of the object must be acknowledged. Historical painting never has flourished without public encouragement; it never has, and it never can. That encouragement is all which is wanting to complete the glories of this triumphant country, by producing an age of art in England, equal to any which Greece or Italy can boast. The poet can wait for his reward; he may live and die in poverty and neglect; but neither poverty nor neglect can debar him from the full exercise of his divine calling; nor from the sure and certain consolation that he must finally be judged, not by envy and malice, not by ignorance and conceit, not by caprice and fashion, but according to his works, and that too as righteously as if Rhadamanthus were the judge. Truly may he sing,

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;

wherever he may be, infinity is around him, and heaven and earth are open to his excursive spirit. But the painter must have scope and room: if he do not obtain present reputation, his inheritance of futurity is cut off; without patronage his powers can no more expand themselves than the seed of a tropical forest-tree can attain its natural growth and stateliness under the roof of a hot-house. Let us suppose (and this is not merely a gratuitous supposition) that an artist, who may have devoted years to the painful study of his art, conscious of his powers, should determine to evince them by producing a great historical picture, under all the disadvantages of straitened circumstances. After years of painful toil and privation, the work is completed. Its merits are too conspicuous to be denied, and honest admiration is loud in its praise; but no purchaser appears; and the picture which, if it had its proper place in a church, or a public building, would keep the artist before the eyes of the public, and secure to him prosperity and fame, is forgotten as soon as the novelty of the exhibition is over, because it is no longer in sight, takes up room which he cannot afford to give it, and becomes to him an incumbrance, an expense and a perpetual vexation. With what is he to comfort himself? with the proud
sense

sense of native superiority? As well might we suppose that the eagle in a cage should take pride and pleasure in a consciousness of the strength of his wings! It is a miserable consolation to know that art has always had its martyrs, and a miserable thing to suffer a martyrdom for which there is no reward to be expected, either in this world or the next.

An annual grant for the encouragement of this noble art would be, on every account, preferable to a per-centage upon the money voted for the New Churches. A sum which would be scarcely perceived in the year's expenditure, would produce more excitement, more individual happiness, more national glory, more credit among other nations, more good in our own, than ever was obtained at so small a cost in any other manner. It would call forth a display of powers with which all Europe would soon 'ring from side to side.' It would do for London, by national generosity and the force of native genius, what Buonaparte attempted to do for Paris, by national robbery and force of arms; it would make it what Athens has been in the old, and Rome in the modern world, the acknowledged and unrivalled school of arts. Half a century ago Richardson said, 'I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but if ever the great, ancient, and beautiful taste in painting revives, it will be in England.' Already we have seen more than one such revival in our generation. The spirit of poetry has appeared among us again, such as it was in the golden age of Elizabeth; and we are beholden for peace, safety, and increasing prosperity, to a revival of that military spirit which our forefathers displayed at Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, and at Blenheim. But in painting, our ancestors will easily be surpassed: it is with the great men of other times and other countries, that this race must be run: give but a fair course and we shall win the field: give national encouragement, and this generation will see Richardson's prophetic hope fulfilled.

Nor let it be thought that the object is, in any point of view, insignificant, except in the amount of the expenditure required for it. It is of importance even in the mere calculating view of the subject, even upon the gross principle of profit and loss. How far the character and success of our manufactures depend upon the state of art in the country may be illustrated not only by the well-known impulse which was given to our potteries by the late excellent Mr. Wedgwood, when he introduced Etruscan models, but by a fact more recent and directly to the point. When the continent was last opened to us by the success of our arms, our printed cottons were universally objected to, because of their bad taste; and though the material was better than that of the French, the French were preferred. The Manchester manufacturers were
alarmed;

alarmed; they applied to the most ingenious artists in London for designs, and then, and not till then, the cottons recovered their former ascendancy. These facts are not unworthy of consideration, but it would indeed be unworthy to rest the merits of such an appeal upon such considerations. The glory of a nation in arts and arms is its truest and highest interest; and it is by impressing upon the hearts of a people the great and heroic deeds of their fathers and their brethren, that national greatness may be prolonged, and a succession of great and heroic men be called forth for the service of the country.

There is a series of pictures at Chantilly representing the victories of the Great Condé. We have greater victories to celebrate, and better artists to celebrate them. And for our churches, there is not only the inexhaustible source of Scripture, but the rich stores of our own ecclesiastical annals also, which have, in every way, too long been neglected, abounding as they do with examples that well deserve to be treasured up in our hearts. It is no reason because the Roman Catholics have abused pictures and images to the introduction of a gross and palpable idolatry, that we, among whom no such abuse is possible, should debar ourselves from the advantage of speaking to the eyes of the people, and thereby imprinting upon the young imagination ideas which would never be effaced, and lessons which might sometimes be remembered in an hour of need, and thoughts which would be the prolific seed of virtuous actions. It is not painters alone that painting makes; it has made heroes and penitents, and saints and martyrs, by calling forth whatever emulation is just and salutary. In bestowing upon it that national encouragement to which it has so strong and irresistible a claim, we should be giving an impulse to benevolence and virtue and patriotism as well as to genius.

The British sovereigns have often shown a sense of the value of this art, and been its liberal patrons according to the circumstances of their age. Henry VIII. protected and encouraged Holbein. In Elizabeth's reign we were excluded from the countries in which painting flourished and great artists were to be found, by the fierce intolerance of papal policy; but that queen well understood how desirable it was that great and glorious actions should be preserved fresh in the memory of the people, and she hung the House of Lords with tapestry representing the defeat of the Armada. Charles I. loved poetry and painting; and had his reign been passed in tranquillity, England would have had no cause to envy the collections of foreign princes. After his time the decline of the art came on; and when the dome of St. Paul's and the pictures for Greenwich were painted, the views of the government went beyond the genius which could then be found in the country to an-
swer

swer them. The late king appreciated painting and music with a real feeling of what was excellent in both. Handel was his favourite musician, and it will be remembered (to his honour) that for thirty years he employed Mr. West when that admirable artist had no commission from any other person.

Of the disposition of his present Majesty to encourage whatever is connected with the dignity and honour of the country it would be superfluous to speak: the Royal Academy contains munificent proofs of his liberality to the arts. The sense of the legislature too has been distinctly pronounced by the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, an act of which the wisdom is becoming every day more and more evident. Many foreigners have already come into this island solely for the purpose of seeing these marbles. Casts from the whole collection have been already sent to Bavaria, to Wirtemberg, to Russia: others have been ordered for Florence. The school of sculpture will soon be in England. We have seen in our own exhibition the work of Canova beside that of an Englishman, and England might well be satisfied with the excellence to which her native artist had attained. That national encouragement is asked for painting which sculpture already receives: and when that encouragement is given, England will assert and win for herself as high a pre-eminence in art as she holds at this time in commerce, in science, in literature and in arms.

I N D E X

TO THE
 TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY
 REVIEW.

A.

- Ætæan** (Sultan), memorable inscription on the seal of, 6.
- Addison**, real state of Pope's quarrel with, 419—421.
- Advice to Julia**, a Letter in Rhyme, 505—its character, *ib.* 506—510—description of a dandy's conversation, 507—of London in Autumn, 507, 508—a trip to Margate in the Steam-boat, 508, 509.
- Albanians**, character of, 337—their dances, 351.
- Alexandria**, state of literature at, 137, 138.
- Ali**, Pasha of Albania, character of, 128, 336, 337.
- Almanach des Gourmands**, 245.
- America**, state of churches in, 550, 551—disregard of divine worship by the American Convention, 551, *note*.
- Ames** (Fisher), on the liberty of the press, 578.
- Andaman Islanders**, account of, 81.
- Anne** (Queen), state of affairs at her accession, 9, 10—composition and character of her ministers, 10, 11—violence of party, 19—her letter to the Duke of Marlborough, against his resigning his command in chief, 20—her reflection on the battle of Blenheim, 30—cabal among her ministers against the Duke of Marlborough, 43—her duplicity to him, 50—her death, 69—for the principal military events in her reign, *see* **Marlborough** (Duke of).
- Arabs**, instance of the treachery of, 279.
- Aristophanes**, extracts from the comedies of, 254, 255, 260, 262, 268, 271—278.
 —comedies of, translated by Mr. Mitchell, 474—principles of the Aristophanic Comedy, 475—incidents of his Thesmophorizousæ, 476, 477—origin of the Acharnians, 477—and of the Knights, 477, 478—plot of the Acharnians, 485—translation of a scene omitted by Mr. Mitchell, 486—489—principles of translation, developed and applied to a translation of Aristophanes, 480—485, 489, 490—general character of Mr. Mitchell's translation, 474—examination of the execution of particular parts, with specimens, 491—504—this decidedly the best translation of Aristophanes, *extant*, 505.
- Art** (Works of), propriety of introducing them into churches considered, 586—592.
- Athenians** (ancient), manners of, 245—different kinds of bread, made and used by them and by the other Greeks, 246—248—their pastry and confectionary, 249—account of their cooks, 249—254—and sauces, 254—256—different sorts of fish eaten by them, 256, 257—259—instances of their love of fish, 259, 260—account of their fishmongers, 261, 262—and of the perfumes used by them, 263, 264—especially of flowers, 264, 265—their wines, 266, 267—water drinkers satirized, 268—general mode of living among the citizens of Athens, 269—their clubs and pic-nic parties, 270—of the repasts of the common Athenians, 271—274—curious political salad, 273—banquets of the higher classes, 276—278.
- Athenians** (modern), character of, 340, 341.
- Athos** (Mount), account of the monastery of, 345—347.
- Autumn near the Rhine**, 434—character of, 436. *See* **Germany**.
- Autumn in London**, poetically described, 507, 508.
- B.
- Banquets of the Athenians**, account of, 276—278.
- Barber** (Mr. Alderman), anecdote of, 423.
- Baths**, effect of the inordinate use of, on the constitutions of the modern Greek women, 352.
- Battles of Schellenberg**, 24, 25—of Blenheim, 28—of Ramilies, 40—of Oudenard, 53—of Maplaquet, 59, 60.
- Bavaria** (Elector), defeated by the Duke of Marlborough at Schellenberg, 24, 25—his negotiations with the duke, 26—his country given up to military execution, 27—and completely subdued by the battle of Blenheim, 30.
- Bellamy** (John), New Translation of the Bible, Part II. 287—additional proofs of his unsuitness for the work, *ib.* 288.—refutation of his assertion, that Jerome made his Latin translation from the Greek

- Greek and not from the Hebrew, 292, 293—and that all modern European translations have been made from the Septuagint and Vulgate, 294—298—his slander of the English Universities disproved, 299, 300—and also his assertion that there was not a single critical Hebrew scholar among the translators of the authorized version, 301—304—specimens of his blunders, 307—317—his utter incompetency for the task he has undertaken, 324, 325.
- Belly and the Members, fable of, versified, 458, 459.
- Belzoni (M.), assassination of, attempted by two renegade Frenchmen at Thebes, 94—discovers the ruins of Bernice, 95.
- Bible, authorized translation of, tracts in vindication of, 287—when any translation may be said to be made from the original, 291, 292—notice of English translations of it, antecedent to the present authorized version, 295—298—notice of the translators, 301—303—and of the instructions given to them, 305, 306.
- Bishop's Bible, notice of, 297, 298.
- Blackader (Colonel) remark of, on the English army, under the Duke of Marlborough, 22, 23—his reflections on the battles of Schellenberg, 25—of Blenheim, 27, and .note—of Ramillies, 40—of Oudenard, 53—of Maplaquet, 60.
- Blenheim (battle of), 28.
- Blow-pipe, structure of, 467—account of its application to fusion, 468—471—analogy in its operations to the nature of volcanoes, 470, 471.
- Bosset (Lieut. Col.), Proceedings at Parga, 111—his mistakes corrected, 115—his misconduct as governor of Parga, 129, 130.
- Bourbons, policy of, considered, since the return of Louis XVIII., 196.
- Bowles (Rev. W. L.), on the invariable Principles of Poetry, 400—strictures on his hostility to Pope, 407, 408—on his definition of poetical execution, 409—and on his observations on the poetic character of Pope, 409, 410—Mr. Bowles's Invariable Principles of Poetry examined, 410, 411—vindication of the poet's private character against his aspersions, 412, 413—particularly respecting Pope's quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, 414—418—and with Addison, 419—421—his unjust charge against Pope for censuring Rowe, 421, 422.
- Bread, different sorts of, used by the Athenians and other Greeks, 246—248.
- Brewster (Rev. John), Sketch of the History of Churches, 549.
- Burgess (Sir James), Reasons in favour of a New Translation of the Bible, 287—his abuse of the Quarterly Review, 289—specimens of his ignorance and unfairness, 289—291—refutation of his assertion that Jerome executed his Latin version of the Old Testament from the Greek and not from the Hebrew, 293, 294—wilful blunder respecting the authorized translators of the Bible, 303 .note, 305, 306, 307—examination of his misrepresentations concerning the Quarterly Review, 313—324—his plagiarism, 321.
- C.
- Caloyers or Greek monks of Salympria, account of, 343, 344—and of Mount Athos, 345—347.
- Canada, advantages of, for emigration, over the United States of North America, 374, 375, 376—advice to persons emigrating thither, 377—importance of gypsum as a manure there, 378, 379—observations on the deeded lands, granted by government, 381—notice of the settlement of Perth, 382—state of the church in Upper Canada, 383, 384—account of proposed improvements in its inland navigation, 385, 386—objections to emigrating to this country considered, 390—not likely to be conquered by the United States of America, 390—means of advancing the prosperity of this colony, 391—importance of diffusing information concerning it, *ib.* 392, 393—illustrated by an estimate of expenses, 394, 395—what class of persons best for emigrating, 396—400.
- Chapels, private, cause of the increase of, 564.
- Châtelet (Marchioness du), origin of her acquaintance with Voltaire, 156, 157—her reception of Madame de Graigny, 157—description of her apartment, 159—her occupation, 160—prys into the letters of her visitors, 161—her barbarous treatment of Madame de Graigny, 163, 164, 165.
- Church, state of, in Canada, 383, 384.
- Churches, want of in North America, 550, 551—want of them in London in the reign of William and Mary, 563—of Queen Anne, 553—deficiency of them at present, in England, 553, 554—evil consequences of this want, 554, 559—influence of the church on the peasantry, 558—motives that anciently promoted the erection of churches, 559, 560—liberality

- liberality of James I. in erecting churches in Scotland and Ireland, 561—outline of the Act of Parliament for building new Churches, 565, 566—Dr. Franklin's opinion on building churches, 566—speculative impiety, circulated through the press, a reason for the erection of them, 567—St. Paul's, the first church erected in Britain, 582—beauty of the English churches, 583—the retaining of pews in them, defended, 584, 585—the propriety of decorating them with works of art considered, 586—592.
- Churchill, the poet, anecdote of, 433.
- Churchill (Lord). See *Marlborough*.
- Church-yards of the metropolis, observations on, 559—simple expedient for preventing the robbery of graves in, 559 *note*.
- Clare (John), Poems, descriptive of Rural Life, 166—biographical notice of him, 166—171—specimens of his poems, *ib.* 172—comparison of him with Burns and Bloomfield, 173—concluding advice to him, 174.
- Clarke (Dr. E. D.), on the Gas Blow-pipe, 466—origin and progress of his discoveries, in the art of fusion, 467, 468—account of his mode of using the blow-pipe, 468—470—on the analogy in its operations to the nature of volcanoes, 470, 471—remarks thereon, 473.
- Clergy, of modern Greece, wretched state of, 342—of England, duties of, before the Reformation, 553—their influence after that event, 554—why they cannot have the same influence now, in large parishes, 564—real causes of their diminished in fluence, 580—increased facilities given to produce qualified ministers, 581.
- Clubs of the Athenians, notice of, 270.
- Colonies, in a more immoral state than their mother countries, 552.
- Comedy, early, of modern Europe, strictures on, 474, 475—principles of the Aristophanic comedy, 475, 476.
- Commerce of modern Greece, notice of, 335—causes of the stagnation of commerce in Germany, 430.
- Confectionary of the Athenians, 249.
- Cooks (Greek), account of, 249—253—notice of the fraternity of, at Athens, 253, 254.
- Coray (M.), 'Ἑλληνικὴ Βιβλιοθήκη, 136. See *Greek Language*.
- Course of the Niger. See *Niger*.
- Coverdale's Translation of the Bible, notice of, 296.
- Coxe (Rev. Wm.), Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, 1—strictures on his remark on Sir Robert Walpole's opinion of history, *ib.*—materials of his work, *ib.* 2. See *Marlborough*.
- Cranmer's (Archbishop) Translation of the Bible, notice of, 297.
- Cripps (Mr.), on the excellent state of the Swedish roads, 101.
- Crowne's tragedy of the Destruction of Jerusalem, notice of, 200 *note*—203 *note*—specimens of it, 216—219, 220 *notes*.
- D.
- Dances of the modern Greeks described, 350, 351.
- Dandy, conversation of a, poetically described, 507.
- Dauneker, a German sculptor, notice of, 443, 444.
- Darwin (Dr.), Letter of, 534—his death, 535.
- Day (Mr. Thomas), eccentric anecdotes of, 523, 524—his marriage, 525.
- Deeded lands, in Canada, observations on, 381.
- Denon (M.), dismissed from the Museum, to make way for Count Forbin, 83.
- Dinners of the Greeks, notice of, 257, 258.
- D'Israeli (J.), Curiosities of Literature, vol. iii. 245.
- Docherd (Mr.) progress of, through the interior of Africa, 241, 242.
- Douglas (Hon. F. S. N.), Essay on certain points of resemblance between the ancient and modern Greeks, 325. See *Greece*.
- Duigenan (Dr.), vindicated from the charges of Mr. Edgeworth, 517.
- Dutch, noble reception of the Duke of Marlborough by, 15—vacillation of the Dutch government, 12, 13—their crooked policy impedes the plans and progress of the Duke of Marlborough, 17—and also the misconduct of their generals, 18—interpose additional difficulties in the Duke's way, 35, 36.
- Duval (Amciury), Exposé des Faits sur la Cession de Parga, 111—falsehood of his statements, 127. 133 *note*.
- E.
- Edgeworth (R. L. Esq.), Memoirs of, by himself and his daughter, 510—anecdotes of his ancestors, 511—514—his lax notion of the degrees of kindred, between whom marriage may be contracted, 512—sundry improbabilities in his narrative pointed out, 513—birth of Mr. Edgeworth, 510—anecdote of his early years, 514—his mock marriage, 515—falsehood detected in his account of it, 516—and in his statement relative to a college-examination, 517, 518—his first marriage, 518, 519—attempts at telegraphic

- graphic apparatus, 520—remarks on his claim to the invention, 521, 522—is recalled from France by the death of his wife, 526—becomes acquainted with Miss Honora Sneyd, 527—whom he marries, 529—retires into Ireland, 530—state of that country, 531—vacillating conduct of Mr. Edgeworth, 532—letter of Dr. Darwin to him, *ib.*—curious blunder of Miss Edgeworth relative to the meaning of the term *decade*, 535—death of Mr. Edgeworth's fourth wife, 536—his fifth marriage, *ib.*—rebellion of 1798, 537—temporizing conduct of Mr. Edgeworth, *ib.*—its effects to himself, 538—strictures on his conduct in parliament, relative to the Union of Ireland with England, 540, 541—and on his experimental method in education, 541, 542—last hours of Mr. Edgeworth, 543—reasons for inferring his disregard of Revelation, 543—548—concluding strictures on the memoirs, 548, 549—notice of Mr. Edgeworth's Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages, 96. 98.—he recommends some degree of curvature in laying out roads, 102—his opinion of the inefficacy of convexity, in laying out roads, 103—advises the materials to be broken small, 104—his mode of forming roads on unsound sub-strata, *ib.*
- Edinburgh Review, falsehoods of detected, 135, 136.
- Edrisi's African Geography, of little value, 238.
- Education, progress of, among the modern Greeks, 358, 359—strictures on the experimental method of education, 541, 542.
- Egyptians, custom of, at feasts, 278.
- Elgin marbles, depositing of, in the British Museum, proved to be a national advantage, 591.
- Elmes (James), Letter to Lord Liverpool on New Churches, 549—his proposal for improving their architecture, 586, 587.
- Emigrants to Canada, advice to, 377.
- Emigration, expediency of, as a relief for distressed population, considered, 387, 388—expenses of emigration to Canada, 394, 395.
- England, why disliked by the French, 177—impressions of an Englishman at Paris, 178—contrast between them in speaking of their respective countries, 180, 181—difference in their intellectual endowments, 181—184—influence of history and political circumstances on their characters, 184—186—reason why the French find it difficult to form just ideas of England, 187—190—curious blunders and misrepresentations concerning it, 192—194. 196, 197—will not be impoverished by transfer of capital to the other side of the Atlantic, 388, 389—population of England before the Reformation, 557.
- Eugene (Prince), conceals the plan of a campaign with the Duke of Marlborough, 21—participates with him in the battle of Schellenberg, 25—of Blenheim, 28—manœuvre of, at the battle of Oudenard, 53—his indignant remark on the treachery of the English ministers, 65—defeats the French in Italy, 41—is recalled by the Emperor of Germany, 63.
- Exports and imports of Van Diemen's Land, 80.
- F.
- Fenelon (Archbishop), noble conduct of the Duke of Marlborough to, 63.
- Field (Dr.), eulogium of, on the English Bible, 303, 304.
- Fish, account of the different sorts of, eaten by the Athenians, 256—259—instances of their love of fish, 259, 260.
- Fishmongers (Athenian), notice of, 261, 262.
- Flanders, account of the Duke of Marlborough's campaign in, 36, 37—movements of the French under Villeroy, 39—they are defeated at the battle of Ramillies, 40—its brilliant results, *ib.* 41—Marlborough commences a new campaign there, 51—battle of Oudenard, 53—Lille besieged and captured, 54—56—Ghent, invested, 57—the French again defeated at the battle of Maplaquet, 59, 60—Mons captured, 61—a new campaign commenced there, but terminated by the ignominious peace of Utrecht, 63—65.
- Flowers, used by the Athenians at their feasts, 264, 265.
- Fontaine's Fables, translated, 455—characteristic of his poetry, 455—excellence of his narrations, 456—and characters, *ib.* 457—design of the translator, 457—specimens of his translations, with remarks, 458—465.
- Forbin (Count) Voyage dans le Levant, 83—succeeds Denon in the custody of the Museum, *ib.*—embarks at Marseilles, *ib.*—arrives at Athens, 84—specimen of his mawkish declamation there, *ib.*—blunders of his, corrected, 85—his foolish sneer on English and German artists, *ib.*—his vanity mortified by the popularity of the English, 86—misfortunes that befel the Count at Constantinople, *ib.*—commercial meanness of the Count, 87—his ignorance exposed, 88, 89—and falsehood, 90, 92—arrives at St. Jean d'Acre, 88—traverses

- 88—traverses Palestine, *ib.* 89—arrives at Cairo, 90—deterred from visiting Upper Egypt by dread of the English, 91, 92—his abuse of Mr. Salt corrected, 93.
- Franklin (Dr.) reproof by, of the American convention, for their disregard of the Deity, 551, *note*—his sentiments on building new churches, 566.
- Free-thinking Christians' conference, instituted, 574—questions proposed for discussions 574, 575—their tenets, 575—utterly subversive of Christianity, 575, 576—blasphemous handbills, 576—activity of their agents in circulating infidel tracts, 576, 577.
- French defeated at the battle of Schellenberg, 24, 25—of Blenheim, 28—of Ramilies, 40—of Oudenard, 53—of Malplaquet, 59, 60—why the French dislike England, 177—contrast between them and the English, when speaking of their respective countries, 180, 181—difference between the intellectual endowments of the two nations, 181—184—influence of history and political circumstances on their respective characters, 184—186—why the French find it difficult to form just ideas of that country, 187—190—strictures on the modern French glory, 194, 195.
- Funeral ceremonies of the modern Greeks, 349.
- Fusion.—See *Gas Blow-pipe*.
- G.
- Gas Blow-pipe, origin and progress of discoveries with, in the art of fusion, 467, 468—Dr. Clarke's mode of using it, 468—470—analogy in its operations to the nature of volcanoes, 470, 471.
- Geneva version of the Bible, notice of, 297.
- Germany, estimable character of the inhabitants of, 435—why they are attached to secret societies, *ib.*—the real design of such societies, 436—description of a German inn, 438, 439—and of the scenery on the Rhine, 439—440—constitution and proceedings of the secret tribunal, 441, 442—forest of Odenwald, described, 442, 443—observations on the German courts, 443—especially Weimar and Stuttgart, *ib.*—want of discipline the cause of the irregularities of the German Universities, 446—the professors there, dependent on the students, 447, 448—evils of the subdivision of property, 449—causes of the stagnation of German commerce, 450—political state of Germany, 451—453—public journals there on the increase, 453—curious blunder in one, 453, 454.
- Godolphin (Lord Treasurer), created a peer, 46—his observations on the Emperor of Germany's conduct, 48—his disinterestedness, and death, 67.
- Graigny (Madame de), *Vie privée de Voltaire et Madame du Châtelet*, 154—biographical notice of her, 155—account of her reception by them, 157—description of her apartment, 159, 160—and of their common pursuit, 160—her reflections on the misery of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet, 162—their cruel treatment of her, 163—165—her death, 165.
- Greece (C. F.) Facts and Observations on Canada, &c. 373—character of his work, 375—on the comparative advantages of Canada and the United States of North America for emigration, 376—advice to emigrants, 377—on the use of gypsum in agriculture, 378, 379.
- Greece (Modern), account of, and of its inhabitants, 325—its physical geography, 326, 327—population, 327—mountains, *ib.*—plains, 328—climate, *ib.* 329—productions, 330—334—account of the Vlski or migratory shepherds, 334—commerce, 335—character of the Greeks of the continent, 336—especially of Ali Pasha, *ib.* 337—the Albanians, 337—and the Mainiotes, 338, 339—notice of the district of Maina, 339, 340—character of the modern Athenians, 340, 341—wretched state of the inferior Greek clergy, 342—character of the Archbishop of Larissa, 343—account of the Caloyers of Salympra, 343, 344—and of the monastery of Mount Athos, 345, 346, 347—attachments of the modern Greeks to the superstitious ceremonies of their ancestors, 347—their nuptial ceremonies, 348—funeral rites, 349—amusements, 350—the Romaika or circular dance, 350, 351—dances of the Albanians, 351—attachment of the women to the bath, and its effects on their constitutions, 352—general character of the modern Greeks, 353, 354—their habitations and domestic arrangements described, 354—356—state of literature among them, 357—progress of education among them, 359.
- Greek language, causes of the preservation of, for so many centuries, 137—141—alterations effected in it by the Macedonians about the time of Alexander, 141—at what period most pure, 141, 142—structure of the Greek of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, 142, 143—instances of the declining purity of the Greek language in the first ages of the Christian church, 143—145—particularly in the sixth century, 145—changes in the terminations of Romaic Greek

- words, 146, 147—the affinity of the Romaic Greek to the Hellenic, why greater than the affinity of the Italian to the Latin, 147—this affinity illustrated by examples, 147—149—strictures on the pronunciation of certain Greek letters, 149—151—and on the accentual mode of reading and speaking, 151—153—the reason why there are no standard works in the Romaic or modern Greek, 154.
- Gypsum, importance of, as a manure, 378, 379.
- H.
- Hadji Hamet, route of, through the interior of Africa, 231, 232.
- Harley, intrigues of, against the Duke of Marlborough, 49, 50—dismissed from the ministry, 51.
- Haydon (B. R.) on new churches, 549—his proposal for decorating them with paintings, 587—observations on it, 588—592.
- Haygarth (W. Esq.) Greece, a poem, 325.
- Hebrew literature, proofs of the cultivation of, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. 299—303.
- Hellenic language, cultivation of, extending, 358.
- Herodotus, veracity of, established, 96.
- Highways, importance of, on canals, 97—testimonies to the bad state of the roads near London, 99, 100—improvements of certain roads, 100, 101—curved roads recommended, 102—too great a convexity the prevalent fault in forming roads, 103—their materials ought to be broken small, *ib.* 104—suggestions for improving roads on unsound bottoms, 105—best mode of keeping roads in repair, 106—partial paving recommended, 107—suggestions for improving highways, 108—first, the appointment of county or district surveyors, *ib.*—secondly, the union of several trusts within ten miles of London, *ib.* 109—thirdly, the combining all the existing highway laws into one code, 109—benefit of a general commutation for statute labour, *ib.*—cause of the defective state of parish roads, and its remedy, 109—111.
- Hill (Abigail), intrigues against her benefactors the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, 49, 50.
- Hobart Town, in Van Diemen's Island, account of, 75, 76.
- Hodgskin (T.) Travels in the North of Germany, 434—character of them, 436, 437.
- Holland (Dr.) Travels in the Ionian Isles, &c. 325.
- Hope, verses on, 169.
- Horses, number of, kept by the principal coach-proprietors in and near London, 99, 100.
- Howe (Michael), the Bush Ranger of Van Diemen's land, account of, 81—83.
- I.
- Ibn Batouta, an early Arab traveller, notice of, 239—outline of his route, 239, 240.
- Improprations, notice of a society for purchasing them, in the reign of Charles I. 561, 562.
- Inns of Germany, described, 438, 439.
- Infidel tracts, circulated with activity, 576, 577.
- Inland navigation of Canada, improvements in, 385, 386.
- J.
- Jacob (William), View of the Agriculture, &c. of Germany, 434—character of his work, 435. See *Germany*.
- James I., liberality of, in erecting churches in Scotland and Ireland, 561.
- James II., noble conduct of Lord Churchill to, 3—his reflection on being forsaken by his children, 9.
- Jerome, vindicated from the charge of having made his Latin translation of the Old Testament from the Greek and not from the Hebrew, 292—294.
- Jerusalem, Fall of. See *Crowne*, *Milman*—(city of), poetically described, 204.
- Jews, situation of at the siege of Jerusalem, 198, 199.
- Johnson (Charles, Esq.) testimony of to the bad state of the roads near London, 99.
- Josephus's History of the Jewish War, remark on, 201.
- Journals (public), of Germany, notice of, 453.
- K.
- Kotzebue, immoral tendency of the dramas of, one cause of his assassination by Sand, 447—his assassination vindicated by Professor Krug, 445, 446.
- L.
- Larissa (Archbishop of), character of, 343.
- Latin language, changes in, in the early ages of the Christian æra, 145, 146.
- Launceston, in Van Diemen's land, notice of, 76.
- Life, verses on, 169, 170.
- Literature, state of, among the modern Greeks, 357, 358.
- Liturgy, importance of reading it impressively, 558.
- Lonsdale (Lord), munificent donation of,

- for providing ministers for the Church of England, 581, *note*.
 Louis XIV, opinion of, on the English councils, at the accession of Queen Anne, 9, 10.

M.

- M'Adam (J. L.), Tracts on the making of Roads, 96—character of them, 98—his qualifications for the task he has undertaken, 100—his statements relative to the actual improvement of certain roads, 100, 101—testimony to the value of his method, 101, 102—recommends the materials for the formation of roads to be broken small, and why, 103, 104—and that women and children should be employed in breaking them, 104—his mode of making a road over a boggy or swampy soil, 105, 106.
 Macedonians altered the Greek language in the time of Alexander, 141.
 Maplaquet, battle of, 59, 60.
 Macquarrie (port), in Van Diemen's land, notice of, 77.
 Maina (district of), brief notice of, 339—character of its inhabitants, 338, 339.
 Maitland (Sir Thomas), liberality of, to the Parganotes, 131, 132.
 Margate, trip to, in a steam-boat, poetically described, 508, 509.
 Marlborough (Charles Churchill, Duke of), anecdotes of his early life, 2, 3—created peer, 3—his disinterested conduct to James II. *ib.*—remarks on his behaviour at the Revolution, 4—his fidelity to William III. and to the British constitution, 5—corresponds with James II. 6—magnanimous conduct of William III. to him, *ib.* 7—state of Europe at the accession of Queen Anne, 8, 9—schemes of Louis XIV. frustrated by the Countess of Marlborough, 10—embarks for Holland, as generalissimo of the Allied British and Dutch force, 12—is impeded in his plans of action by the tardy counsels of the Dutch states, *ib.* 13—his partial successes notwithstanding, 14—narrowly escapes being seized by the French, 15—is created Duke of Marlborough, which dignity he accepts with reluctance, 16—again frustrated in his plans by the crooked policy of the Dutch, 17—and by the misconduct of their generals, 18—resolves to resign his post, but is withheld by the intreaties of Queen Anne, 19, 20—proposes to carry the campaign into Germany, 21—character of his army, 22, 23—which he brings into excellent order, 23—defeats the Gallo-Bavarian army at Schellenberg, 24, 25—negotiations with

- the elector, 26—gives up his country to military execution, 27—defeats the French at the battle of Blenheim, 28—conduct of the Duke's political adversaries in consequence of it, 29, 30—its important results, 30, 31—effects of his fatigues on the Duke's health, 32—grateful and honourable reception of the Duke, on his return, 33—he embarks again for the continent, *ib.*—tardy preparations of the Emperor of Germany, *ib.*—manœuvres of Marshal Villars, 34—chagrin of the Duke, 35—account of the campaign in Flanders, 36, 37—honourable anecdote of Marlborough's kindness, 38—movements of the French under Villeroy, 39—they are defeated at the battle of Ramillies, 40—its brilliant results, *ib.* 41—vexatious situation of affairs to Marlborough, both abroad and at home, 42, 43—disinterested conduct of the Duke to the Queen, 44, 45—brilliant reception of the Duke on his return, 45, 46—promotes the union between England and Scotland, 46—situation of affairs at home and abroad in 1707, 46, 47—treachery of Harley against him, 50—invasion of England by the Pretender, 51—Marlborough, forms the plan of a new campaign on the continent, *ib.*—gains the battle of Oudenard, 53—besieges and captures Lille, 54—56—invests Ghent, 57—nobly resists a bribe from the French government, *ib.*—defeats the French at the battle of Maplaquet, 59, 60—and captures Mons, 61—enters upon his last campaign, 63—his noble treatment of Fenelon, 55—falsely charged with peculation, 66—peace of Utrecht concluded, and Marlborough disgraced, 67, 68—noble reception of him abroad, 69—is recalled on the accession of George I. *ib.*—his death, *ib.*—brief review of his character, 71—73—excellent moral order of his camp, 72.
 Marlborough (Sarah, Duchess of), adopts a different line of politics from her husband, 11—her opinion on giving places, 12—dismissed from her office by Queen Anne, 62, 63—her reply to proposals for a second marriage, 70—generous conduct to a Chelsea pensioner, 71, 72—her character, 11, 12—her noble sentiments on the giving of places, 12—did not offer Pope a thousand pounds to suppress the character of Atossa, 423, 424.
 Marriages (septennial), curious proposal for, 415.
 Matthews's Translation of the Bible, notice of, 296.
 Messiah, song to, 209, 210.

Methodists

Methodists in America, observations on, 383.

Michaelis, opinion of, on the spread of infidelity, 568.

Milman (Rev. H. H.) *The fall of Jerusalem*, a dramatic poem, 198—situation of the Jews at the siege of Jerusalem, 198—200—difficulties attending the subject, 200, 201—strictures on the construction of the poem, 202, 203—plan of it, with extracts and remarks, 203—223—general observations on the poem, compared with the author's former works, 223—225.

Milton, Pope's criticism on, 432.

Ministry (English), composition of, at the accession of Queen Anne, 10.

Mitchell (T.) translation of *Aristophanes*, 474—general character of it, *ib.*—examination of the execution of particular parts, with specimens, 491—504—this decidedly the best translation of *Aristophanes* extant, 505. See *Aristophanes*.

Mollien (G.) *Voyage dans l'Interieur de l'Afrique*, &c. 225—estimate of his acquisitions as a traveller, 242—objects of his mission, 242, 243—the information obtained by him of little value, 243, 244.

Monastic Orders, benefit of, to the church, 552.

Montague (Lady Mary Wortley), character of, 414—416—singular scheme of, for septennial marriages, 415—was self-educated, 416—account of her quarrel with Mr. Pope, 417, 418.

Montague (Mr. Wortley), character of, 417.

Montesquieu, curious mistakes of relative to England, 188, 189.

Monck (Sir Charles), false statements of concerning the Parganotes, 135.

N.

Niger (river), information relative to the course of, 229—233—proofs of its identity with the Nile of Egypt, with a plan, 236—240.

Nuptial ceremonies of the Modern Greeks, 348.

O.

Oudenard, battle of, 53—its brilliant results, 54—56.

Oxygen Gas, notice of experiments with, in aid of fusion, 472.

P.

Painting, advantages of an annual grant for the encouragement of, 589—munificence of British sovereigns in encouraging and promoting it, 590—especially of George III. 591—and his present Majesty, *ib.*

Parga, general misunderstanding prevalent concerning the cession of, to the Porte, vol. xxiii. no. xlv.

111—its origin, 112—extent of its territory, 113—shakes off its allegiance to the Turks, 113, 114—throws itself into the protection of the French, 115—surrenders unconditionally to General Campbell, 116—proofs that Parga was never considered by the British government otherwise than as belonging to the Porte, 117—119—and that, previously to Parga being given up to Ali Pasha, by the British government, every provision was made for the inhabitants, 121—considerations on the probable situation of Britain, had she insisted on keeping possession of Parga, 122—124—bad character of the Parganotes, 124—127—character of Ali Pasha, 128—narrative of the proceedings for giving up Parga to the Porte, 129—131—estimate of the property of the Parganotes, 131, 132—liberality of the Lord Commissioner to them, 133—and of the amount of compensation given to them, 134—false assertion of the Edinburgh Review detected, 135, 136.

Parnell (Wm. Esq.), Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review, 360—answer to his first complaint, that the editor is totally ignorant of farming, *ib.* 361—his mistakes in early Irish history corrected, 362—365—Mr. Parnell guilty of great inconsistency, 365, 366—the reviewer vindicated from the charge of ignorance, 366, 367—Mr. Parnell's ridiculous abuse of the potatoe, 368, 369—refuted by facts, 369—his mistakes concerning the government of the Irish, 370—372—concluding remarks on Mr. Parnell, 372, 373.

Pastry of the Athenians, notice of, 249.

Paterson (James), *A Practical Treatise on Public Roads*, 96—character of it, 98—his illustration of the difference between going over a hill, and round its bottom, 102—his mode of mending roads over springy substrata, 103—and of draining them, 106.

Paving recommended for roads near the capital and great towns, 107.

Perfumes of the Greeks, account of, 263—265.

Pergamus, state of learning at, 157, 158.

Perth, a settlement in Upper Canada, notice of, 382.

Pic-nic parties of the Athenians, notice of, 270.

Pictures, proposal for decorating churches with, 587, 588—remarks thereon, 588—592.

Pittwater settlement in Van Diemen's Land, notice of, 76.

- Plato, study of, a mean of preserving the Greek Language, 137, 139.
- Pope (Alexander), character of, assailed by his two last editors, 407—Warton's objection to him as a poet, 408—vindication of his poetical character against the petty criticisms of Mr. Bowles, 408—411—and from the charge of being sordid, 412, 413—instance of his generosity and independence, 413—real state of his quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, 414—418—vindicated against Mr. Bowles's account of his quarrel with Addison, 419—421—and from the charge of sparing neither friend nor foe, in the case of Rowe, 421, 422—proof that he did not receive a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough for suppressing the character of Atossa, 423, 424—and of his independence, *ib.*—account of his early education, 425—427—his own statement of his poetical studies, 427—429—gratitude of Pope to the Abbé Southcot, 428, *note*—his opinion on writing a poem, 430, 431—Lord Hervey's and Aaron Hill's characters of his works, 431—strictures on his preference of antiquity to the best modern poets, 432—and on his criticism on Milton and Shakespeare, 432, 433—general character of Mr. Pope's poetry, 433, 434.
- Population of Modern Greece, notice of, 327.
- Press, observations on the liberty of, 578.
- Productions of Van Diemen's Land, 78, 79—of Modern Greece, 330—334.
- Professors of the German Universities, dependent on the students, 447—consequences of such dependence, 448.
- Publications (New), List of, 281.
- Purity of the Greek Language, instances of the decline of, in the first ages of Christianity, 143—145.
- R.
- Ramillies, battle of, 40—its brilliant results, *ib.* 41.
- Religion, the only basis of freedom, 579.
- Ritchie (the late Mr.), admirable qualifications of, for exploring the interior of Africa, 126—notice of his researches in the interior of Tripoli, 227—his premature death, 228—substance of information procured by him relative to Timbuctoo, Bornou, the river Niger, and the neighbouring countries, 229—233—probabilities that the Niger is the same as the Nile of Egypt, 236—241.
- Rivers, in Van Diemen's Land, notice of, 75, 77.
- Romaic or modern Greek language, changes in the terminations of, 146, 147—the affinity of this language to the Hellenic, why greater than that of the Italian to the Latin, 147—instances of such affinity, 147—149—certain letters how pronounced, 149—151—observations on the accidental mode of reading and speaking, 151—153—why there are no standard works in this language, 154.
- Romaika, or circular dance of the Modern Greeks, described, 350, 351.
- Romans, cultivated Greek literature, 138.
- Rowe, Pope's observation on, considered, 421, 422.
- Rubichon (M.), de l'Angleterre, 174—why Frenchmen dislike England, 177—impressions of an Englishman at Paris, 178—contrast between the English and French, when speaking of their countries, 180, 181—difference between the intellectual endowments of the two nations, 181—184—influence of history and political circumstances on the characters of the two nations, 184—186—the great developement of all the intellectual powers of England, a reason why Frenchmen find it difficult to form just ideas of that country, 187, 188—illustrated in the person of Montesquieu, 188—190—qualifications of M. Rubichon for his work, 191—character of it, *ib.*—specimens of his misrepresentations, 192, 193, 194—his strictures on modern French glory, 194, 195—and on the policy of the Bourbons since the return of Louis XVIII. 196—ludicrous blunders of the author, 196, 197—and contradictions, 198.
- S.
- Salad, political one described, 275.
- Salympra, account of a Greek monastery at, 343, 344.
- Sand (Charles Lewis), Memoirs of, 434—character of them, 444, 445—notice of his early career, 445—his assassination of Kotzebue vindicated by Professor Krug, 445, 446, *notes*.
- Satyr and the Traveller, fable of, versified, 461, 462.
- Sauces of the Athenians, account of, 254—256.
- Savoy (Duke of), preserved from destruction by the Duke of Marlborough, 32.
- Schellenberg, battle of, 24, 25—its consequences, 26, 27.
- Schiller, notice of, 444.
- Secret Tribunal, account of the constitution and proceedings of, 441, 442.
- Septuagint, Greek version of the Old Testament, observations on the language of, 142, 143—its present state vindicated, 322.
- Shakespeare,

Shakespeare, Pope's criticism on, considered, 433.

Siloam (Fountain of), exquisitely poetical apostrophe to, 205.

Spence (Rev. John), Observations, Anecdotes and Characters of Men and Books, 400—secret history of the delay of their publications, 401, 402—apprehensions of some of the editors of Pope's works concerning their being printed, 403, 404—estimated character and filial piety of Mr. Spence, *ib.* 405.

Storm Bay, in Van Diemen's Land, described, 75.

Strachan (James), Visit to the Province of Upper Canada, 373—character of his work, 384, 387—on the state of religion there, *ib.*—inland navigation, 385, 386.

Stuart (Captain), The Emigrant's Guide to Upper Canada, 373—character of the work, 379, 380—observations on the deeded lands of Upper Canada, 381—notice of the settlement of Perth, 382—strictures on his opinion of the American Methodists, 383.

Summer morning, poetical description of, 172.

T.

Telegraphs, notice of Mr. Edgeworth's attempts to construct, 520—remarks on his claims to the invention of them, 521.

Telford (Mr.), on the state of the roads in Wales, 103.

Theophrastus taught many facts which are considered as of modern discovery, 466.

Timbuctoo, account of, 231.

Tindal's Translation of the Bible, notice of, 295.

Todd (Rev. H. J.), Vindication of the Authorized Translation and Translators of the Bible, 287—character of his work, 291.

Torcy (Marquis de), in vain attempts to bribe the Duke of Marlborough, 57, 58.

Trade of Van Diemen's Land, 79, 80.

Translation, true principles of, developed, 480—484—application of them to a translation of Aristophanes, 484—486, 489, 490—exemplification of them in a scene from that poet's *Acharnians*, 486—489.

Travels, value of, why frequently diminished, 174, 175.

Treachery of the Arabs, 279, 280.

Triuity, statute of 9 and 10 W. III. against impugnors of, repealed, 569.

Tuarick, a people in the interior of Africa, notice of, 230.

U.

Unitarians, statute of 9 and 10 W. III. against, repealed, 569—remarks on such

repeal, 569—its effects, 570—infamous placards posted by one, 570, 571—appeal to discreeter Unitarians on the impudence and wickedness of them, 572—notice of the Unitarian conferences, at Hackney, 573.

Universities (English), proofs of the cultivation of Hebrew literature at, in the time of Elizabeth and James I. 299—303.

Universities (German), cause of the irregularities in, 446—extensive range of sciences taught there, *ib.*—the professors dependent upon the students, 447, 448.

Utrecht, peace of, 63.

V.

Van Diemen's Land, when first discovered and settled, 73, 74—its climate and physical appearance, 74—description of its ports and towns, 75—Storm Bay and Hobart Town, *ib.* 76—Settlements of Pittwater and Clarence Plains, 76—Port Dalrymple and Launceston, *ib.*—Port Macquarie, 77—Port Davey, *ib.*—state of farming there, 77, 78—natural productions, 78—exotic productions that thrive there, *ib.*—jurisdiction, *ib.*—abstract of the population, land in cultivation, and stock, 79—trade, *ib.*—statement of exports and imports, 80—account of the aboriginal inhabitants, *ib.* 81—and of Michael Howe, the bush-ranger, 81—83.

Vansittart (Rt. Hon. N.), Speech on the necessity of New Churches, 549.

Vendôme (Duke de), outmanœuvred by the Duke of Marlborough, 47—defeated at the battle of Oudenard, 53.

Villars (Marshal), manœuvres of, in Flanders, 34—instance of his falsehood in his *Memoirs*, *ib.*

Villeroy (Marshal), defeated at the battle of Blenheim, 28—besieges Liege, 34—is defeated at the battle of Ramilies, 40.

Vlaki, or migratory shepherds of Modern Greece, account of, 334, 335.

Volcanoes, analogy between, and the operations of the blow-pipe, 470, 471—remarks thereon, 473.

Voltaire, private life of, with Madame du Châtelet, 154—origin of his connection with her, 156—it is an unhappy one, 162—their reception of Madame de Graigny, 157—description of his apartments, 158—their occupations, 160—his baseness towards his guests, 161—163—consummate impudence, 161—his barbarous treatment of Madame de Graigny, 164, 165—general character of Voltaire, 166.

W.

Waday; a country in the interior of Africa, notice of, 233.

Walpole (Sir Robert), remark of, on history, 1.

Water-drinkers among the Athenians, satirized, 268.

Whigs, violent conduct of, against the Duke of Marlborough, 43, 44.

Whittaker (J. W.), Historical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's New Translation, 287—character of his work, 291—when any particular translation of the Bible may be said to be made from an original, *ib.* 292—vindication of Jerome from the charge of having made his translation from the Greek, and not from the Hebrew, 292, 293—specimen of his corrections of Mr. Bellamy's blunders, 316.

Wines, account of the different sorts of, used by the Athenians, 266, 267.

Y.

Yates (Rev. Dr.), The Church in Danger, 549—his statement of the want of churches in various parts of England, 553—dangerous consequences of this want, 554—on the activity with which infidel tracts are circulated, 576, 577.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME.

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